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ART. CXV.—*Medical Crows; their Prolific Nature; the Great Hatching Place; The Medical Slanderer; his Character and Habits; Woman, the Church, and a Black Coat his chief aids; The Conjugal Decoy Duck; a long-lived Bird; who are the Regulars?*

“Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.”

“AMONG the enemies with which the farmers of a poor soil have to contend, I know of none so truly formidable and injurious as the crows, whose numbers, cunning, and audacity can scarcely be appreciated, except by those who have had long-continued and numerous opportunities of observation. Possessed of the most acute senses, and endowed by nature with a considerable share of reasoning power, these birds bid defiance to almost all the contrivances resorted to for their destruction; when their numbers have accumulated to vast multitudes, which annually occurs, it is scarcely possible to estimate the destruction which they are capable of effecting.”

We beg our honorable and competent young medical brethren to pardon us for the application of the above paragraph from the lamented Godman's “Rambles of a Naturalist,” but we could not for the life of us help transferring it to this grave essay on professional sagacity, as highly illustrative of the majority of the specimens which annually swarm in such vast multitudes from the medical roosts of our country; the medical journals from every part of the Union are congratulating us upon their unwonted numbers, and we have observed all winter the increased fluttering and chattering about the three hatching-places in our city. We should be pleased if we could carry out the comparison of the acuteness of their senses, to the medical race; but the use the latter make of tobacco would render such comparison unjust to the crows, whose natural instincts protect them from such absurdity; that the medical bipeds possess cunning and audacity enough to render a “considerable share of reasoning power” available

in their forays on their unsuspecting outside brethren, is abundantly evident by the glossy blackness of their coats and the demure gravity with which they listen, with eye half-closed and head aslant to the precise angle requisite for the impressive and oracular answer to some profoundly unanswerable query of their admiring employers.

In many other respects a large majority of our brethren resemble the crows; but we must now drop pleasantry, and describe some of their more filthy practices. In this city we all have ample facilities for studying the medical slanderer; the genus is ubiquitous, and none can lack specimens; having no fear of the animal either in his single or collective capacity, professorial or academic, political, social, or religious, we intend to hang his photograph in our criminal picture gallery for the caution of the people; not for our more generous brethren, because no true man can escape him; in that respect he is unlike his feathered prototype; he prefers the living flesh of a fainting brother, struggling against poverty and the world's prejudice, to the dead carcass of an honorable man; the latter can no longer reprove his vile practices by an upright example; the former he can befoul in the dark.

The favorite feeding-ground of the medical slanderer is the domestic circle; his auditors are mostly ignorant and gossiping women, for he well knows their value as propagandists. In order to secure a good adjunct, he must trim his dress and manners to avoid frightening the game; all his movements are conducted with the greatest sagacity; if nature have given him latent qualities that might in a nobler pursuit than that of a pill-peddler, have ripened into manhood, he early learns the necessity of crushing them out. To look and act like a man, would frighten the game: the decoy bird of the fowler must have its eyes sewed up; if it could see the heavens above, it would try its wings, and its free kindred would never seek its society; its miserable fetters would deter them. No artifice is too mean for the creature. A great premium is offered for sneaking and cowardice in this city, and verily the competition is great.

The medical slanderer never has an opinion; he waits upon the countenance of his listener, and grins assent to the meanest insinuations and the broadest libels on his brethren; he will practise Homeopathy, Allopathy, Hydropathy, Neuropathy, and Nopathy, Mesmerism, and Spiritualism; he is a Baptist, a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, any thing required by his driver; in politics, alternately a conservatist and a liberal; he never dare mount the rostrum and utter his sentiments

publicly, because that would be acting like a man, and as he is a money-grabber and a coward, such a course would rob him of a few shillings, or perhaps get him a broken head. He borrows—oftener steals the SCALPEL, from his manly brother's table, when he is out attending his patients, and amuses his hearers with his fears of the editors "scurrility," alleging that he would not cross him for the world, for fear he would be photographed. Poor fool! Such game is not attractive enough for the aim of the marksman; we can only afford powder and ball for an eagle or a hawk; the carrion crow must be exterminated by the flock, by less expensive means.

One would imagine that the natural instincts of woman would at least protect her from the machinations and incompetence of such creatures; but they are seldom allowed to expand in such an artificial state of society, as that in which we live; that sagacity which a natural education fosters in the true woman, and attracts her to superior knowledge and truthfulness, as it can always be read in the studious and earnest physician, is crushed out by fashion and hypocrisy. The church is the ready and powerful adjunct of these carrion medical crows; like their feathered brethren, they cower under its wing, and use the most sacred means to effect their vile ends; the mind of their victims, preoccupied by vanity and deficient in all true education, only to be had by interrogating nature, easily assents to propositions which originate in the same mean emotions that govern every vain and uneducated woman. We fearlessly assert, that nine tenths of the graduates of our colleges would, if it were not for the adjuncts of the church, uneducated women, dress, and slander, be obliged to select honest pursuits, and the bills of mortality show a notable decrease.

Why a clergyman who has sufficient ability to keep a congregation together, should deem it necessary to recommend a medical man, because he belongs to or takes a pew in his church, let others decide; for ourselves we think it as disgraceful to one party as to the other. If any suppose we utter these sentiments from personal grievance, we can assure them that they are quite mistaken; for we never go to church unless to hear a man of acknowledged talent, who finds such debasing conduct unnecessary. We have always been accustomed to rely for business upon our brains, and not an oily tongue, nor yet a black coat, for which color we have a hearty abhorrence; it always seemed too illustrative of its symbolic character; it is the negation of light, and the emblem of error and falsehood; whilst white reflects

light, and is the symbol of truth. The Israelites were ordered to offer spotless offerings to God; a single black hair would render the animal unfit. Black is not only unsuited to every complexion, but too often emblematic of mental darkness and deceit in the wearer. We always think when we see an individual of pharasaical appearance rigged out in his demure trappings, with a smiling face and accommodating countenance, of the cat in the meal-tub; if he did not "play dead," the mice would never approach him. A smile is an agreeable occasional visitant to a thoughtful face, but a man who smiles broadly and perpetually, is generally in too good standing with himself; he has no room in his head for other people's ideas.

There is a practice prevailing in this city in the families of certain physicians, of a very disgusting character, which we can not pass by without reprobation; we hope that the women, for the sake of the sex, will no longer take so low a position as that of drumming up business for their husbands. We have been accustomed to call it "the conjugal decoy duck." Certain gentlemen who affect great skill in the obstetrical department, employ their own wives to trumpet their astonishing merits as accoucheurs. Some accounts have reached us of a lady, who, should her husband ever allow her to die, might justly claim a high rank amongst the martyrs. After her narratives of her awful dangers and his skill, it is very doubtful, however, whether that melancholy event ever occurs; the partnership must be so profitable, that she is doubtless sure to survive him.

The conduct of our Academic brethren in their outrageous libels upon those of their brethren who have not thought proper to join their body, merits the severest censure. We have thought proper so far as regards their abuse of our own course, to pay them our dues in satire; but when we hear the question asked of ourself in honest and alarming doubt of his competency—whether Dr. So-and-so, who may chance to be a man of admirable tact and skill, and in attendance on some friend or relative, "Is a member of the Academy?" and we answer that he is not, and the reply is, "Then he is not a regular physician!" we feel as though the law ought to be called in, and this question settled by the aid of a jury of common-sense men and Charles O'Connor or James R. Whiting. It is an outrage on our city, and an abuse to the noble profession to which these men belong, when they have dared to assert that those who do not belong to their association "are not in regular standing." The late Francis U. Johnston long refused to join them, and openly repudiated this outrage, and so

must every manly and honest heart; the late Wm. Clay Wallace, a man whose charming simplicity of character and blameless life were only equalled by his profound science and noble humanity, was denied the privilege of defending his character, openly attacked in their body, as a homeopathist, because he made some innocent experiments of the efficacy of alleged specifics for otherwise hopeless diseases! Some of the most profound observers and elegant scholars have refused to join them; and others have been rejected by contemptible cliques within their body, when the notorious Catlin, the aid and abettor of Mrs. Cunningham, was made one of them! This vile slander, that they have boldly advertised in the newspapers and on pages of our annual directory, so worded as to induce the public to believe that they only were the regular physicians, and then in many instances given the number of their offices, should be remembered by all our citizens, as the boldest kind of quackery. When one of their presidents has dared to say in his own office, to one of the most refined and dignified women in this country, who asked him whether he knew a surgeon whose opinion she designed to take and perchance to get him to perform a delicate operation, when he has dared to say of his own pupil, who attends to no other branch, "I have heard, my dear madam, (with both hands elevated, to express his horror,) that he sometimes attempts to perform surgical operations, but I know nothing about it of my own knowledge," we will never permit such vile dishonesty to go unrebuked, and we thank Heaven for the opportunity of placing this matter in a correct light before the public and an abused and insulted portion of our honorable brethren.

If our readers suppose we speak from personal feeling alone, we can only refer them to our pages to prove the contrary. We are not a man for "societies." We have never felt the need of that species of support; we can and do continually reciprocate professional courtesies from some of the friends of our earliest professional years; men, some of whom they do, and others they would be proud to reckon amongst their members. Individually we know and respect many of them; but collectively, as long as they permit the outrageous slander to go forth under their sanction, that those who do not think proper to join them, are not regular physicians, we despise them. They always remind us of a huge flock of crows feeding upon two or three carrion carcasses which may very properly represent—Prejudice, Superstition, and Ignorance.

ART. CXVI.—*Second Letter from John Mathews ; London ; its Bridges and Streets ; a Marriage in High Life ; Covent Garden ; its commodities ; Chelsea Hospital ; Westminster Abbey ; A London Fog.*

LONDON is a mighty city. At no previous time has the world beheld its equal. This is deeply impressed upon the stranger, who for the first time walks upon its stones. I thought before visiting it that New-York was too great a city to be affected by the fluctuations of trade in any other place, but I am now convinced that here is the palpitating heart of the world. In other cities one may perhaps feel its pulse, but here is the great vital centre of humanity. One of the most interesting features in London to a stranger is its bridges, which connect the opposite shores of the muddy Thames. All the seven bridges which now span its stream have been constructed within the last century. Old London Bridge, the first stone bridge constructed on the Thames, for eight hundred years was almost the only communication between the northern and southern portions of what now forms one great city, and with its chapel and rows of houses and steps on each side, must have presented a most picturesque appearance in the time of its glory. For ages it had been associated with London and its hoary memorials of kingly pomp and tattered poverty, that many an antiquary sighed when in 1832 its last stone was upturned, and its crowd of busy life was transferred to the splendid structure which is almost the first object to awaken the stranger to a sense of the traffic of London. It is indeed a strange spectacle as you ascend the river, and I watched with almost a fascinated gaze the unceasing current of carriages and horses and foot passengers, which rushed along over the turbid waters beneath. Before me rose the dome of St. Paul's, which is ever present in our pictures of the city. It seemed to me now like some panorama, and not reality. London Bridge was completed in 1831, and is the most costly of all the London bridges, about nine millions of dollars having been expended upon it, and in completing its approaches. It is built of granite, in immense blocks, and although one of its piers has sunk some inches, looks as though it would endure longer than its predecessor.

The Thames here at low tide is not much wider than our Harlem river, but its surface is covered with innumerable boats, and small

steamers, which dart along under its bridges with a swiftness quite astonishing.

The oldest bridge existing on the Thames is Westminster Bridge. It was completed in 1749, and has fifteen arches; some of the stones composing it weigh five tons. It is calculated that the quantity of stone required to build it is twice as great as all that is in St. Paul's Cathedral. It is one thousand two hundred and twenty-five feet long, and cost about two millions of dollars. For some years it has been in a dangerous condition, and will soon be removed to give place to a new one of seven arches, from Westminster Palace.

Waterloo Bridge, which cost five millions of dollars, was built by Rennie for a private company. It has nine arches, and is probably the most splendid bridge in the world. The tolls received from it amount to fifty thousand dollars yearly, and it is stated that in six months two and a quarter million of persons passed over it, each paying a toll of half a penny. Southwark Bridge spans the river in three arches, which are of cast iron. The centre arch has a span of two hundred and forty feet, and was for a long time quite an architectural wonder.

Besides these bridges, there are Blackfriars Bridge, and the Hungerford Suspension Bridge, which is a toll bridge, and for foot passengers only, and Vaux Hall Bridge, which is built of iron, and is also a toll bridge. A fine suspension bridge has just been built at Chelsea, but is not yet completed. It is intended for carriages as well as foot passengers, and there is quite an excitement among the people residing near, who are opposed to having it a toll bridge; it will probably be free for foot passengers. Besides these means of communication, there is the Thames Tunnel, but it is now rather a work of curiosity than one of utility, as the approaches have never been completed, and probably never will be. The amount received from passengers, who are obliged to ascend and descend one hundred steps at each end, is scarcely sufficient to keep it in repair.

For the past two weeks I have daily walked through the principal streets of London. I have not yet seen any street as crowded as our Broadway at times, but the trade of London is distributed over a vast extent and through a greater number of streets. The streets generally are paved with granite blocks similar to the Belgian pavement in the Bowery, and are always in perfect order, and their cleanliness can not fail to attract the attention of any person coming from New-York. The sidewalks are, however, even in some of the

most important streets, so extremely narrow, that it is not at all uncommon for persons in passing each other, to take the carriage way, which fortunately is generally scrupulously clean. The curb-stones are about ten inches in breadth on the top, being about double that of ours, and forming a surface quite broad enough to walk upon with ease.

The horses used in London are generally heavier than those used in New-York, and do not fail to attract the attention of a stranger. Some of the dray-horses are of gigantic size, and their huge feet and legs so covered with hair as to be almost devoid of form, remind me of young elephants.

The carriages and drays differ much from ours. I have not yet seen any thing which approached in appearance a New-York cartman's cart; nearly all goods are conveyed in four-wheeled vans of immense strength, drawn by two horses, always one before the other, tandem fashion. Some of the wheel-tires measure at least five or six inches in breadth.

One thing which had grown quite familiar to me, I miss very much in this city: I mean the New-York undertaker shops, with a coffin tied up on each side of the street entrance, and a window full of the most approved and fashionable shrouds and caps, and babies' coffins, which I now think must strike the stranger in New-York with no affected horror. I saw, however, in this city, the other day, a substitute for the shades which we see in New-York, painted with a monument surmounted by that stereotyped urn, and beneath it, the inscription, always commencing with "sacred to," and perhaps again, under that, "pinking done here;" it was in one of the windows of a shop in one of the poorer neighborhoods of the city. Over the door was written "Carpenter and Undertaker;" no coffin was visible, but in the window was a horribly original water-color painting, in a veneered frame and dirty glass; a sailor is represented with a bundle swung across his shoulders on a stick, a monument stands before him, shaded by a Paris green willow, and on the stone is the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Susan Faithful, who broke her heart because the press-gang took away her true lover, Ben Bolt."

On the second Sunday I spent in London, I attended service in St. George's Church, Hanover Square. This church, built in 1724, has long been celebrated for its fashion and marriages in high life. The interior presents nothing remarkable in its architecture except a certain substantial air, and the ample size of its pews, which are very

comfortably cushioned. It has a fine painting of the Last Supper over the altar, said to be by Sir James Thornhill. The whole interior is very dingy and smoked in appearance. The services were remarkably tame, and I observed several of the fashionables asleep during the delivery of the sermon. No wonder the people seek the more popular discourses at Exeter Hall and the Surrey Gardens. Among the celebrities present, I noticed Lord Lucan of Crimean notoriety, Lord Hardinge, late War Minister, and Lord Calthorpe. There was a smaller number of livered officers and beadles than I had observed at other churches, and a great number of old women, poorly clad, but scrupulously clean, who officiated as pew-openers.

One morning during the succeeding week, as I was about to take my accustomed stroll to the library, I received an invitation from one of the church officials to be present at a fashionable wedding, which was to take place at 11 o'clock that day. As I had but little time, I hurried to the church, and was shown first into a pew in the gallery, then into a pew down stairs near the vestry, and at last was comfortably settled in a pew near the altar. The parties to be married were Lord Burghurst, C. B., eldest son of the Earl of Westmoreland, and Lady Adelaide Curron, daughter of Earl Howe. Before they were married several other marriages of minor importance took place, the Rector officiating. As I entered, I observed a sharp-looking photographic artist with his camera and other paraphernalia, concealed behind the red curtains in the organ gallery; he was making his trials on the first groups, while officious beadles, with whom he appeared on good terms, raised the curtains to admit the light as he might direct. As soon as the last marriage had taken place, the clergyman of the parties entered and the church rector retired. It is customary for parties here among the aristocracy to bring their own clergyman, being always supposed to have friends in the church, and if, unlike Sarsaparilla Townsend, they have no chapel in the house, they often keep a clergyman, thus imitating the ancient barons and warriors, who always, if they could afford the luxury, kept a poet to sing their valiant deeds. At length the door of the vestry opened, and a venerable-looking though obsequious clerk entered. He was followed by the bride and her bridesmaids, all dressed in white, trimmed with bands of pale blue satin. The bride herself, a lady of about nineteen years, with a full form, and stately figure and carriage, was attired in a dress of rich white silk, covered with costly lace, which fell gracefully over it. Her hair, which was very richly dressed, was twined with the chaste blos-

soms of the orange, and she held in her hand a large bouquet of those fragrant and emblematic flowers. She wore little jewelry ; indeed I saw but a single diamond pendent from her ear. Her features were regular, even beautiful, and her skin had that clearness and downy freshness for which the English ladies have long been noted, and for which they are indebted to their moist atmosphere and exemption from those sudden variations of temperature, which cause the bloom of beauty to fade so early from the cheeks of their American sisters. The groom was a good-looking gentleman of about thirty years ; his appearance was that of a man of the world ; his dress and whiskers are accurately represented in *Punch's* pictures of the aristocracy. The friends and relatives of the parties formed a semi-circle around the altar ; among them I observed Prince George Duke of Cambridge, and Commander-in-chief of the Army ; Lord Cardigan, the hero of Balaklava, Lady Raglan, the relic of the deceased general, and her son the present Lord ; the Earl of Westmoreland and his lady, the Duke of Beaufort ; and many other celebrities with whose names I was unacquainted. The impressive service of the Church of England attending the ceremony presented nothing remarkable. Only once when every one was silent and waiting to hear the responses of the bride, I observed a slight commotion among the red curtains of the organ gallery, and a sharp eye might have detected peeping forth the lens of our photographic friend, who was busy fixing the picture of the interesting groups in his camera.

None of the ladies present were remarkable for their beauty ; indeed, the bride was more beautiful than any of her bridesmaids. The only American present, whom I observed, was a correspondent of a Boston journal, who, with true Yankee audacity, had placed himself in the immediate vicinity of the parties. I met him immediately afterwards in the vestry, where the couple were receiving the congratulations of their friends, and was informed that had received from some source an invitation. After the wedding, the splendid equipages of the company drove to the doors, and the party gradually dispersed, as the beadle announced the carriages. Every married pair had two carriages, one for my lord and the other for my lady. There was a great display of gold and silver lace, gilt buttons, plush breeches, white stocking, calves, corpulent coachmen, cocked hats and buckles. The appearance of the attendants was far more imposing than that of the titled nobles, to whom they were attached. Most of the company appeared plain, good-natured, and polite people, and they did not ex-

hibit any of that *hauteur* which I had been taught to expect. One of the church beadies who was not at all awed by the exhibition of so much grandeur, bellowed in a stentorian voice, "Lady Westmoreland's carriage stops the way;" her ladyship sent word not to make so much noise, and quietly came out and entered the carriage, which drove off to make room for another.

I could not help smiling to see the dignity of the coachmen and footmen with their cocked hats, powdered hair, and gold sticks. They never smiled upon the crowd, who good-naturedly made remarks upon them, but sat in the most awful pomp and majesty, and not deigning even to look upon the vulgar mob, preserved a becoming gravity. As I stood by the vestry door, an enormous coachman in a cocked hat and splendid livery, drove his magnificent carriage to the door; one of the crowd called out "What a Guy!" and another requested the coachman to inform him "Who was his hatter?"

One morning I arose at an early hour, and learning that it was a market day, I sought Covent Garden Market, now the great vegetable market of London. Every street converging to the market was filled with numbers of wagons and vans, loaded with fruits, flowers, or vegetables, which the country people were bringing—some of them from great distances—to the grand market for their produce. The name of this market is doubtless derived from a convent which, with its garden, once stood upon its site, until it disappeared with other monastic establishments in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The word Covent is evidently corrupted from convent. The market forms three sides of a large square, the outside of which is occupied by the market gardeners. The interior of the Court is chiefly devoted to fruit and flowers. One may form some idea of the consumption of vegetables in the city, when we see the great number of women engaged in shelling peas. The produce seemed to be disposed of without much confusion, although the business done is immense. The fruit is brought in wicker baskets containing about a bushel each, and great numbers of the baskets appeared to be new. I never saw gooseberries of so large a size. The climate appears to be peculiarly favorable to the growth of this fruit, although I am informed they are much larger in Scotland. The flower market was quite a treat: every flower from the simple daisy to the rarest exotic, were here in all their brilliant hues and delicious perfumes. Moss roses of delightful form and rare fragrance, and the stately lily here seemed to be in perfection. You can not walk through without being called to look at innumerable

nosegays, all of which you want to buy. So I hurried away. I saw there some poor women, apparently cottagers, with a few quarts of fruit, and a basket of flowers, and a dozen of eggs, which appeared to have been their anxious care perhaps for weeks. On the other side of the square were mountains of cabbages, containing thousands of that admired vegetable, which disappeared as fast as sold with an astonishing rapidity; and great heaps of broad beans, a vegetable quite scarce in America, but much eaten in London.

At early morning when its business is at its height, the market affords a sight which the stranger can not well afford to miss. The cleanliness is admirable, and no decayed vegetable matter is allowed to remain, but is immediately carted away. On our way home, we met returning from the midnight revel, poor miserable wrecks of womanhood; their blood-shot eyes and faded cheeks, which paint only served to make more conspicuous by daylight, too plainly told of a life of debauchery and misery soon to be terminated. Some of them were intoxicated, and assisted along by a policeman, and appeared to be anxious to drown the consciousness of their existence in the brief oblivion of the bowl. It was to me one of the most painful of London sights.

I visited last Sunday the Royal College at Chelsea. This hospital for superannuated soldiers, was founded by Charles II. in 1681. The buildings are of red brick, and were designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and present an imposing appearance from their extent. In the centre of the great court is a bronze statue of Charles II., executed by Gibbons. The number of pensioners is about four hundred, (400.) They usually dress in dark blue cloth, and have a large scarlet coat, and cocked hat. Their small rooms, which are separate, reminded me of the bath-rooms we have in New-York. Most of them were ornamented with prints of Wellington and other military heroes, and some of them had little flags and cannons, and china busts gayly painted. In the chapel I saw numerous banners captured in different battles. There are a number of American banners, but a great many more bore the French eagle. The old pensioners are talkative, and quite pleased to have a listener to their tales of blood and battle, and we gladly accepted the offer of one of their number to take us through the buildings and over the grounds, which are well laid out, and afford a pleasant view of the river. Recent alterations, and the building of a new suspension bridge has somewhat disturbed as well as curtailed the space formerly occupied by the gardens. The cost of

maintaining each pensioner, is about £35 a year. Besides those in the building, there are about 70,000 out-door pensioners, who receive from 8d. to 3s. 6d. per day, on leaving the hospital. I took a steam-boat to Hungerford Bridge; the river swarmed with boats, returning from the different Sunday excursions, and they were crowded with passengers.

About ten days since I visited Westminster Abby. There is no spot in the world associated with memories at once so solemn or so attractive as this venerable pile. Here the biting tooth of time has been silently at work for a thousand years to undo the cherished work of kings, and the devotion and sacrifice of love. No other walls inclose the ashes of so many of the mighty dead, or can recall more thrilling scenes. Here the coronation of the mightiest of England's kings has been celebrated with the pomp surpassing even Eastern splendor, and here the chorus of rejoicing has been succeeded in a short time by the solemn service for the dead, and the velvet pall and funeral dirge told that even kings were but men, and like all living things, must pass away.

Within its walls priests for ages dazzled the eyes of the spectator with the splendid ceremonies and gorgeous displays, and music such as the Romish Church alone can furnish; and from these walls went forth the fervid prayers of the Puritan, who stripped from religion all the romantic displays of decorated homage which ages had not only sanctioned but consecrated. As you pass under the mouldering arches black, and dusty, and blistered, and crumbling, you involuntarily stand uncovered, for you feel a solemn awe creep over you. It is a strange old pile, and here sleep together a strange mixture of mortals; for side by side moulder a mighty king and a starving poet, a proud aristocrat and a mechanic, a priest and an actor, a philosopher and a fool, a musician and a surgeon, a sailor and a statesman. Here stare stiffly up from the lids of crumbled tombs old abbots with their hands crossed upon their breasts, and here in his beautiful chapel lie the stately bronze forms of Henry VII. and his queen. Beneath a rich canopy lies in sculptured marble, the form of the lovely Queen of Scots, her hands pressed in an attitude of prayer, and near her her husband, the murdered Darnley. Not far lies the form of the proud Elizabeth, who could not endure a rival. Here, too, is the beautiful effigy of Henry III., whose features, at once kingly and beautiful, the almost hidden bronze has well preserved. Once here shone forth in sculptured silver, the form of young Harry, but time, which can never dim

his picture as painted for us by our great poet, has brought strange despoilers and robbers into the sanctuary, and of the effigy of the greatest and most kingly of England's kings, there remains but a misshapen block of wood, which once sustained the sculptured silver. Chaucer and Spenser too lie here, and Johnson, and Newton, and Addison; it was the only burial place worthy of Shakspeare and Milton. Like St. Paul's, this venerable structure is the last of several which have stood upon the same site. Tradition states that a temple of Apollo formerly occupied its place, but Siebert, King of Essex, who was baptized in 605, has generally been regarded as the founder of the Abbey, and also of St. Paul's. More than once when the church has been reconstructed, his remains and those of his queen have been removed and deposited in the most honorable place within its walls. Many fables concerning the foundation of the Abbey, were invented by the monks to obtain some advantage which might ensue from their version of its history. It was even asserted by them that the consecration of the Abbey had actually been performed by St. Peter himself, and as late as the thirteenth century, the brethren of the monastery sued the minister of Rotherluthé for the tithe of the salmon caught in his parish, on the plea that St. Peter had given them that right at the time of the Consecration. During the several centuries succeeding its foundation, the Abbey was many times altered and enlarged. In 1065, Edward the Conqueror, having fixed upon the Abbey as his burial place, completely rebuilt it, and spared no cost to make it the most magnificent structure ever raised in his dominions. A few days previous to its consecration, the king was seized with an illness which terminated fatally in the month succeeding that ceremony. He was buried with great pomp under the high altar. The architectural gem of the whole structure is the chapel of Henry VII. at the east end. Its architecture does not harmonize with the rest of the Abbey, but it is one of the most beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture at present existing in England. Although the interior of the Abbey has been much criticised, no one has yet doubted that the effect is grand. The view of the north aisle is particularly impressive, and although it did not at once exhibit the same space as St. Paul's, appeared to me much more sublime than any building I had yet entered. There is something so impressive in Gothic architecture, that for religious purposes it will never be equalled.

The light and beautiful creations of Greece accorded with the character and religion of that people, but the northern mind reflected the

truth and sublimity of another religion in that dim and mysterious architecture, which harmonizes so well with the emotions we always experience in contemplating spiritual things. The religion of the Greek simplified the universe and made human even the motives and actions of the gods and the machinery of heaven. The Gothic nations expressed their incessant aspirations after the unknown and the infinite, for their religion taught them to seek those types which suggested to the mind at once the sublimity and glory of things too mighty for human comprehension.

A L O N D O N F O G .

NEARLY every one has seen a fog; and Chicago and New-York can, at times, show tolerable specimens; nearly every body thinks he knows what a fog is; but I believe no person who has not witnessed it, can form an idea of a genuine London fog, which differs from a fog in America not only in its intensity, but in its composition.

Whoever has watched a sun-rise, has doubtless observed that luminary when he "new-risen, looks through the horizontal misty air shorn of his beams;" it would, however, doubtless surprise you to behold the sun here at mid-day, his lurid disk illuminating but not dispersing the thick yellow atmosphere. I have frequently seen such a day, but yesterday surpassed any thing of the kind I ever witnessed.

It was ten o'clock when I sallied from my lodgings into the thick air, which, mixed with mist and smoke, seemed better adapted to drive a steam-engine than to breathe, and groped my way along Oxford street to the British Museum. The streets were crowded, but all seemed solitary except just around you, when the passers-by suddenly appeared and as quickly disappeared in the vapor. There was great danger of coming in collision not only with pedestrians but with horses and vehicles; for it was quite dangerous to cross the street, and crowds of anxious people stood on the corners stupidly staring at what might indeed be called muddy impurity. The gas in the shops was burning almost in vain, for it sent forth a sickly red light, which at the distance of a few feet was entirely lost. The smoke and mist was almost stifling, and I sought refuge under the splendid dome of the British Museum reading-room, hoping to escape from the disgusting and irritating atmosphere; but even there the murky air had

penetrated, and clouds floated under its blue and gilded arch ; I tried to read, and for a few minutes succeeded ; but in a short time it became too dark, and every one looked up and seemed to wait for better times ; even our indefatigable poetess ceased her labors for a time, after several despairing attempts. At intervals the fog lifted, and these futile attempts were renewed until the afternoon, when B. and I groped our way through the streets to the Strand. Numerous link-boys with torches, which cast a ghastly glare on horse and rider, ran before the vehicles, or stood at the crossings. As we approached, they cried out : “ See you safe over, sir—*gentleman just run over*, sir, by a (h)ansom, sir.” We could not realize so desperate a condition of things, so we attempted to cross without aid. Vain presumption ! In our trepidation at the noise of approaching vehicles, we lost each other. I cried out, and was almost startled at the dead sound of my voice, which seemed unable to start the heavy air into vibrations. I heard faint, fog-like cries, and strained my eyes to pierce the gloom until I almost started my eyeballs from their sockets, but I saw nothing. I became frantic and (begging his pardon) knocked a little man down by running over him. I thought I would turn down the street ; but I was brought up rather suddenly by contact with the window of a cook-shop, and there was instantly revealed, as by magic, a number of rolls of pudding and huge pieces of cooked meat, steaming in opposition to the outside vapor. I found B. at last—quite accidentally—providentially we thought, for we were playing a game of blindman’s buff for some minutes. We wandered on until we lost ourselves—I mean we could not find any thing *but ourselves*. On the corner of a street we saw Mr. J. B. Gough, looking anxiously for a cab ; B. is acquainted with him, so we conversed for a few minutes. We left to call on Mr. Gould, a young clergyman who lodges at Mr. Gough’s, and who leaves London to-morrow. We inquired our way through familiar streets. It was becoming more gloomy every minute ; we were constantly beset by link-boys, who held their pitchy torches under our noses and cried : “ See yer safe (h)ome, sir ?” In the Strand the scene was most singular ; the red, smoky flames emitted by the numerous torches, moved rapidly along, accompanied by a confused rattling of wheels, the tramping of horses, and the dull cries of the drivers and link-boys, who were only at intervals visible. So unusual a scene filled us with alarm and anxiety, and we nervously, silently, and slowly moved on to Norfolk street. While we were in the parlor Mr. and Mrs. Gough and Mr. Gough’s father came in. Mr.

Gough is a bilious man, with a worn expression, like a blacksmith he has long black hair sprinkled with gray, and a dark, restless eye, and thin, sallow cheeks. His father is an active though venerable-looking man, with white hair; he wears a medal on his breast, given him, I believe, for services in the army. Mrs. G. is a motherly-looking woman, and, I think, a good helpmate; she handled the pen with great facility while I was present. They all received us very kindly. When we again passed into the street, the fog had entirely disappeared.

J. M.

ART. CXVII.—*The Natural Cure of Consumption. Continued from last Number. What is the Effect of Alcoholic Drinks on Consumptives?*

ALTHOUGH we commenced this article in our last, the reader who is really in earnest in acquiring a complete knowledge of the subject, will do well to refer to No. XXXI, and read the article "Can Consumption be cured?" He will there find two of the most remarkable and instructive cases, chosen by Dr. Washington to illustrate his theory. We can not republish them here, but will give several other cases from his work to prove the truth of his argument—that nature alone, and not physic, is to be relied on in curing the malady.

Dr. Washington alludes, as quoted in our last, in his beautiful essay, to a paper by Dr. Paul F. Eve, of Nashville, published some years ago, in which he cites the fact that a great many bodies of patients dying at the New-York Hospital, on examination after death, were found to have had ulcers more or less extensive in their lungs, and that these ulcers had become perfectly cicatrized and completely cured, the patients dying of other diseases, and many of them cut off in high health by accidents. It is now a very common observation: every surgeon at all familiar with post mortem examinations has observed it. In former years when making a great number of examinations for the coroner, chiefly in the lower ranks of life, we have often directed the attention of students and others to this interesting circumstance; of course, as these examinations chiefly occurred in the dissolute classes, amongst laborers, sailors, and stevedores, many of

them had long been drunkards, often meeting their death from violence and exposure incidental to that course of life. On the other hand, observation shows, that most consumptives enjoying the tender care of friends and the advantages of wealth, but more especially women who take little exercise and use less nourishing food, meet a very early death; after the unmistakable symptoms of tubercular cavities in the lungs appear, an escape is so rare as to excite general disbelief in the true tubercular character of the affection, alleged to be "cured" by the physician and his drugs.

Nothing is more common in this city, than to observe delicate young men, who have had the good fortune to escape the horrors of syphilis and mercury, pass through a probation of shocking dissipation by liquor, and reach middle life, when their delicately nurtured and temperate brothers have long before died of tubercular consumption. Every physician of any considerable observation of disease well knows this; to deny it is to confess yourself a poor observer or a bigot. Let us now examine this subject with that care its great importance demands, and see whether the fact will prove the necessity for getting drunk or using the stronger drinks "in moderation." We premise by saying that we have never been drunk, and have a very hearty contempt for all who habitually use liquor; we believe it to be a very ungentlemanly and brutal habit, and have no desire whatever for the patronage or admiration of such people as habitually drink liquor. But neither our own opinion of the drunkard, nor yet the estimate of better men than we ever expect to be, has, as we believe, any thing to do with this question of the influence of strong drinks upon consumptive or scrofulous people; it is a matter of pure observation and scientific speculation, that we should not shrink from determining as truly as possible, if half the population of the city should conclude to debase themselves and take lodgings in the gutter.

In No. XXIX, in an article entitled "What is the Nature of Consumption or Tubercles in the Lungs, and the Influence of Prolonged Respiration in Curing the Disease?" in that article and in several others we showed the action of animal fat and other oils, and of alcohol in imparting heat and keeping up the necessity for air; people who drink must breathe more rapidly than others, and the more air we take in, the more complete is the change of the albumen into which all our food must be transformed before air alters it into healthy blood. We showed you in the last number why the single vessel that conveys all this albumen just as it comes from the uppermost intestine, and as

yet unacted on by a particle of air, goes directly into a great vein and not into an artery. Entering the vein it is obliged to go directly to the right side of the heart, and must therefore be passed first through the lungs before it goes over the body; if it entered the artery, the left or systemic side of the heart would by its contraction drive it directly *from* itself all over the body; but all this was elaborately explained in our last.

The more we breathe, then, the more life-power we give to our blood; and the more food we eat and digest to make blood with, we must also exercise more because the life-powers impel us. Dr. Washington's essay will avail us to put this matter of drinking and increased respiration and assimilation in a new light and in new language; we gladly avail ourselves of it because we fear our readers are tired of our style. He speaks of a monkey that was given to him, and gives the following interesting observations. Both that animal and the parrot, guinea-pig, cat and several others, are liable to tubercles when confined and deprived of the supply of air required by the laws of their nature.

“When it was allowed to play about the house, it kept in fine health, but finally its depredations became so annoying, that a cage was procured and it was confined. Now, mark the result—in a short time a regular hacking cough supervened, so much like that of a man, that I watched the progress of the case with considerable interest. The cough grew worse, hectic fever and profuse sweating came on, and a wasting diarrhea closed the scene. I made a post-mortem examination, and found the lungs and bowels thickly studded with tubercles, exactly like those of a human being. As long as the monkey could play, and take plenty of exercise, its stomach and lung could keep the blood pure, but when it was confined so that it did not use its lungs freely, impurity of the blood resulted, and tuberculous depositions followed, causing the development of a clear case of consumption.”

The reader will remember Dr. W.'s theory. It is this: All our food, and the poor monkey's as well, is first made into albumen; this albumen becomes blood *only when acted on by the proper quantity of air which can not be required in confinement*; it was not properly “assimilated” in the monkey, that is, combined with air; and fitted to become part of the natural healthy tissues of the body. Tubercle, which is foreign to the uses of the body, and a diseased, *unorganized and*

unorganizable substance, (having no nerves or blood vessels,) looking like fragments of cheese, *is chiefly albumen!* It is deposited (thrown out) in various parts of the body, as in the bones of the knee-joint, constituting white swelling or scrofulous knee-joint disease; in the vertebra of the back-bone, causing scrofulous ulceration and curvature of the spine and humpback; and in the glands of the neck, kings' evil; in the glands of scrofulous children's abdomens and in their intestines, marasmus and summer complaints; and in various other parts, causing other diseases.

Can it be necessary after this explanation, ever again to tell the intelligent reader what tubercle or scrofula is?

“In the poor monkey we see that imperfect respiration resulted in tuberculous depositions; the converse will hold good, that perfect respiration will prevent tuberculous depositions, as for instance, in the base of the lungs; *ergo*, it is entirely unnecessary for consumptive patients to become drunkards in order to prevent tubercles, for the same result can be accomplished without the use of alcohol. In fact, the habitual use of alcohol will retard the process of purification, for it will tend to derange the stomach. Almost every one has seen colored plates representing the coats of the stomach and intestines of a drunkard, and it is very evident such a stomach could not perform the process of digestion in a healthy manner. The chyle, therefore, must necessarily be imperfect, and if that error in the process of nutrition be corrected, it must be done by double duty being devolved on the respiration, while perfectly assimilating chyle prepared by such intestines and stomach.

“It is demonstrated that the error in nutrition alluded to, is corrected in the case of drunkards. The necessary conclusion then must be, that of all the steps in the process of converting food into healthy blood, perfect respiration is the most important, for it can so change the chyle that, though it may have been imperfectly formed, no tuberculous deposition will occur.

“If so much can be accomplished in the case of drunkards towards the purification of the blood, a fair and legitimate deduction is, that the same results can be accomplished in a shorter time, and more perfectly, by due attention to physiological laws, without the habitual use of alcohol which tends to prevent the formation of healthy chyle.

“To show that the same results can readily be accomplished without the use of alcohol, I will mention the case of a gentleman now ac-

tively engaged in business in this city. About seven years since, he was told by his physician there was no hope for him, that die he must with consumption. He swore he would not die; did not intend to die for many a day; quit all medicine; took to sponging himself every morning, forcibly inflated his lungs to their fullest extent as soon as he arose; did so frequently during the day; threw his shoulders back so as to give his lungs fair play; always walked with his arms thrown over a cane across his shoulders, so as to avoid attracting too much attention; took as much exercise by walking as his strength allowed, gradually increasing it as his strength increased; got rid of his cough and hectic fever; regained his health, and is now fat and hearty, measuring six inches more in the circumference of the chest than he did when told he was bound to die; and never thinks of the 'last stage of consumption.'

"Another fact not requiring much comment is, that singing is recommended by the best authorities for all persons with weak lungs; as they must breathe more freely while singing, of course assimilation is more perfect; secondly, it enlarges the chest, and thereby renders a permanent benefit, by giving the person a more capacious organ for the performance of the various functions.

"It is a well-established fact, that pregnancy generally suspends the progress of a consumptive case temporarily, and yet in not a single work on the practice of medicine, nor even in the large number of works devoted exclusively to the diseases of females, can a rational explanation of that fact be found. Now if we place in juxtaposition the above propositions, and the fact that, in consequence of the heavier demand on her for oxygen, and on account of the extra weight she carries, the pregnant female is 'short-winded,' and to relieve those uneasy sensations makes fuller inspirations than ordinarily, and also about four to three that are made in the non-pregnant state, the matter is settled at once. We see at a glance, that her more perfect respiration purifies the blood so much, that the deposition of tubercles is temporarily arrested and life prolonged. The fact proves the propositions, and the propositions explain the fact.

"After her confinement the deposition of tubercles goes on at a rapid rate from a combination of causes; the nervous system is much exhausted; the digestion is considerably impaired from her condition, from the usual dosing with hot teas and medicines, and also from lactation; hence, a considerable quantity of the chyle thrown into the system is imperfectly formed, and the process of assimilation is ren-

dered imperfect in the lungs from her lapsing again into her former habits of respiration, and from her inactive life. All these causes operating at once, the necessary consequence is, that tubercles are deposited at a great rate, and the patient soon sinks. Here again we find facts proving the propositions, and the propositions explaining the facts.

“Those propositions also explain why it is, that such a vast number of cases have occurred, apparently proving the contagiousness of consumption. The wife, while nursing the sick husband, breathed the same heated, vitiated atmosphere he did, and worn out with anxiety, fatigue, and want of rest, her digestion was very imperfect; consequently, the chyle furnished was not healthy, and the finishing process in the lungs was also very defective, because she was necessarily compelled to lead a partially sedentary life, and, in addition, the dry, heated, vitiated air of the chamber furnished a scanty supply of oxygen. Hence, all these causes having been combined, the deposition of tubercles in the lungs of the wife was almost unavoidable, and her taking the disease appeared to be a plain case of contagion.

“Hippocrates, sent his consumptive patients on a pilgrimage, on foot, to the city of Megara; Sydenham sent his patients, on foot, to search out a wonderful Dr. Robinson, residing in York. The sharpest-eyed mortal that ever lived, would never be able to find any trace of the contagious spreading of the disease from patients thus treated.

“Tight-lacing females are also far more liable to tuberculous depositions, than those who do not thus commit suicide. Careless observers might perhaps suppose, that in the case of such females, deposition ought to occur where the constriction is, namely, at the base of the lungs; but, if any one will put a girdle around his body, and watch the process of inflation of the lungs, both within and without, he will find that the apex of the lungs can not be inflated without first fully inflating the lower part; and that just in proportion as the lower part of the chest is restricted, so is a larger portion of the apex of the lungs rendered comparatively useless, thereby enlarging the field for tuberculous deposition, and hastening the process.

“The extraordinary fullness always perceived in the spaces between the upper ribs, and above and below the collar-bone, in tight-lacing females, has caused many a superficial observer to conclude, respiration was still well performed in the upper portion of the lungs when thus constricted; a very erroneous conclusion indeed.

“When the lower part of the chest is constricted, the lungs are forced into a smaller space, and that part least used in ordinary healthy respiration will be less used still, (in consequence of the pressure of the adjacent portion obstructing the admission of air,) as air will go where there is least resistance. As before specified, it is absolutely impossible to fill completely the upper part of the lungs, until the lower is first fully expanded. Now, in a tight-lacing female, the upper part being impeded by the pressure, the lower part, upon which extra duty is devolved by the lessening of the capacity of the chest, must necessarily expand in a greater degree than ordinary, and by that expansion, the ingress of air into a larger portion of the apex of the lungs than in ordinary healthy respiration, is cut off. The unused part being interposed as a cushion between the widely expanded inferior portion, and the intercostal spaces, an extraordinary cushion-like protrusion is perceived in those spaces, and even above the collar bone.

“That this is the true view, can be made evident in a moment by the examination of the expansion of a healthy, unimpeded chest; there will be no protrusion *above* the collar-bone, but, on the contrary, there will be a slight depression perceived.

“We likewise perceive in the latter stages of consumption, an extraordinary protrusion of the spaces between the upper ribs and above the collar-bone, the upper part of the lungs being filled with tuberculous depositions and the products of the inflammation excited around them; and also, being still further impeded by the formation of large cavities, as a matter of course, such a large portion of the lungs being rendered useless, double or triple duty is imposed on the inferior part, and the sufferer being compelled to inflate it to its utmost extent, thereby causes the unusual protrusion above and below the collar-bone, and in the spaces between the ribs. The same superficial observation, that would induce one to conclude respiration was well performed in the upper part of the lungs of a tight-lacing female, would likewise cause him to conclude, from the same protrusion of the intercostal spaces in a dying consumptive, that respiration was still well performed in the apex of the lungs, when, in fact, a post-mortem examination would show there was scarcely space enough for a thimbleful of air in that part. And if a post-mortem examination of a consumptive patient could be witnessed by every tight-lacing person, whether female or male, it would tend more to prevent that murderous constriction of the chest, than all the essays that ever have been

or ever will be written. No one expects to see an Indian belle, who has grown up with her loose-flowing robes around her, wasted and wan in the last stage of consumption, and finally carried to her grave at 'sweet seventeen;' nor does any novelist represent a Die Vernon sitting in a garret stitching to the song of a shirt.

"The station and character would be incompatible according to the observation of all. Shall we be content to say, 'Nature has so arranged it,' or shall we exercise the reasoning faculties the Creator has given us in investigating why she has so arranged it, and turn the result of our observations to practical use, to save the lives of suffering thousands, and prevent tens of thousands from becoming subjects to those diseases. If, then, universal observation shows us that precisely in proportion to the free use of the lungs, is the exemption from tuberculous disease, and, *vice versa*, in proportion to the imperfect use of the lungs is the liability to tubercles, it is a plain case that the free use of the lungs purifies the blood by eliminating morbid matter, or prevents it from entering; there is no middle ground. The lungs must either throw out the impurities, or prevent them from entering.

"As all truths harmonize, the facts in relation to the quality of the air respired ought to be in harmony with the above. Accordingly, we find all medical authorities on the subject, affirm that those who live in cellars, or are crowded together in badly ventilated rooms, are much more subject to tuberculous diseases than those who live in high stations, breathing the pure air. This is so familiar, further words are superfluous. If the reader will bear in mind what has been said, a bird's-eye view of the proof, both positive and negative, can easily be taken, and they will all be found to centre on perfect respiration.

POSITIVE.

Drunkards.
Base of lungs.
Active lives.
Capacious chest.
Dairy cows roaming.
Monkeys at liberty.
High situation.
Well ventilated rooms.
Out-door life.
Indian belle.
Chyle first passed through the lungs.

Perfect Respiration
and
Perfect Assimilation.

NEGATIVE.

Sober men.
Apex of the lungs.
Sedentary lives.
Narrow contracted chests.
London dairy cows.
Monkeys caged.
Cellars.
Crowded, badly ventilated rooms.
In-door life.
Tight-lacing belle.
Chyle not thrown directly into the arterial system.

ART. CXVIII—*A Medical Consultation: What is it? Its Elastic Character: Has a Man a Right to buy an Independent Opinion with his Money?*

WE propose to give our readers a slight exercise on the philosophy of medical and surgical consultations. We are not sure but we have already served up that dish, but it is a matter of little consequence. We are not going to trouble ourselves whether it is in our former bills of fare or not; the subject is racy and instructive, and our conservative medical friends have hitherto had it all their own way. We propose to cook it *à la* SCALPEL for the million. Some of our academic friends may be amused at our idea that the people should be allowed a voice in the matter of the medical treatment of their relatives, but we have always considered that every American citizen ought to be responsible for the conduct of his own family, and look with especial care to the head and heart of his medical adviser. If he depute another to do his thinking, as our Roman Catholic friends do, he will take little interest in this article; but, if he be inclined to do it himself, this may help him to a wrinkle or two; so we shall try.

It is asserted by the code of medical ethics, that in practice, when a patient is under the care of a medical or surgical attendant, no man has a right to give an opinion on the nature of the malady or injury, without the knowledge of the attendant; it is held incumbent upon any man who may be applied to, to visit such patient and give such opinion, to demand whether any other "regular" (academic of course) practitioner is in attendance on the case, and it is considered to be highly dishonorable to examine the case or give an opinion without the presence of, or consultation with, the previous attendant; this consultation is held in private, and the united opinion is given by the attending physician. Now let us for one moment examine the working of this rule, and see the probable results all round.

The gentleman in attendance may be a very agreeable, perhaps "a very fascinating" person; he may have cultivated his mind and manners to that very desirable point of professional success, and yet be a very incompetent man; perhaps it is evident to the common-sense of a clear-headed friend or relative, that he is overtreating or undertreating the case; nay, he may to the eyes of affection, have mistaken it entirely. Now, he may be a vain and self-sufficient man, ever on

the watch to detect the least doubt of his skill, and to resent the discovery as an unpardonable sin against his dignity. A consultation is modestly hinted at, and the medical attendant fires up immediately; his pulse is a hundred, and his face two shades paler with rage. The person who has proposed the consultation perceives this, and has, by the discovery, an additional reason for supposing him incompetent; he therefore insists on a consultation, and claims the privilege of naming the consultant. His selection is guided by the popular opinion of the man he chooses, or by personal friendship—very rarely by personal knowledge of his real professional worth, for that is expecting rather more than we have a right to do from most people not medically or philosophically educated. Now, the attendant must either assent or refuse; if he assent, it is because he can not help himself, and must either meet the proposed consultant or be discharged. Now commences the farce. In the first place, the person who has proposed the consultation, is generally on the aggressive; he must have a co-operator to carry out his views; therefore, he either carries the message, and gives his own views of the treatment of the case, or insures a compliance with his wishes by calling a time-server—a man who, if he will condescend to such baseness, can not by possibility be a well-prepared and judicious practitioner.

The parties now meet at the bedside; the consulting physician crammed with his lesson, and the eye of his employer upon him, asks his questions, and endeavors to excite the distrust of the patient by novel and leading questions: "Have you a pain here or there?" "Do you feel so and so and so and so?" After a long examination, the parties retire into an adjoining room, knowing about as much as if they had not examined the patient, because each is trying to get the better, and a direct disagreement occurs, or if it do not, it ought to occur, and the parties either say they can not agree, and a third is called in, or else the attendant is discharged and the consultant retained; or a compromise is patched up, and some new prescriptions selected; too often when the patient has already been physicked too much, and only wants rest, nourishing food, and the absence of the two vain and meddlesome doctors. This is a frequent case; but other and more mischief follows; perhaps the physicking continues till nature is exhausted, and when a man of sense is called in, it is too late; congestions or effusions have occurred, and the patient dies a victim to medical and family vanity and ignorance, and infernal pride of opinion.

No longer ago than last evening, on a visit to the office of an old

practitioner, a father came in to assure him that the attending physician who had agreed with the senior as consultant on the course of treatment of a very sick child, had tried to destroy the confidence of the mother by assuring her repeatedly and gratuitously that all treatment was useless and the child must die, and no treatment could possibly be of any use! It was palpably necessary to his professional character that it should die, because he had said it must. Does his conduct appear as though he desired it to live?

In those cases in which the patient himself is able to seek personally a new opinion at the office of the physician or surgeon he may choose, the attendant occupies an uncomfortable position. Our academic friends hold the doctrine that he has no right to do so; that it is an insult to the attendant; but that is absurd to the common-sense of our commercial community. The dollar is omnipotent; and it would certainly be intolerable to most men if they could not buy a new opinion with their money. It is very certain they will do it, and generally have sense enough not to communicate to the newly chosen consultant, the old one's opinion. This throws an honest and competent man in the position he will always desire, and frequently puts an ignoramus on the defensive. Some curious discoveries in medical and surgical diagnosis are thus made; we ourselves have a rich fund of anecdote touching some of our friends' attainments. We give one in this number, and shall continue them occasionally. We have the pleasing satisfaction to assure our brethren, that their slanderous efforts are very efficacious in increasing our facilities for such discoveries.

In all complicated surgical cases, every really scientific man will desire the patient to receive a full and free opinion. If he wishes to retain the case, and his patient be a man of sense, no care nor time he may think proper to show will be unappreciated. He will lose no character by exchanging sentiments, and using the brains, eyes, and fingers of an honorable friend. If he wishes to occupy a very high position with his patient, he will always write out his views, and present the opinion to him on receipt of his fee, before he consults another. If his patient be a weak-minded man, he will probably lose the case. Some one who is obliged to eke out his deficient talent by artifice will get him. If so, he must wait patiently for the next; he will in the end lose nothing by honesty and independence. Time is often as valuable to the student as money; and if spent in studying out the lost case, and ascertaining the result of the treatment of another, is often worth more than several fees.

ART. CXIX.—*Structure and Function of the Kidney; its Diseases; Tests for their Chemical Nature; their Treatment.*

IF any man feels inclined to pass over this article, because it looks scientific, we advise him to reconsider the matter; if his kidneys and their diseases are of no consequence to him as yet, we can only assure him, if he loves good feeding, and good drink, the day is not far distant when they may probably become very troublesome to him. The student of medicine will find it an excellent epitome of the subject. In our next we will give the special diseases of the kidneys and their symptoms.—EDITOR.

THERE are two processes continually at work in the human system, and upon the healthful action of which depend the health and existence of the being. The first is *nutrition*, or the supplying the body, from the external world, with those materials which enter into its composition, and with which it is necessary to be provided to maintain its life. The other process is that of *elimination*, or the casting off from the body those particles for which it has no further use, and which, if allowed to remain, would result in disease and the total disorganization of the system.

The *blood* is the great nutritive principle. Blood consists of all the chemical elements contained in the tissues. This is conveyed to them by the heart and arteries, and from it is deposited in them all the elements required for their formation. In exchange, is returned such parts as, having performed their duty, are cast off by nature as useless. Thus we have the process of *assimilation*, and this plastic force is perfect when in health, as is shown by the absorption of the virus in vaccination, and by the formation of eschars after the healing of wounds. Parts having once changed their condition remain so, though still having a tendency to return to the normal state. We have a fine illustration of this law in secondary syphilis and its promulgation. When a tissue remains in the normal state as regards its capacity for action, the process of nutrition and elimination go on in the regular manner, and the part remains of the same size and power; but bring the tissue into a little more action, and we see a change; there is an increase of nutrition, and consequent bulk—*hypertrophy*. This results from more particles being added to the tissue to compensate for the larger amount of power required.

We have the reverse of this in *atrophy*, or diminution of size. This results from a decrease of nutrition, caused by want of action, or

obstruction to the passage of blood through some important blood-vessel. Thus, when an arm is paralyzed, its action is less: it becomes *atrophied*. As a general rule we can reverse the laws of hypertrophy, and apply them to atrophy. We find examples where this process resembles diseased action; thus from some obstruction to the passage of food from the stomach, according to the above law, the pyloric orifice of that organ may become hypertrophied, and may resemble cancer. We also find examples of this action in the kidney, its fellow having been destroyed; and in the heart and bladder in diseases peculiar to them; yet the independent process of hypertrophy or increase of bulk, is strictly a healthy one.

A law has been established to this effect, that increase of function leads to augmentation of bulk, but exception is given in case of the organs of special sense. Thus one eye does not become hypertrophied when the other is blind, etc. But it seems that the law is at least true of all muscular tissue, though not of the nervous. There is an exception to this rule in the nerves of the uterus, when increased during pregnancy, as has been demonstrated; also that the increase of nervous substance causes increase of susceptibility. In the organs of special sense, the nerves are the principal agents, (the voice being an exception.) The muscle of one eye would not be brought into play any more on account of the other being destroyed. But the nerve will get a greater degree of susceptibility to impression by increased activity; thus the eye of the mariner can discern objects at a greater distance than a person less accustomed to this mode of observation.

As the nutritive process is providing the tissues with new material, there is another force in operation, that of *elimination*, by which particles are removed as new ones are added. The disintegration or decay of particles is founded upon a law "that every particle of the body is formed for a certain period of existence in the ordinary conditions of active life; at the end of which period, if not previously destroyed by outward force or exercise, it degenerates, and is absorbed or dies, and is cast off." This constitutes the process of *secretion* and *excretion*.

These particles, if not cast directly off, as by the skin, are absorbed, and again show themselves at the various outlets of the body, namely, lungs, skin, bladder, and rectum. This law has an exception, for we find that those parts which have taken an active position and become foreign matter by death, may be atrophied, but do not disappear,

provided they are not interfering with other parts or functions. But if this interference takes place, they are absorbed or cast off—absorbed as are the fangs of the milk-teeth, the crown being cast off; or cast off, as the hair from its little gland, to make way for a new one. By these actions it is stated that the whole substance of the animal economy is renewed during seven years.

One word in regard to absorption. Some membranes pour out their secretion, and through defect of the absorbing apparatus, the effused fluid is not removed, thus constituting dropsy. If now the blood-vessels are emptied of some of their contents, either directly, as in bleeding, or by the use of cathartics, diuretics, etc., their loss is replaced by absorption and the simple dropsy is cured.

Absorption is in inverse ratio to the fullness of the blood-vessels. According to this law, we see the cause of effusion in tardy or restrained circulation.

As man is provided with a perfect organization, we find that when the proper functions of one organ are interfered with by disease or otherwise, nature strives through other sources to compensate for the deficiency resulting from its non-action. Thus there is a perfect balance of action in the system, and no where is this better seen than in the secretions.

Thus, when one of the secretions is diminished, the others are increased. For example, in warm weather or from violent exercise, the exhalation from the skin is increased, and in consequence the quantity of urine passed is decreased. Again, during cold weather, as the functions of the skin are not so active, the quantity of urine is increased.

In general the amount exhaled from the skin, and that passed in form of urine is nearly the same. Urine arises from various *sources*. Food is introduced into the stomach, and by the process of digestion and absorption passed into the blood for the nutrition of the tissues, and, as we have seen, removes a dead particle, at the same replacing it with a new one. The blood may contain some elements which it has received from the food, and which it finds the tissues have no use for; these elements, together with the dead particles, are removed from the system by the secretions. Any element not wanted for the use of the body, and which exists in a state of solution, always passes from the system by way of the kidneys.

If large quantities of liquid are taken into the stomach and absorbed, the kidneys act as pumps to remove the excess of fluid from the system.

The secretions constituting the sewerage of the body, and a certain quantity of refuse matter being obliged to be removed to insure life, we can readily see the amount of general derangement to the whole system, resulting from the blocking up of one of these channels of exit. Also that we may imagine a disease of the secreting organ from the fact of the secretion being changed from the normal standard, when in fact the secreting apparatus may be performing its healthy functions and removing from the system such matter as results from the disease of some remote organ.

We should therefore be careful in a proper examination of the secretion and the accompanying symptoms, also as regards the food and habits of the person, which tend to alter materially the secretion, especially in the case of the urine.

Intemperance in the use of spiritous liquors is one of the great sources of urinary disease. In fact, any kind of debauchery which tends to reduce the vital power of the system. Bad air, unwholesome food and locations, tend to produce disease of the kidney.

Anatomy of the Kidney.—The organs or glands which secrete the urine are the kidneys, two in number, situated in the region of the loins, on each side of the spinal column, in form resembling a kidney bean. Instances have been known where there existed a third kidney, situated in front of the spinal column generally in such cases. Occasionally, also, there is but one gland. The total absence of these organs has been observed in the fœtus. Each kidney is about four or five inches in length, two and one half in breadth, a little over one inch in thickness, and about five ounces in weight. The dimensions and weight of course vary in different individuals. The kidneys are of a reddish brown color and of an extremely fragile texture, so much so, that they are liable to be ruptured by any violence applied to them directly or indirectly. They are generally surrounded by a quantity of fat.

The kidney is enveloped by a fibrous covering, which can be readily detached from the surface of the gland. If now we should make a longitudinal section of the organ, we should find it to be composed of two substances, differing in several particulars. The external or vascular portion is a structure of a red dusky color, composed of blood-vessels and convolutions of minute tubes $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch in diameter. Throughout this portion of the kidney are scattered a multitude of globular bodies of a red color and about the size of a pin-head— $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch in diameter. This is the portion which secretes the urine.

The minute globular bodies above described, secreting water which in passing through the fine tubes of this portion obtains its solid constituents.

Still deeper in the gland and in immediate connection with the external portion, is the *tubular portion*, composed of fine tubes about the size of a hair, and arranged in the form of cones, of a rose color. The object of these tubes is to convey the urine secreted by the external portion to a large interior cavity. From the interior cavity of the kidney, and continuous with it, is a tube about the size of a goose-quill called the *ureter*, which serves as a duct to convey the urine to the bladder.

The *urinary bladder* is an oblong sack, constricted at one end, forming its *neck*. The walls of this sack are composed principally of muscular tissue, which serves by its contraction, to expel the urine. Continuous with the bladder is the *urethra*, a canal which conducts the urine from the body, which, in the male, passes from the neck of the bladder to the extreme termination of the penis, and is about nine (9) inches in length.

We can thus trace the urine from its secretion in the external portion of the kidney, its passage through the fine tubes of the internal portion to the large interior cavity of that gland, its course through the ureter to the bladder, where having accumulated in sufficient quantity to cause distension, it is finally expelled from the body by way of the *urethra*, which expulsion is caused in part by the contraction of the muscular portion of the walls of the bladder.

The urine is an amber-colored fluid. The density of color will depend upon the health, diet, and period at which it is passed. The intensity of color is in inverse ratio to the quantity passed; when the urine is scanty it is high colored, when in large quantity it is the reverse. Thus in diabetes where the quantity passed is immense, the urine is often free from color. Again, some substances introduced into the stomach as food or medicine, produce an effect upon the color of the urine—for an example, rhubarb. The change of color can not in all cases be relied on as an evidence of disease.

The odor of urine is peculiar. As in regard to color, so is it with odor; it is altered by some articles of diet, as Asparagus. The odor is liable to change from disease. In diabetes it has the smell of hay, in nervous diseases aromatic, in injuries of the spine that of ammonia, and putrid when, from some disease of the urinary organs, the urine contains pus, mucus, etc.

It is, when voided, of the same *temperature* of the body. Its *taste* is salt and bitter during health, but in disease is changed; thus in diabetes, from the large amount of sugar in solution, the urine is sweet. Healthy urine is *acid*. That passed after eating is less acid and may occasionally be found alkaline, while that passed at the period most distant from the meal is most acid.

The quantity of urine secreted in 24 hours is generally from 30 to 40 ounces. This, of course, depends upon the diet and habits of the person and amount of liquid taken. Thus a man whose normal quantity was in 24 hours 30 ounces, passed 56 ounces after swallowing a quart of water in the course of the day. The habits of the French are such from the use of wine, that they pass about 43 ounces for the men and 47 ounces for the women. The quantity of urine is changed from mental excitement; thus a young woman who naturally passed in 24 hours 35 ounces, voided 86 ounces after an hysterical fit. It is also changed in disease; as in the case of diabetes it is increased to many quarts, and decreased in inflammatory diseases of the kidney.

The limpid urine of health may, by the admixture of pus, mucus, etc., be rendered so *consistent*, that it may be drawn into threads. The *density* of urine depends upon the quantity secreted. The smaller the quantity the greater the density. It is different in the two sexes, the density being the greatest in males and at the prime of life; its density decreasing at childhood and old age. The specific gravity of urine in health varies from 1015 to 1025.

Urine upon being allowed to stand, soon decomposes. Clouds form in it and sink to the bottom, afterwards decomposition is announced by an unpleasant odor. As decomposition advances, the odor becomes more disagreeable, and a mould forms on its surface.

Urine consists of water with various organic and inorganic substances held in solution. We have seen that the quantity of urine secreted during 24 hours is on an average 30 to 40 ounces; this will be found to contain from 600 to 700 grains of solid matter, although this amount is not constant, being changed by character of food, disease, etc.

CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF URINE.

Water,	950	956.8000
Urea,	25	14.2300
Uric acid,	1	0.3700
Fixed salts,	14	13.1580
Organic matter,	10	15.2220
		<hr/>	<hr/>
Parts,	1000	999.7800

The fixed salts are chlorine, sulphuric acid, phosphoric acid, potash, soda, lime, and magnesia.

The most important of these constituents are water, urea, and uric acid.

There is also a trace of sugar in healthy urine.

Urine in disease.—As the object of the urinary secretion is to free the body from all refuse matter, either arising from nutrition or the disorganization of tissue, otherwise the wear and tear of the body, any derangement of these functions will produce a corresponding alteration in the urine. Some of the normal constituents of the urine may be in excess; there may be a deficiency of one or more of them, or some of them may be absent altogether. The urine may contain substances not found in it during health.

If, after the urine is voided, a precipitate falls to the bottom, it is called a *sediment*; if the substance is precipitated in the bladder or kidney, it is called *gravel*; and if it accumulates and concretes in large masses in any of the urinary passages, it constitutes *stone*.

The urine is an important indicator in our discrimination of the various diseases of the urinary organs, and too much attention can not be given to an examination of that secretion, in case of derangement of those organs.

We propose to give the chemical tests necessary to detect the various constituents in health and disease, with a description of their properties, their relations to diseased state of the system, and the indications of their treatment.

The specimen of urine to be examined should be that voided in the morning on rising.

Urea is a colorless substance, of a crystalline nature, existing in the healthy urine in proportion of about 14 parts in 1000, being often in disease more than double that quantity. Urine containing an excess of this element, has a high specific gravity from 1030 to 1050.

The specific gravity of urine is obtained by means of an urinometer. This is a small instrument consisting of a glass stem graduated; at the one extremity is a bulb, containing mercury. To obtain the specific gravity of a given specimen of urine, it is only necessary to float this little instrument on its surface, and the point on the graduated stem, corresponding to the surface of the urine, will give the specific gravity.

Test for Urea.—Put a little urine in a watch-glass, and evaporate over a spirit lamp about one half its bulk; then add an equal

quantity of pure nitric acid, and evaporate to dryness in a cool place. Delicate crystals of nitrate of urea will be formed. Nitrate of urea is soluble in about eight times its weight of cold water, but is more readily dissolved in hot water. It is also soluble in alcohol.

The microscope is a valuable adjunct in the examination of urinary deposits. It, however, requires care, experience, and an extended series of illustrations.

Uric acid, in the pure state, is a colorless, crystalline substance, forming about 0.4 parts in 1000 in healthy urine, and in disease as high as two parts. When in excess, the urine has a reddish brown color, and upon standing throws down a red or yellow sediment. Its specific gravity is rarely above 1020. It has an acid reaction.

Urine is tested, as regards its acid or alkaline properties, by means of blue litmus paper. If a piece of this paper is immersed in urine containing an excess of acid, it will turn red. If this reddened litmus paper is wet with an alkaline solution, the blue color will be restored.

A deposit of uric acid may occur from the fact that the urine is so concentrated, that there is not enough water to hold the acid in solution. The sediment is insoluble in alcohol, and nearly so in water. It can be dissolved in a strong solution of caustic potash. *On heating the urine, the sediment is not redissolved.*

If uric acid is not deposited as a sediment, as above stated; if it exist in the urine, it may be shown by adding to four ounces of the urine, one and a half drachms of hydro-chloric acid. If the vessel is covered and left for a day or two, a red or yellow sediment will be deposited.

Urate of Ammonia.—Urine containing an excess of urate of ammonia is generally high-colored and turbid when voided. Upon being allowed to stand, it deposits a red or pink sediment, which is not crystalline in nature. *By heating the urine, the sediment is dissolved,* and the secretion becomes clear. Put a little of the sediment in a *test tube*, with a solution of potash; upon heat being applied, an odor of ammonia will be perceptible.

[NOTE.—For a solution of potash, the *liquor-potassæ*, obtained at the druggists, can be used.]

General Test for Urates and Uric Acid.—Put a little of the sediment on a watch-glass, and dissolve it with a few drops of nitric acid. Evaporate the solution to dryness by heat over a spirit-lamp; when

the residue is cold, add a few drops of ammonia, and a purple color will be produced, if uric acid or any of its compounds are present.

Gravel.—During what is called a *fit of gravel*, the urine deposits a sediment of one or more of the above substances, namely, urea, uric acid, or urate of ammonia. This difficulty is attended with pain in the loins, which pain extends to the testicle. There is frequent desire to pass water, which operation is attended with more or less pain. There is head-ache, and a general derangement of the bowels. The urine is scanty and high-colored. In some cases there is more or less fever.

Mucus.—The urine, upon standing, deposits a dirty yellow mass, of a tenacious ropy character, which deposit *does not mix with the urine when shaken*. The urine upon being *tested* does not contain *albumen*.

Earthy Phosphates.—In healthy urine, the amount of earthy phosphates contained is about one part in one thousand; but in disease this amount may increase to six parts in one thousand. The urine, when first voided, is acid in some cases, but in a short time it becomes alkaline. A short time after it is passed, a sediment will be deposited. This sediment in its purity is white and crystalline; but if the urine contains blood or other coloring matter, the deposit will be tinged with the color. *If we heat the urine, the sediment is not dissolved*. The deposit can be dissolved in acid, but it is insoluble in water, ammonia, or in a solution of potash. If the urine is very acid, the deposit will not take place, as the earthy phosphates will be held in solution; but if we add to this acid urine a large quantity of ammonia, the deposit will be made.

REMARKS ON THE URINARY DEPOSITS ALREADY MENTIONED—UREA, URIC ACID, URATE OF AMMONIA, EARTHY PHOSPHATES.

Sources of Uric Acid, Urea, and Urate of Ammonia.—The wear and tear of the body, or the disintegration of the tissues, is one source of these substances; therefore, whatever tends to promote this result will increase the amount of these elements in the urine. Animal food introduced into the stomach and badly-digested, will increase the amount. This may result if the quantity eaten is too large, or if not enough exercise is taken to digest it properly.

Urea, uric acid, and urate of ammonia are found in excess in the urine in *gout*, *rheumatism*, diseases of the heart and liver, inflamma-

tory diseases, blows or strain of the loins, and various diseases of the genital organs—also when the perspiration is diminished, as in a common cold.

In nervous affections, as neuralgia and hysteria, the quantity is diminished in the urinary secretion.

Sources of Earthy Phosphates.—The bladder is a sack destined to act as a reservoir for the conservation of urine until such a time as nature requires its removal from the body. If it was not for a certain inherent quality in the bladder itself, which tends to preserve the secretion, it would undergo decomposition in that organ before it made its exit from the system. This inherent quality depends upon nervous power, which is destroyed if the nerves are paralyzed. Urine, during the process of decomposition, deposits the earthy phosphates. Therefore, when any thing tends to destroy the nervous power of the bladder, the urine is decomposed within that sack, and we have a deposit of earthy phosphates. We may expect a deposit of earthy phosphates in a depressed state of nervous power, from injury of the spine, or if the lining membrane of the bladder is diseased.

Urine containing some one or more substances not found in its healthy state.—*Sugar* is found in healthy urine in VERY small quantities; but in the disease known as Diabetes, it constitutes one of the principal elements. It is the same kind of sugar as that derived from fruit, called grape-sugar. Grape-sugar can be dissolved in strong sulphuric acid, but cane-sugar, if it is put in this acid, is immediately blackened. Grape-sugar is less sweet and less soluble in water than cane-sugar. When sugar is in excess in the urine, the specific gravity is from 1030 to 1050. It has always a pale color. Its odor, when first voided, resembles that of hay. The urine is usually turbid.

Test.—Put a little of the urine in a test-tube, and add to it a few drops of a solution of sulphate of copper, at a time, until the urine has a faint blue color; then add a solution of potash, equal in bulk to about one half the volume of the urine employed. A pale blue precipitate will be thrown down, which will be re-dissolved. Then boil the mixture for a few minutes, and if sugar is present, a reddish-brown precipitate will be thrown down.

Albumen.—A large proportion of the fluid portion of the blood consists of albumen. When the blood is accumulated in large amount in any portion or organ of the body, its *serum*, or fluid portion, is effused in the adjoining tissues. A common boil is a good example of this. Thus, when the kidney becomes congested, as in pregnancy,

from the pressure of the womb on the veins, or any cause which may lead to congestion of the kidney, we shall find albumen in the urine.

The first stage of Bright's disease of the kidney is a congestion of that gland, and in consequence albumen is found in the urine. As this disease advances, the structure of the kidney becomes involved, and incapacitated from secreting healthy urine. Albumen is also found in the urine in scarlet fever.

Test.—Put a little of the urine in a test-tube and add enough nitric acid to render it strongly acid; then, if the mixture is boiled, if albumen is present, it will be thrown down in a form resembling the white of an egg boiled. This coagulated albumen (the substance thrown down) will not re-dissolve on heating the urine. It is soluble in a solution of potash.

Blood.—If, after the urine has been voided, it is allowed to rest, it will become of a gelatinous consistency, if fibrine, or the coagulable part of the blood is present. If we apply the above test for albumen to the urine, and obtain the deposit as described, it will be found to be colored red if any of the *red particles* of the blood are present.

Test.—Add to the urine a strong solution of common salt, and if blood is present, it will become of a light red color.

Bile.—The presence of *bile* in the urine gives to that secretion a yellowish brown color, or to any sediment that may be deposited.

Test.—Put a little of the urine on a clean white plate so as to form a layer, then add a few drops of nitric acid, drop by drop. The urine will, if bile is present, present the following colors successively: pale green, violet, pink, yellow—or, in place of these colors showing themselves distinctly, a greenish tint is generally perceptible.

Pus.—In urine containing *pus*, we have, after being allowed to stand, a pale green or yellow layer at the bottom. If the urine is shaken, this layer breaks up and *diffuses itself throughout the fluid*, and then again settles. If we find, upon trial, that there is no albumen present in the urine, we can be almost sure that there is no pus, as in cases where there is pus, albumen is also present. The deposit is not dissolved by acetic acid, and by the addition of potash it is rendered more consistent.

Examination of Urinary deposits.—Warm the urine; if the sediment is dissolved, it is urate of ammonia. If not dissolved, add acetic acid; if soluble, it is earthy phosphates. If the sediment is not dissolved by the acetic acid, take a new specimen, and test with nitric acid and ammonia; if a purple color is obtained, it is uric acid.

Examination of the clear portion of the Urine.—If, upon the addition of nitric acid, crystals are found, it is owing to the presence of urea. Boil the fluid, and if a precipitate is formed, which is soluble on the addition of nitric acid, it is the earthy phosphates. If the precipitate is not dissolved by nitric acid, after boiling, it is albumen.

Test also as before explained for mucus, sugar, blood, bile, pus. The mucus and pus need not be tested for in clear urine without deposit.

General Indications in the treatment of diseases of the Urinary Organs.—We have seen that there is a balance of secretion by which a certain amount of matter is removed from the system. If, from disease or otherwise, one of these functions is prevented from performing its duty, the deficiency is provided for by a compensating increase of secretion from some other outlet of the body. If the perspiration is diminished, the kidney removes the excess of water; thus supplying the place of the skin. If the function of the liver is deranged, the urine may be colored with bile. For this reason, when we find an apparent deviation from the ordinary quantity, appearance, or composition of the urine, it is not in all cases evidence of disease of the urinary organs, but a simple and healthy action of the kidney in its endeavors to remove the effete matter from the system, or to compensate for other organs which are diseased, and thus preserve the balance of the secretions.

Therefore in the treatment of urinary disorders, our first object should be to look to the other secretions. We should ascertain that the *skin* is performing its healthy functions, and if not, apply those means which will promote its healthy action. This is done by means of warm baths, friction with a coarse towel, and exercise—at the same time keeping the body warm by sufficient clothing. We should also regulate any derangement of the *digestive organs*—if costive, give a purgative. The *diet* should be regulated. If *uric acid*, or any of its compounds are present in large excess, the diet should be mostly vegetable or fruit. As a drink, can be taken a solution of bicarbonate of potassa, one scruple dissolved in a glass of water, with the addition of lemon juice. A glass of this can be taken three or four times in the course of the day. All spirituous liquor should be avoided.

If the *earthy phosphates* are in excess, attention should be given to restore the general health by *change of location*, exercise in the open air, and a plain, nourishing diet, with sherry wine, if wished for.

In some cases tonics would be useful, as some preparations of iron, or the following: Take of strong nitric acid one teaspoonful; of hydrochloric acid, two teaspoonfuls; and of water, fifteen teaspoonfuls—mix these, and take of the mixture ten drops in a glass of water, three times a day—to be taken one hour before eating. L.

ART. CXX.—*Hooping-cough, Scarlet Fever, and Measles; "The Epidemic Constitution of the Year;" What does it mean? Impropriety of giving Purgatives.*

"These diseases mostly *prove fatal* by the officious impertinence of the physician.—*Scalpel.*

THERE are in our past numbers separate articles on the subjects of all these diseases; it is not, therefore, our present purpose to describe them or their symptoms, and special modes of treatment; those who are interested in our journal and have been wise enough to preserve and bind it, may hunt them up; those who have not seen them may perhaps be induced to seek them by the present article. We believe, that we did say (we are quite sure we ought to have said) that it is our fixed conviction that all three of these diseases originate from some peculiar condition of the atmosphere: what that is, we know not, nor do we believe it is going very readily to be discovered. One thing is certain, namely, that they all break out at once, and so extensively over such large regions of our country, that to suppose they are communicated from one to another, as the sole means of their propagation, is absurd; for they would (assuming that to be the only mode of propagation) take years to become prevalent all over the Union. We think it is apparent that the changeable condition of the atmosphere in "an open winter," is peculiarly favorable for the origination of the animal poison, as we believe it to be, of the three diseases; and that after this condition has produced them, they are then communicated to those children who have not had them; some, however, are quite incapable of receiving them, and never can take them; this goes far to trace the peculiar susceptibility to the diseases through physical structure, which (nervous or arterial) lets in the poison as it

were, and produces the attendant train of symptoms in some and excludes it in others; the spasmodic cough and whoop, the lobster-skin, and sometimes the swollen throat in scarlet fever, and the raspberry and crescentic eruption and cough of measles.

The object of our present remarks is to warn parents against the impertinent and meddling interference of half-educated routinists, who persist in giving medicines to every patient they are called to see, simply from stupidity, or else to get a bill.

Hooping-cough is a spasmodic disease, over which, unfortunately, medicine has little power; anti-spasmodic medicines, and such as can act upon the thick mucus, and thin it so that it can be coughed up by the little sufferer, are good; opium and the alkalies are generally used by judicious men. As for scarlet fever and measles, they run a determined course, and are accompanied with a peculiar eruption; the appearance of this eruption, and its vivid roughness on the skin, is *the throwing out of the disease—the cure by nature's effort*. A warm room, and keeping the child well clothed and covered by warm flannel or cotton garments, and giving it plenty of water to drink, is all that ought to be done. When a stupid ass of a medical routinist gives the child even the mildest purgative, and the eruption recedes, if that child should die, we always feel that he ought to be imprisoned for infanticide. How dare any man do such a thing? how does he know that nature can tolerate the action and irritation of physic on so extensive and sensitive a surface as the entire mucous membrane of the intestines, causing it to throw out the serum of the blood, (its fluid part, and that which keeps it moving,) ay! and that, too, in indefinite quantity! How does he know that the child can spare this fluid, and have enough left to keep out the eruption on the skin?

A few days since, on leaving no prescription except water and warmth, for a fine boy who had measles, a mother present remarked to me: "Two of my children died in succession from the disappearance of the eruption of measles, immediately after taking a mild purgative of castor-oil." No doubt it killed them; and we would have any man severely punished who dares hereafter to give any purgative medicine in either of these diseases. Leave the child entirely to nature; give it light farinaceous food, stewed and raw fruits, plenty of cold water, and keep it in bed; let its bowels remain closed, if they will, till the eruption has disappeared; ay! even if it be ten days; air the room repeatedly, at least every hour, but sit by the bed-side with your hat and cloak on, if necessary, and keep the child well covered

and in bed during the whole time of the eruption. This is rational treatment, and it is every parent's duty to see it carried out to the letter.

If the child should unfortunately become chilled, or presumptuous medical ignorance have by purgatives caused the eruption to recede, there is no remedy equal to a bath of very warm water and cayenne pepper, or mustard; five or six tablespoonsful of either may be added to two pails of warm water, and in that proportion to form a bath large enough to immerse the entire body; five minutes is long enough for each immersion, when the child should be taken out and rapidly dried, and placed between blankets; in two hours, if the symptoms of stupor and oppressed breathing are not removed, repeat the process, and do it again and again till relief is positive; do not look for the reëpearance of the eruption either of measles or scarlet fever, for that you will not, probably, be able to perceive; the object of the bath is simply to produce a result as near nature's as possible, and to keep the blood in the skin, and not allow inflammation of the lungs to occur from the receded blood, in measles, or those dreadful throat-swellings which are so fatal in scarlet fever; for the latter, we have elsewhere explained the great efficacy of a strong solution of nitrate of silver; but that must be left to a more rational surgeon or physician than one who gives purgatives.

A lovely child was lately rescued from a comatose condition (threatening apoplexy) by the pepper bath, under our own notice; and we would have every mother remember that castor-oil has killed a vast number of children.

ART. CXVIII.—*Humanitary Sketches from the Highway; Photographed on the Tablet of Memory.*

A FEW days ago, walking down Broadway, I saw an exhibition of a very novel and suggestive kind. A very good looking young man, of some eighteen years of age, held in one hand a small square of wood, on which was erected a gallows made by two uprights and a cross-piece; from this were suspended three card-figures of men, so jointed together that under the impulse of a string and an occasionally-given penny, they were kept in motion, now cutting the most grotesque capers, and

then jactitating with a broken neck, and showing off to the admiring spectators a very faint exhibition of the death-agony; a few sudden jerks of the arms and legs, and then as they straightened and fell, the youth, whose eyes had been intently fixed upon his puppets as he applied the necessary force, would slowly raise his serious face and appeal to the humanity of the bystanders for the pennies. I classify this youth amongst my philosophers; no doubt he was fully aware of the absurdity of his occupation, but it answered his purpose; it united the tastes of a large portion of the community. Dancing and hanging men are favorite amusements with great numbers of people, who would be very much offended if you called them vulgar fellows; our philosopher evidently knew that; perhaps he couldn't dance well enough himself, and he could not conveniently hang himself for their amusement; besides, he had probably estimated correctly his nervous and muscular powers, and found it would be decidedly distasteful to go so earnestly to work; the capital invested was small, and it paid well; that was the probable reason that suggested so novel and useful a business, and I leave the reader to judge of the correctness of my classification. Other suggestions, however, arose in my brain, and I could not avoid a much more extensive application of the exhibition. It occurred to me that a large portion of the people were puppets; the men and women who were parading up and down the streets, were merely amusing each other under influences quite as praiseworthy as the young philosopher; and clergymen, lawyers, doctors, merchants, and opera-singers, were all occasionally exhibiting their motive impulses quite as creditably for dollars as the poor boy did for pennies.

It has always been a passion with me to compare men to animals. I often see lions, tigers, elephants, eagles, snakes, and tortoises, walking, flying, and crawling in Broadway. On my way down this very day when I saw the dancing and hangman philosopher, I saw a quack black snake in a basement window, charming a poor countryman out of a few dollars which he held in his hand, with a convulsive tenacity destined soon to relax as that celebrated quack progressed with his charm in the detail of the awful symptoms; two black eyes were fixed upon the poor foolish young man's face like those of the snake, and his notes were as surely destined to find their way into the quack's pocket, as the eggs of the innocent bird who builds her nest on the ground, to go into the reptile's stomach. The creature was appropriately dressed in black, and his scalp covered with black hair of oleaginous smoothness; closely shaven, too, was his chin, and a white neck-

cloth of peculiar innocence gave him a slippery appearance; I should not have been surprised had he glided away on his belly.

There are little medical foxes, too, and poodle dogs; of the latter, we have given a notable example; the medical fox is quite common here, and like his namesake, remarkably fond of chicken; he finds his favorite food amongst the younger members of some old commercial chanticleer's family who has won a plumb, and resides in the tonnish streets; he looks so smooth and innocent, that the old cock allows him to come unsuspected into the family coop, and never dreams him to be a fox till he runs away with a gosling of a daughter or causes the undertaker to be suddenly summoned; then his smooth coat and his tricks become apparent, and he proves to be a better destroyer of chickens than a protector of them.

There are sparrows and martins likewise amongst the doctors; they may always be known by the nicety and delicacy of their plumage; they shave closely their little chins, and wear a clean dicky daily; they have neat black clothes, and pointed nails, and rose-tipped fingers, often adorned with rings; they chatter delightfully and socially amongst the ladies, and often carry on the sly, little homeopathic boxes of sugar pellets for them to peck at; indeed they are the most delightful little creatures when not irritated by the too near approach of their neighbors; if a medical wren or humming bird approach their coop or feeding-ground, they attack him with great spitefulness, generally getting the victory by slander, if they fail openly in driving him off.

Tortoises, too, find their representatives amongst the faculty; we have given a sketch of the celebrated Dr. Gallipagos in another place. They are very slow in their movements, of course, with large watery and greenish eyes, and little round bald pates; they wear white neck-cloths in ample folds over their unctuous necks and throats, which forming the lower segment of the circle completed by the ample and retreating forehead, gives them a most innocent and inviting appearance to the feeble perceptions of their admirers. The deliberate movements of these majestic old gentlemen, and the measured and gentle puffing of their respiration and speech, gives a very delightful and soothing effect to their oracular utterance; and their patronizing air and humanitarian salutations to their juniors, (when they see them,) are peculiarly refreshing to the young academic aspirants. Unfortunately, however, for them, these old Gallipagi are awfully long-lived; two specimens still crawl about the city, and look about as well as they did forty years ago, and quite as able to snap at a fee or

a glass of champagne ; they will doubtless fetch ninety if not a hundred, and will take their feed with relish till the last. It may be well enough to keep in their good graces, but we cordially advise the young medical terrapins to keep away from their beaks, and to look sharply about for other fodder, whilst waiting for old calipash and callipee to cast their shells.

Our city climate does not foster the medical eagle ; he dwells mostly amongst the rocky heights of our inland country. As he never stoops to carrion, it is necessary that his feeding ground should be extensive, because his employers are generally poor. In some lone mountain gorge, we have seen him with undimmed eye and the frosts of seventy or eighty years encircling his bald head, awaiting the grim messenger and cheerfully giving the best aid of his clear head and warm heart to the afflicted. A few months since, we revisited the now vacant nest of one of the few medical eagles we have chanced to find in our quarter of a century's medical life. Sad memories of pleasant days and delightful converse came over us as we received a memento in the shape of a rare book from his nephew. Cheerful in life, he calmly met his death in the very height of his intellectual vigor. Above all meanness, Dr. William P. Clark, of Belvidere, lived beloved and died lamented by all.

The profession, however, does not quite satisfy my love for humanitary sketches ; children and beggars are rich subjects of observation. A shout of gladness arose a few mornings since as a little group of tattered urchins in an up-town street, hailed the approach of a lovely child of some three years, as she descended the steps of a noble mansion, grasping in her tiny hands a few lumps of sugar. A lovely girl, a visitor and relative, had selected with a woman's instinct, that little group of infant misery, as a good heart-lesson for the little creature, more favored of heaven in such a home and such a teacher. As the child on her errand of love, approached the little ragged sisters and brothers, with what looks of joy and astonishment each one received his lump of sugar ; and how the air rang with the shout : " Mine's the biggest ; mine's the biggest : Oh ! wasn't she pretty ! " Back ran the lovely child, her face radiant with joy as she exclaimed to her gratified young teacher : " Oh ! now they will never be hungry any more. " Beautiful, indeed, was she, and beautiful the lesson. Sweet child, rest for a few years under that joyous conviction ; it will be time enough to learn the comparative value of sugar and bread some years hence ; such lessons will develop a human soul faster than the catechism, and happy are they who have such Sterling teachers.

ART. CXIX.—*Tobacco: Its Influence on the Body and Mind, and on the Social Condition of American Men.*

WE continue the republication of the more prominent articles from the four quarto numbers we were so foolish as to print "for the people." Lager-Bier has been given, and now comes Tobacco. Very stupidly, we put Heinzen's inimitable indorsement of this article in the last April Number, forgetting that as it referred to it, the subject should have preceded. The article has been so extensively republished here and abroad, that we only republish it in obedience to the earnest request of subscribers who wish to bind it in their sets of THE SCALPEL.

THE influence of Tobacco on the bodily and mental condition of American young men has long furnished an ample theme for the moralist and physiologist; but for reasons not very creditable to his heart or his head, the practical physician and surgeon has for the most part held his peace. It would have been much more creditable to the "American Medical Association," if, instead of their silly discussions on medical ethics, and other wordy absurdities, and their quarrels about cutting out jaw-bones, they had given our young men a correct idea of the actual power of this giant enemy to destroy their manly character, and debase and stupefy their minds and bodies. As we are not trammelled by the fear of the frowns of our dear brethren, nor the loss of "patronage," we propose to give our readers the results of our observation of its power over the organism, during twenty-five years of practical observation on the young men of this city.

No man likes to hear his follies held up to public view. We, therefore, expect for this service a full measure of abuse. We received an ample return of that kind for the article on Lager-Bier, for which we are duly thankful: a cotemporary says we "would rather be in a minority than a majority"—truth to say, we plead guilty; for most of our profession are accustomed to speak so charily of the vices of their "patients," in consequence of their profound reverence for their pockets, that we have imbibed a great disgust for them: we take comfort from the conviction that we shall be soundly abused by a large class of our tobacco-smitten fellow-citizens, and approved by at least a *decent* majority.

Let us attempt to give tobacco its actual position as an agent amongst the catalogue of articles we take into our much-abused

mouths. It is neither food nor drink—that's clear : lager-bier, bad as it is, is in one sense food, because it supplies material for feeding the lungs. Without its use, the body would demand that its victims should eat more, or else grow thin by the absorption of their fat and muscle to supply material for combustion ; for the lungs are like a stove—they must be supplied with fuel, or the fire will go out.

Tobacco is a great demander of drink, because it constantly robs the body of its fluids by expectoration. Lager-bier supplies fluid at least, although it is deposited about the system in form very much like a beer-barrel, and gives its votaries a great deal of trouble to puff it away, and rid themselves of it by other unseemly and inopportune processes.

What, then, is tobacco ? Why, simply a narcotic—that is, (see the dictionary,) “ a stupefier—a deadener of nervous and muscular energy !” If any man disputes this, and assert that he finds himself more capable of intellectual or muscular effort, when he has a quid in his mouth, we congratulate him on his improved astuteness : we may betray our own want of the precious intellectual quickener, but we will venture the question : How much did it sharpen your logic-chopper when you took the first quid ? And how majestically did you stand on your legs when you first felt its full effect ?

Every one must remember the first effect of tobacco. *Nausea, vertigo, vomiting, and relaxation of the entire muscular system*, are its invariable effects ; and if continued, *relaxation of all the sphincter or closing muscles of the hollow viscera, bowels, bladder, and stomach*. This result is sometimes sought for by the surgeon, and produced by injecting an infusion of tobacco into the bowels, in cases of obstinate constipation, or for relaxing the grip of the openings in the abdomen, when the bowel slips through them in those who have rupture. We have seen the consequences in our own practice so awful from a very weak injection, which we administered to avoid the necessity of operating by the knife, that we resolved never to use it again.

Now, the reader will please to remember that all the symptoms he first experiences from tobacco, are the invariable results upon a *natural or healthy condition of the body* ; and if he succeed, by perseverance in its use, in overcoming the immediate consequences, it is only because the alarmed and abused nerves have summoned the forces of youthful vigor to bear the invasion as long as possible before they capitulate. Breath, food, and drink are the means of resistance, and the besotted youth soon discovers that the quantity of the latter must

be increased, and its quality strengthened, if he would resist the invader and continue to perform his ordinary duties without showing plainly his incapacity to stand upon his legs. Thus it is that tobacco, either used by smoking or chewing, *is the direct introduction to drunkenness.*

Our remarks apply in a much more forcible manner to smoking than to chewing. Some people are so silly as to suppose, because they do not spit whilst smoking, that no harm can ensue; but they should remember that the oil of tobacco, which contains the deadly NICOTINE, (equally deadly and almost as rapid in its action as strychnine,) is volatilized, and circulates with the smoke through the delicate lining membrane of the mouth at each whiff of the cigar, and is absorbed by the extensive continuation of this membrane that lines the nostrils, and acts upon the whole body. The smoke of tobacco is indeed much more rapid in its stupefying effect, as every professed smoker knows; it is usually called "soothing" by its votaries; but this is, of course, only the first stage of stupefaction: it acts precisely as opium or other narcotics do. Moreover, the reader will observe that the older physicians used to throw the *smoke* of tobacco into the intestines, when they sought its terribly relaxing effects on the body in rupture or constipation of the bowels, or for reducing dislocation. *Nicotine* was the awful agent chosen by Bocarmé for poisoning his brother-in-law, *because it killed and left no sign* whereby to convict him. At each whiff of smoke, it is known that a good portion of a large drop of the oil of tobacco circulates through the mouth; we have often seen it blown out of the mouth and condensed on the thumb-nail, by men who had the ability to contract the lips to an opening sufficiently small for that purpose. Five drops of the oil of tobacco will kill a large dog. The throat often becomes excessively dry and irritable in smokers, and there is a morbid thirst produced that greatly debilitates digestion, by diluting too much the fluids of the stomach—robbed, also, of its healthful saliva by the spitting.

But there are other and far more mortifying and disastrous effects following the use of cigars. There is a law of the system, which, in a great number of cases, insures similar morbid results to similar structures of the human body. The lining membrane of the urethra is very similar in its structure to that of the mouth. Here the use of tobacco is followed by the most distressing consequences: it is impossible to particularize these in this place. They are almost invariable in delicate persons, from even moderate smoking. The morbid and absurd fasti-

diousness of too many readers would pervert the object of the most refined and delicate teacher ; many of our readers have very absurd ideas of propriety. We can only say in this place that the morbid irritability on the mucous lining of the urethra, and the fearful prostration of the lower parts of the body and extremities, produced by the action of tobacco on the spinal nerves, have often induced the doubt whether its use, and some other revolting vices, were not the actual origin of so much unhappiness in married life. If we have used a moderate share of intellect and very extensive observation aright, we can find no cause of sufficient power except tobacco, capable of producing the wrecks of manhood that often come under our professional notice. The dull and leaden eye, the trembling hand, and insecure and unmanly step, the vacillating purpose and incapacity to reason correctly on the most simple subjects, are too often seen connected with the aroma of the deadly weed, as the victim unfolds in trembling accents his tale of blighted prospects and chilled affections.

So far are we from doubting its power over the moral and physical welfare of the race, that we have not a doubt that it has infinitely more to do with the physical imperfection and early death of the children of its votaries, than its great associate, drunkenness itself. The local surgical and medical treatment most effective in these cases, proves conclusively that it is to the debilitating and exhausting influence of tobacco, that these sad consequences are due. How, indeed, could it be that an agent of such universality of action on the nervous and muscular systems—one that at first invariably produces vertigo and blindness, and throws its victim prostrate on the earth in temporary death, should not reach its climax in the role of its peculiar power, in that mysterious system where nature has chosen to evolve redundant life ? What is the period for this grand demonstration of Almighty power ? What evidence does the Creator impress upon the countenance of its possession ?

One would think that a man, more especially a young man's natural instincts would awaken him to the discovery that some horrid vampire was fanning him from mental sleep to physical death : he has before him every day the bright eye, the elastic step, and the lithe limbs of his companions ; he sees, but seems not to understand, the quickly averted eye, the expressive and scornful face of insulted woman, as she refuses to take his offered but defiled seat in the omnibus or rail-car ; he permits her to open the window and expose her health to the chill air, to get a little air untainted with the loathsome aroma

of his foul breath ; he is refused employment at many gentlemanly occupations by most sagacious men, and yet he persists in debasing himself: he must have his "narcotic," his "stupefier." A very good proof of its influence on the delicacy of a man's perception may be found in the frequent appeal to his opponents: "Look at me, it has never hurt me." This appeal is often made by men who, from the associate habit of beer or brandy-drinking, have become actually puffy with soft fat, and their breaths redolent of that indescribably filthy and disgusting exhalation from liquor and tobacco; drenching the floor in a circle, and defiling your clothes with their constant expectoration, apparently unconscious of their filthiness, and their liability to a biting or insulting reply.

Both smoking and chewing also produce marked alterations in the most expressive features of the face. The lips are closed by a circular muscle, which completely surrounds them and forms their pulpy fullness. Now every muscle of the body is developed in precise ratio with its use, as most young men know—they endeavor to develop and increase their muscle in the gymnasium. In spitting, and holding the cigar in the mouth, this muscle is in constant use; hence the coarse appearance and irregular development of the lips, when compared to the rest of the features, in chewers and smokers. The eye loses its natural fire, and becomes dull and lurid; it is unspeculative and unappreciative; it answers not before the word; its owner gazes vacantly, and often repels conversation by his stupidity.

The foulness of the breath in most chewers and smokers proves positively that the oil of tobacco, with all its deadly powers, is carried into the blood and pervades the whole system; it could not be continually thrown out from the lungs if it did not thus reach the air-cells and windpipe; it is thrown out there with the poisonous carbonic acid. Some persons absorb the poison more freely than others. We have seen paralysis of both the upper and lower extremities in men scarce past middle age. A person who is saturated with tobacco, or tobacco-poisoned, acquires a sodden or dirty yellow hue; two whiffs of his breath will scent a large room; you may nose him before he takes his seat. Of this he is entirely unconscious; he will give you the full force of his lungs, and for the most part such people have a great desire to approach and annoy you. We have been followed round a large office-table by them, backing continually to escape the nuisance, till we had made a revolution or two before our motive was perceived.

In eating, the tobacco-chewer must lose all delicate appreciation of flavor; we have observed, indeed, that he is very easily satisfied by the filthy Irish cookery, and greasy and cold meat and vegetables of the hotel or boarding-house; he seasons his food very highly, because of his obtuse taste; many of these unfortunates drink raw brandy for the same reason.

The tobacco-chewer rarely eats a raw oyster, preferring it fried, and coated over with grease and its empyreuma; if he takes it raw, he tortures the poor creature with pepper and vinegar, and sticks a fork in it; he can not elicit it gently from its pearly prison with his lips—they are clumsy and half paralyzed.

Finally, and worse than all, he ceases to appreciate the chaste salute from the rosy lip of love, and if the mistress of his blunted affections should permit him to approach her cheek, it can only be with pent-up breath, and averted eye directed towards his pocket—the only attraction a beautiful woman can possibly have for a tobacco-chewer. If there be a vice more prostrating to the body and mind, and more crucifying to all the sympathies of man's spiritual nature, we have yet to be convinced of it.

ART. CXXIII.—*A Letter of Advice to Consumptives from a Southern Physician; should Consumptives go South?*

THE wind whistles about the house, and the dead leaves whirling around the fence-corners in eddies, are gathered in little piles. The sombre clouds that now hide the sun and spread their curtain of leaden hue over the earth, forbode rain. The fiery heat of summer has given way to autumn's cooling breeze, and Jack Frost, whose chilling breath has already been blown upon us, bids us prepare for winter. Universal health has ruled our State this year.* No ruthless scourge has swept with deadly course the land that two successive years was so severely smitten by Yellow Fever epidemics; free from the visitation of these, the past year has been one of almost entire suspension of the physician's duties. Every one asks: "Why are we so healthy this year?" "Has the cold of the last purified our atmosphere, or has increased precaution and lessened material kept Yellow Jack at a distance?" The answer is not yet found. The question is one of the problems of nature; to attempt its solution would be as

* This was written two years since.

productive of loss of time and brains as to attempt to stop up the mighty Mississippi in its course. Another cold winter already threatens, and people say the seasons have changed.

Well, what of the change? Does it affect the general welfare of the State; does it give us increase of life or improved health?

We answer these questions of the people in our own way; others may have different views; it would be strange if doctors *should agree*. These changes *do* influence the health here; do add length of days and give you better health. How so, doctor? Why, my friends, the early coming of your friend Jack Frost and his tardy departure from your orange groves and cypress swamps, cuts short the long and enervating heat of summer that sometimes usurps the place of all the other seasons, and seemingly tries to melt you down; and by his bracing Northern winds, builds your system up in renewed vigor and gives you better health.

I would there were something found remedial to purify and give new health to our noble profession, which methinks sometimes nigh annihilated by the sweeping epidemic quackery, whose sickly contagiousness bids fair to make it the greatest *endemic* our fair country is smitten with.

Does it belong exclusively to ignorant and superstitious communities? Do the numerous instances that fall under my observation in this benighted country afford more room for excuse than the thousand cases occurring in the refined, civilized, (I am sorry I can not say Christianized) city of New-York? Let the SCALPEL answer. I hear its echo—*No*. Has not that pruning knife been faithfully applied to the diseased mass for a series of years almost without appreciable benefit? Has not the English *Lancet* tried to bleed the monster to death? Has not the American Medical Association, which was organized to find an antidote, itself been somewhat smitten?

There is a specific remedy but it will never be brought into play as long as medical schools continue to bestow the right to practise upon those who are incompetent.

Do you wish to know where this specific is used to some purpose? look at the examining boards of the army and navy. Let each State Legislature appoint such a board of examination, no one to practise any branch of medicine or surgery until he has passed its ordeal.

Gracious Heaven, what a purge it would be! Brandreth's pills would be in the vocative. Parchment would be in less demand, in fact, much of the article almost good as new would be for sale cheap.

Who opposes this reform? Mammon. College faculties, patent medicine makers and venders, newspapers who profit by their fat advertisements; quacks oppose it, and the people themselves oppose it, because they think it will make doctoring dearer.

I went to see a woman yesterday who was suffering from a uterine affection, which had commenced nearly two years ago. In that time she had tried a dozen "*traiteurs*," in English quack doctors—or rather old men, women, and negroes, who *treat* for that particular disease; for be it known to you there are *traiteurs* for every different malady. She had taken *tisanes* without number, probably of every root and tree in the country, and had also taken several purges. And why have you now sent for me, madam? I will give a translation of her Creole French. Because I understood you were the best physician in the parish for my complaint. Why did you not send for me sooner then? Oh! so and so, has always been a good *traiteur* in this complaint and it does not cost as much as a doctor. How much have you paid all these *traiteurs* that have doctored you? Well, it has cost us about fifteen or twenty dollars. The husband now tells me that he is a *pauvre diable*, and not able to pay a doctor any thing, knows I have attended other poor people without making much, if any charge, and hopes I will not charge him. Very well, my friend, do you think it is just that I should do for nothing what you have been paying a parcel of rascals for not doing? I will attend to your wife if you both promise me never to employ any but a regular physician in your family henceforth. A deviation from this promise will debar you forever from my services under *any circumstances*.

This is but one of numerous similar cases, and this my mode of combating the *traiteurs*. I have succeeded in inducing other physicians to do likewise, and its effects are visible.

It is a thankless occupation to spend one's life in ministering amidst Romish superstitions and conceited ignorance, when you have to fight these single-handed, and many hours of endeavor have I wasted in attempting to uproot these pernicious influences. I am growing more callous to the sufferings of mankind amidst such beings, and if they will use those means which destroy instead of saving, the next race must show the consequences in increased wretchedness and bodily exhaustion. All our inhabitants are not, of course, included among these I have spoken of, but they are the mass, the majority.

But complaint of empiricism does not belong alone to this section. It is universal. And while speaking of it, let me say a word to con-

sumptives who are *quacked* to the verge of the grave in your city, and then sent South to die. Candidly let me tell you, my friends, stay at home. There is no antidote to your dread disease here. The South has no specific atmosphere to cure you. The vapor of our sugar-kettles, so much vaunted as a cure, is of no more benefit than the vapor of a North river steamboat. Consumption exists here—begins and ends here, despite climate and saccharine evaporation. You have the means of cure at home. Not in the inhalation of the vapors of medical compounds of a new set of quacks, but in the natural aids to health and preventives of disease God has given you—water, air, and exercise.

An old English physician, Sydenham, said that horseback exercise was a *specific* against consumption. Don't let this induce you to buy a trotter, or a fast pacer, or ride yourself to death. This kind of exercise taken in the fresh air, with the proper precautions, is excellent. It is good in cold and warm, wet and dry weather, but with some guide to its use. Another celebrated physician says buy a wood-saw and jack, and saw your own wood; but do not let this advice increase the demand for those useful articles, you might regret the purchase. Get the advice of an honest physician, not a pill-giver, and if he advises you to take any medicine other than a simple tonic or demulcent as the case may be, throw his advice and physic out of the window. There are honest physicians extant, though your diminished health and pocket may lead you to doubt it. Do not employ any man to give you advice who says, No cure, no pay. "The laborer is worthy of his hire." Pay the just man according to your means, and if you find his advice, well followed, is productive of benefit to you, do not hesitate to give honor to him to whom the honor is due. Never recommend a physician you know nothing about personally or certainly. Be careful what you eat, and classify French cooks among the quacks.

A celebrated impostor whom you have appropriately designated a vulture and a jackal, professes to cure consumption by inhalation, and boasts through the New-York press that the deaths from consumption have materially decreased in that city since he began to minister to the consumptives. Place no confidence in his vaunted magic. Search for the true cause. Find out what hygiene has done. What a different course of treatment generally has effected: what honest newspapers and health magazines have done to assist in this diminution of death from consumption. Inquire whether the increased use of exer-

cise and good food, and the decreasing fashion of cramming the sick with medicines, have not lent their aid.

Temporary relief is not cure, though all such cases are counted cures by this unscrupulous character. The winds grow keen, do not let them drive you into the house. Dress warm, take exercise, even at the risk of getting your nose frozen. Subscribe to some good journal of health, and follow its dictates if you find them good; expose any errors, if you find them, in their advice, and trust to nature's remedies above all quacks and patent medicines. H. H.

CAN COUNTRY SURGEONS AFFORD TO BE HONEST?

ERIE, February 8th, 1858.

DEAR SIR: It is somewhat refreshing to read the articles of a writer who does not fear to charge the world with error, and who plants the standard of truth in front of effete theology, and medical scholasticism. Still, if I understand aright, you are a reformer, not a revolutionizer—a biblical believer, not an atheist, nor yet a transcendental deist—a medical philosopher, not a book worshipper or pill giver. So understanding, allow me to ask, how, in case of "compound fracture, involving knee or ankle joints, with dislocation," the country surgeon is to escape the maledictions of community, and a suit for mal-practice. It is clearly right to exclaim against "indecision," and if the surgeon were left free to use his judgment, he is bound to, and no doubt would, practise amputation; but if he attempt to save the limb, and is attentive to the case, and the man die, "the kind doctor did all for him that could be done," and to amputate a mortified leg is safe for the physician if death to the patient. But if the surgeon be decided and conscientious, and remove the limb at once, he may expect that as soon as his patient can stump into court on his cork leg, a suit, *John Smith vs. Philip Brown M.D.*, will appear on the trial list, and a judgment for \$5000 be entered for the plaintiff. Years after, fingers will be pointed with remarks, "Smith may thank that butcher Brown for his cork leg." "If it had been my leg, I would have shot the damn brute instead of suing him." These are not suppositions; our court records show such results, and I have heard such remarks. Now I would ask, how it is possible for people to be treated well when safety and reputation lie on the side of mal-practice, and

poverty and professional death on the side of correct treatment? Again—there are men who prefer a shortened limb, and a fat verdict, to a straight leg and a doctor's bill—It is no impossible thing to balk the doctor, and fleece him afterward. What you have said on page 238, *et seq.*, of your January Number, will be useful to correct this evil, but can not something be done to secure to a surgeon fair trial by men capable of judging, and throw the burden of proof where it properly belongs, on the complainant? In surgical cases in this region, the poor and ignorant are falling into the hands of men without scientific character and without pecuniary liability. If the wealthy and intelligent part of the people would have scientific surgeons, practically skillful, the necessity is laid upon them, so to arrange medical jurisprudence, that the laboring classes among whom accidents occur most frequently, shall be treated by the same surgeons whom they employ for themselves; and to accomplish this, the surgeon must be protected in his reputation and his property. This can not be secured before an unlearned jury of twelve men selected indiscriminately, and from which learned, and especially professional men are almost always excluded. Let wealthy men in the country look to it.

Take an indemnity bond, dear Doctor—that will do it.—EDITOR.

OBITUARY.

BY the death of Dr. John W. Schmidt, which occurred in this city on the 1st of February, our profession has lost one of its most eminent members. Dr. Schmidt was our fellow-student, and for twenty-seven years we have been familiar with his habits of extraordinary activity; indeed, when contemplating his slight and graceful figure, and the wonderful activity of his temperament, and reflecting on the amount of labor he performed, it is difficult to understand how one so delicate could, for over a quarter of a century, have sustained such incessant application, with eye undimmed and step so elastic as to give him more the appearance of a brother to a large family of lovely children than a father. He was always devoted in a high degree to the practical duties of scientific surgery, and operated with much skill and elegance; we have very often assisted him in his more difficult operations, and never saw him at fault, or for a moment lose his self-control. In domestic life he was peculiarly happy; a devoted husband, brother, and

father ; we had, for years, an opportunity of observing his singular attachment to his home, and social life. He died after a tedious illness of several months, at his residence in Twelfth street, surrounded by his family and nearest relatives, and sustained by the unceasing ministrations of a love that never failed.

The following tribute is from the pen of a relative, who knew his ardent pursuit of his profession, and has expressed her feelings with a devotion shared by all who intimately knew him. Dr. Schmidt was truly an honorable man.

L I N E S

ON THE DEATH OF DR. J. W. SCHMIDT.

LIFE oped to him with beauty ;
 Strewed with flowers
Was every pathway,
 In its dawning hours.
Beyond his years,
 He glowed as sunshine
Free from childhood's fears.
 To think, and execute,
He had the power,
 And to achieve,
Was given him as dower.
 High was his aiming,
Not to fail his will,
 A point to gain,
Position bold to fill.
 Ere sixteen summers
Over his brow had sped,
 He as physician
Chose life's path to tread.
 From day to day
His destiny to rise,
 On noble practice
Elders to surprise.
 Till at the pinnacle
He gained a stand,
 The praise of wise
And learned to command.
 Quick in perception
Prompt at duty's call,
 His purpose to relieve,
His skill to use for all.

Unwearied doing
For the rich or poor,
 His only motive
To effect a cure.
 He thus soared on
As eagle in his flight,
 Till death's grim mantle
Shrouded him in night.
 And He who gave,
Called back the vital flame,
 And blent with nothingness
His mortal frame.
 Now with immortals
In the world unknown,
 His spirit waits
Its judgment
 From God's throne.
With his last breath
 His trust in God he spoke,
No other word
 The awful stillness broke.
Then as reclining
 On a mother's breast,
As sleeps the child,
 He calmly seemed
 At rest.
Serene in manly comeliness
 He lay,
 In life-like beauty
Though but lifeless clay.

E. C. H.

A MEDICAL BILL PAID BY A GHOST.

A VERY amusing incident has occurred lately in the practice of a celebrated Professor of surgery; indeed he must be cautious, or we shall be obliged to pronounce him maniacal on the subject of "making paper," as he did poor Huntington. Being called to consult in the case of a gentleman afflicted with asthma and enormous varices of the legs, after a very prolonged examination in company with several learned confrères, he assured a son of the patient that the varices might be cured by tying the femoral artery! It was all that could be done, and it might possibly effect a cure; the son declined the operation on the ground of his father's feebleness; and the doctor benevolently assented and advised the patient's indulgence with any thing he desired to eat or drink, and took his leave with the assurance that it was impossible for him to live more than a few weeks. Unfortunately for the doctor, another physician was called in, who detected dropsy on the chest! this was cured by Indian hemp. The patient being accustomed to the use of nitric acid, and aware of its power in contracting the tissues, applied it, diluted with one part water, to the varices, and in a few weeks effectually cured them. The son told us with great glee, a few days ago, that he had received a bill from the professor. "The *estate* of Mr. ———, to Dr. ———, Dr.!" The patient proposes to dress himself as a ghost, and pay his bill in person.

ELEGANT MEDICAL LITERATURE AND GOOD MANNERS.

THERE is a lovely plant growing in our rich moist pasture fields, called the *Saracenia*, or Pitcher plant; it often serves as a reservoir for the little birds, as it beneficently draws the water from the earth and retains it in its beautiful and graceful cup. So classical is the form, that Cellini himself could not have surpassed it in modeling his goblets, and Hebe might have gladly taken it for her chalice. There is a new variety found in Michigan, of which we have seen occasional notices in late numbers of the *Peninsular Journal of Medicine*. It does not seem to be used, however, by the little warblers; and we doubt if it would have answered the purpose of Madame Hebe. We

think our friend Stout would hardly have been inspired by its contemplation to write—

“Font for the precious little nightingale
To wet its little throat.”

Indeed, we have wickedly thought, when reading some of the editorials of the *Peninsular*, that the Pitcher plant might have served as a drinking-cup for that graceful and amiable bird, the hornet.

The fusion of the two medical journals of Detroit, seems according to the last number of the *Peninsular*, to have become necessary in consequence of the amiable jocularity indulged in by the senior editor, who is obliged (evidently by the publishers) to retire upon his laurels, subscribers being scarce under his editorial rule. The following is an extract from the “article of agreement” between the future editors and publishers. “They also agree that all improper personalities shall be excluded from the journal,” and “that upon the arising of any question under these rules, such question shall be submitted to an impartial board of medical gentlemen, and the editors agree to abide by the decision of such board.” Then follows in the same number (his last chance before the new censors take charge) the following choice and gentlemanly extract from the pen of Zina Pitcher, M.D., retiring editor, and president of the “American Medical Association.” We give it literally, grammar and all. It is an attack on his colleague the professor of surgery and late editor of the *Independent*, who charges him with falsehood in the last No. of his own journal. A sort of *coup de grâce* by both.

“There is more excuse to be made for the juvenile Professor of Surgery in using with so much freedom an epithet that implies a want of veracity in others, than can be made available to but few of the masculine gender. Time which works such marvelous changes in the face of nature, will doubtless perform its acts of kindness to him by causing even *his* hair, not

‘Like a lobster boiled,
From gray to red begin to turn,’

nor as now from red to black, but by bringing him such a measure of wisdom as comes with gray hairs, and exhibits itself in good manners and the use of a more appropriate and refined language in speaking of age or admitted seniority, [as per example?]

“It must be hard for a youth who has sailed long under *false colors*, or has tortured his ringlets with crimping-irons, to resist the influence of external associations, so as not to be ready on all occasions to charge others with falsehood when he has simply been reading himself in the glass.”

That ought to make his hair curl without the irons. We fear he will never join the doctor in singing "My friend and Pitcher."

We congratulate the public of Detroit and the publishers upon their prospects; no doubt they anticipate a good time; but we fear that oysters are too scarce in Detroit to insure perfect harmony amongst such elegant belligerents. Dr. Pitcher seems to have his doubts; he observes, in his usual affectionate and grammatical style:

"I hope to see realized all that is promised, from the new consolidation, which are peace, unity, and confraternity throughout the profession of the State, but am still fearful that the present may be one of those occasions in which hope and faith may not be found in juxtaposition, or become the fruit of the tree in the midst of the garden, which contains the knowledge both of good and evil.

"Upon my friends and former patrons I invoke temporal and spiritual benediction."

Dear doctor, the good book says you must "love your *enemies* and pray for them that despitefully use you." We are afraid that the tree you speak of in the midst of the garden (!) will continue to produce a large share of crabs, especially as it is occasionally to be watered by a Pitcher.

It is to be hoped, however, the new editors will thoroughly wash this "alms-basket of words" of its partisan cliquery, and make it no longer a Pen—insular Journal.

DENTISTRY IMPROVED•BY GEORGE CLAY.

WE have lately examined a still further improvement on entire sets of teeth, fused upon and consolidated with the platina plate. George Clay, of Eighth street, a gentleman of whose extraordinary skill in his profession we have been made most *feelingly* aware for twenty years past, has reached a degree of perfection in strengthening and lightening the plate to which the teeth are attached, that we believe has not hitherto been attained in the art of dentistry. For perfection of imitation of the natural teeth, and coloring of the artificial gum, they are, so far as we have seen, inimitable. Mr. Clay has fitted a number to our patients, and they are all delighted with the work.

DR. REESE AND THE ACADEMY.

OUR cotemporary of the *Gazette*, has been amusing himself with hurling his inky javelin at his brethren of the Academy, for their reproof of his defense of poor McClintock; but we doubt whether David's music proved as agreeable to their ears, as his namesake's of old did, when he tried to harp the devil out of Saul; the fact is, Reese will never be able to come under the thumb of the Academy; he is not a man to be kicked by curs and poodle-dogs; but we fear if he does not moderate his ire against Johnny Adams, he will be indicted for making dog's-meat sausages.

A SKINNED MEDICAL EEL.

DR. DIXON :

DEAR SIR: I this day received the November number of the SCALPEL. Why do you send it to me? Do you open your Columns for the discussion of medical Topics? or do you wish to add *Insult* to *Injury* by send me that which I do not relish? You attempt to educate the massess medically, Through the columns of the SCALPEL, by giving them an hours medial reading monthly yet insinuate, that the medical schools *Sell Diplomas to Ignorant young men!!* Ignorant! after spending from eight to Twelve hours per day for Three years in the pursuit of medial Knowledge and yet foresooth, *you can* by your superior sagasity educate the massess by the *hocuspocus* (it is nothing more) of the SCALPEL.

If you will open your colums for a discussion or allow me to criticise *your productions* in a spirit of candor and fairness you may by publishing this, consider me a subscriber to the SCALPEL. Other wise you may send the SCALPEL to those who can appreciate it.

With Due respet I am &c

SAMUEL AVERY M.D.

We apologize most humbly to the doctor for sending him the naughty thing; it is quite evident we made a great mistake; we appreciate his benevolent intentions, and anxiously await the promised criticism; but, dear doctor, sharpen your scalpel and cut quick; for we don't want any medical chloroform, and have but sixty-four pages; our readers take high stimuli.

MEDICAL SAGACITY.

WE have received a very amusing illustration of the faculty of our brethren for investigating the "curative powers" of their medicines. Dr. Tully, whose great work on *Materia Medica* is just completed, it is known to most of the brethren, has tested on his own person and on numbers of his students, the powers and doses of a great number of favorite remedies; amongst others, he selected *Lactuca*, or the inspissated juice of the *Lactuca virosa*, and several other species of wild and garden lettuce; they have been used as decided sedatives in cases where opium was not judged expedient; thirty grains is the average dose, and it is very frequently given by practitioners in this city. As much as two ounces were taken during the day, and no appreciable narcotism or even sedative effect was observed! It was high time for a Tully to "go in" to the *Materia Medica*; we always thought a drug-shop and its master the most ludicrous yet melancholy exhibition of prejudice and folly; it is no more to be respected than the Indian medicine-man and his pow-wow. Dr. Tully's great work is a wonderful mine of accurate medical knowledge. Every country or city physician should have a copy, if he wishes to get quit of absurd reliance on inert medicines and old foggy "learning." Dr. T. has made hay of it.

SILVER SUTURES IN SURGERY: Being the Anniversary Discourse before the New-York Academy of Medicine. By J. Marion Sims, M.D., Surgeon to the Woman's Hospital. Published by order of the Academy.

This is a beautiful and enthusiastic history of Dr. Sims' great invention, and earnest pursuit of his favorite branch. It does credit to his guileless and manly nature—a real outburst of professional zeal and love for humanity. He does himself the justice of exposing the miserable and contemptible attempt of Dr. Bozeman to rob him of his honors by a wretched and foolish addition, calculated to obscure and hinder the progress of union after the wound is brought together. Dr. Sim's suture effects this with an accuracy of *graduated and equal pressure* entirely unattainable by any other suture known in surgery. It is a priceless boon to science, and capable, as we know by personal experience, of a wider range of application and more admirable re-

sults than any other single improvement ever made in surgery. John Hunter, were he here, would give it precedence as a great practical invention over all others. We rejoice to hear that Dr. Sims is sure to succeed in establishing his Hospital on a firm and enduring basis. Long after he has passed away, both he and those noble women who have sustained him with their sound heads and warm hearts, will be held in the grateful memories of thousands of mothers and children who will have experienced its great blessings. It is a noble and Christ-like charity, and may Heaven smile upon and prosper it!

THE PRAYER-MEETINGS.

To the medical philosopher, nothing is more interesting than that peculiar form of derangement of the nervous system entitled Hysteria. That disease, with its protean manifestations, afflicting at times almost every member and portion of the human body, is confined, according to the derivation of the word, to woman. We have made it the subject of extensive remarks in former numbers of this journal; yet every man of correct observation well knows that there are great numbers of our own sex, whose peculiar organization of brain and nerves renders them liable to many of its manifestations. It will not answer for our more zealous religious friends to call all those quiet and earnest men and women who repudiate such emphatic manifestations of religious feeling as we see at revivals, scoffers and infidels; many of them are consistent Christians; men who acknowledge the saving power of true religion. We look at the matter in the light of all other phenomena; every formative process of nature which results in the production of lasting organisms, requires time and quiet. The acorn sends its delicate rootlet into the ground, and as it opens its leaves to the light, the philosopher recognizes its future power to resist the winds and waves; he sees it in the distance of years, tossing its giant arms from the stormy promontory unharmed by the tempest, or breasting the angry billows as the staunch ship defies their united powers.

The giant stalactite is added, drop by drop, till it forms a vast pillar to support the rocky roof; it is the work of ages; and the diamond has probably required the quiet of centuries within the bosom of the

silent earth, ere it can reflect the brightness of the sun without paling by the comparison.

The toad-stool is the growth of a single night ; and ice often the produce of an hour ; as both wither and melt away before the fierce sun-heat, so we fear many whose sudden convictions have been so noisily announced, will find their resolves melt away before the trials of business and the glare of prosperity ; nevertheless, we thank God for all that proves steadfast : truth, frugality, and honesty, are always sterling securities.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC BULL-CALF.

JERSEY is a great place for domestic productions—horses, cows, calves, etc. Our Roman Catholic friends, the priests, are praiseworthy in their attentions to their female parishioners ; the following bull has lately been promulgated by our old friend Bishop Bailey, late Secretary to His Grace Lord † John ; it is designed more especially for the males :

“I am determined to make use of the most severe measures against all who are addicted to this scandalous and destructive vice, [drunkenness ;] and if they continue in the practice of it, they must do it as outcasts from the Catholic Church ; who have no right to the name of Catholic while they live, nor to Christian burial when they die.”

We are afraid, dear Bishop, that this step is very hasty ; and your bull will prove rather too fierce ; Patrick dearly loves the “potheen,” and for a drop of the “craythur,” will risk his horns whilst alive, and even the loss of holy ground itself, when dead. We advise you to look out sharply after His Reverence † John ; remember the fable of the monkey and the cat, and the chestnuts ; John would never have set that young bull loose on the New-York commons.

DOMESTIC AQUARIA.

THERE are two delightful varieties : one, Biddy in a condition such as she may sometimes be found on Monday morning, throwing the clothes about the wash-house ; and the other when the Croton water-pipes burst, as they descend the closet, over the pudding, just before dinner.

THE SCALPEL.

ART. CXXIV.— *Our Meat-Markets ; Diseased Condition of the Cattle slaughtered ; Villainy of Butchers ; Evils of over-fattening Cattle ; Apathy of our Citizens ; the only Remedy.*

“Ye shall not offer unto the Lord that which is bruised, or broken, or cut ; neither shall ye make any offering *thereof* in your land.”

No government can or ought to retain the confidence of its citizens, that does not extend the most jealous and watchful care over the quality and price of the bread and meat of its laboring men ; and no laws are consistent with Christianity or the spirit of the Republic, which afford facilities for raising the price and deteriorating the quality of that food. The strength of a state lies in its productive industry : bone and muscle are the levers and the ropes by which property is raised from the mine and gleaned from the surface of the earth ; and those who are occupied with producing it, have a right to expect that protection from the government, that will insure its purchase in a state of purity, and in a condition best adapted to produce that bone and muscle, and at a minimum profit to the producer. The vast mass of mankind have neither the time nor the knowledge necessary to investigate the quality of the food they eat ; they must necessarily depend upon the superior intelligence of those who make such subjects their study. Unfortunately for them, the mass of that profession, who are supposed capable and willing to advise them, are occupied chiefly with their absurd theories of curing diseases by the use of medicines, rather than preventing them by teaching and enforcing the laws of health. It is absurd to say that legislation should not be extended between the buyer and the purchaser. The preservation of life and health, and fostering *productive* labor, is the chief object of all law ; and if by reason of laws enacted by ignorant or vicious men, these natural organic laws of our bodies, which we assert to be the word of God, can not be obeyed, then those laws

ought to be abolished or resisted. When a person, by the honest labor of his hands, *produces* an article by cultivating the earth, he has a right to the highest market-price for it; but when another and another, and often a third person, purchase it from the original producer, and forestall the very place which was designed for its direct sale by the producer to the consumer, and by keeping it deteriorate the articles, and falsely allege them to be of good quality, they are pursuing a dishonest occupation, one that hardens the heart, and makes them bad citizens. Such is the character of most of the butchers, hucksters, and forestallers of this city.

The law that forbids the country people to cut and sell their meat in any quantities they choose, to any one who chooses to buy it, is unconstitutional, and infamously cruel to the poor, and ought to be resisted by force, if necessary. The sale of meats and vegetables from the original producer to the consumer, would greatly improve the quality and lessen the price, and beget kindly feelings. The butchers, as a body, are a very dishonest class of people: they rarely give weight, and invariably sell you one third of bone and refuse with the best cuts you can select, and at their own price. All our market laws ought to be abolished at once, and the country people permitted to occupy the places now so infamously let and re-let, and often retained by the bribery of the market-overseers. The middle of Canal street, and other broad streets, should at once be thrown open to them. Fourteenth street, and every broad street above it, should follow, and the places be evacuated and thoroughly cleansed each day at twelve o'clock. The present system is a premium and protection to the villainy of hucksters and butchers, and Dutch and Irish grocers; it adds enormously to taxation, by filling the hospitals and prisons. When the family board is stinted and coarse, and unwholesome vegetables, withered and stringy, and half-putrid and tough meats are placed before him, the laboring man will often supply the waste of his muscular tissue with poisonous rum and ale. He knows by experience that they will answer the present purpose, and he does not trouble himself about the future.

But he is not the only sufferer. Let us tell you, fellow-citizens, what you eat in the shape of "prime beef." A few mornings since, we visited several of our up-town meat-stalls, and two of them in the first localities in town. There was not one in which we did not see bruises of greater or less extent on the hind quarters of the beeves exposed for sale. In one of the very finest and fattest quarters, we

measured by the eye a *large abscess*, produced by the whip of the driver, directly over the hip; it was at least eight inches broad by ten or eleven in length, and the entire cellular tissue was filled with matter: we pressed it out by the finger! The deep-red blotches you see on the outside of your fine porter-house steaks and sirloins, are the first stages of these abscesses; they are effused blood thrown out of the crushed blood-vessels into the cellular tissue; and when the animal has been beaten severely, or permitted to live long enough, the matter will invariably appear. Of course a large bruise or abscess causes fever, and your fine eighteen-penny cuts are in a delightful pathological condition when they are thrust into the frying-pan by the Irish cook; they are about as wholesome as liquid scrofula or swill-milk.

A great deal of fault has been found by our religious friends with the theological opinions of the editor of this journal; and perhaps with good reason, if his explanations are to be compared with theirs. He is inclined, however, to view them as a little more practical than some others he hears occasionally promulgated by his learned religious cotemporaries. Their idea that they alone are competent to explain the Bible, strikes us as rather too Roman Catholic in modesty. At present, it is not our design to tilt with our biblical friends; but we can not forbear giving them a sample of our eccentricity. The motto we have chosen to place at the head of this article, we think is admirably adapted to this purpose. The day for actual burnt-offerings has passed; yet we take great delight in the wisdom of the Old Testament, and feel inclined to recommend its noble hygienic laws to our brethren of the Academy, as far more deserving of their attention than disputes about exquisite points of medical ethics, which latter seem to us marvellously like the best method of allowing a fool to conceal his ignorance.

Suppose we consider now, dearly beloved religious and medical brethren, that when we eat a prime cut of porter-house or first-rib, for breakfast or dinner, with a thankful heart, we are making "an offering unto the Lord." We are certainly preparing our bodies for labor by eating the food provided for us, and it is apparent to common-sense we are making use of it in a manner quite as acceptable to God at present, as the old ritual made it in former times. If the meat be "bruised or broken," the offering is assuredly not congenial to our natural taste; and it can hardly fulfill the intention of nature, if in its evident state of disease we should try to force ourselves to

eat it. Are we torturing the text now, dearly beloved religious brethren? We believe, if we are, some of you could match us occasionally. However, we will not urge it, but leave it for your consideration—especially the abscesses, generally situated, mark ye, brethren, over the sirloin, that sweet morsel ye roll with such unction under your lips.

Suppose we now consider the subject of the extreme fatness which is so much prized by the beef-eater, that the animal is often paraded through the streets, to tempt him to purchase. Let us shed a little light on it from our physiological lantern.

The use of fat in an animal, so far as we at present understand it, is to aid in the production of bile, and to act as fuel for the lungs; that is, material for respiration, and the maintainance of heat and circulation, during sickness and temporary deprivation of food. Every animal, man and beast, has its appropriate natural quantity of fat. Some produce very little at any time, and these, it will be found, are almost always large feeders; the food is breathed and used as fuel before it can have time to go to fat. Such people and animals are restless and full of mischief. Most medical reformers are lean. The animals keep badly—they are troublesome stock. Although vegetables, hay, and corn contain some fat, because animals procure it from them, the chief source of fat in man is from the meat he eats. Now fat is fuel; not muscle or red meat. Fat never works directly; it only supplies force to the muscles, like the coal to the engine. These latter, are the meat, we should chiefly eat. Consumptive and thin people, however, require to eat much fat; otherwise their muscles will waste, that is, be absorbed and breathed away, to supply heat and life.

We have the satisfaction to present from the London *Lancet* a most instructive extract from a valuable and suggestive work entitled, “Evil Results of over-feeding Cattle, fully illustrated by Colored Engravings of the Heart, Lungs, etc., of the Diseased Prize Cattle, etc. By Frederick James Gant, Surgeon and Pathological Anatomist to the Royal Free Hospital,” a work of great merit, and one we sincerely recommend as a noble example of utility and humanity to the “American Medical Association,” and the reading of which would elevate them above their wordy disputes about ethics, and cutting out *jaw-bones*—an operation of which we should suppose some of the wordy disputants would be rather chary. Mr. Gant remarks:

“Now, what is a chief result of this increase of size of the animals

compared with their respective ages? They are sold, killed, and retailed as food. What is their dietetic value? If the animals thus *prized*, in more ways than one, are followed to their several destinations, and examined in the slaughter-house, it will be found, as Mr. Gant experienced, that the bulky withers of a fat bullock are no criterion of health, and that its flat tabular back may conceal the revolting ravages of disease. In fine, the whole animal is in a state more or less of 'fatty degeneration.' Careful examination has shown that 'in over-fed, corpulent animals, of forced growth, the muscular substance of the most vital organ, the *heart*, is pallid, soft, and greasy, and that its fibres then contain fat, instead of the fibrillæ in which reside both the contractile power of muscle and its nutritive value for human food. In the chop taken from the loin of one of the Duke of Richmond's sheep, the fibrillæ had already broken up longitudinally, (a rare occurrence,) and were in the most advanced condition of development compatible with health.'

"Certainly such meat can not be said to retain a healthy structure and nutritive quality, although when degenerated into fat, it may still present to the naked eye the semblance of ordinary muscle, and thus deceive both buyer and seller. In an ox not three years old, but weighing upward of two hundred stone, and eating twenty-one pounds of oil-cake a day besides other food, the heart weighed seven pounds thirteen ounces. The walls of the left ventricle were so soft, that a blunt probe could be readily introduced through them almost into the cavity, rupture being apparently prevented only by the endocardial lining* preserving its continuity. Yet so highly did Mr. Smith, of Hampstead, value his prize, that he charged Mr. Gant half a guinea for this specimen of *pathology*. In one of Lord Berner's sheep, 'the *best* of any long-wooled breed, one year old,' the heart was fatty, the liver heavy and dark purple, the lungs flabby, non-crepitant, and containing nodules in which existed *filaria*† in various stages of development. Besides these, 'hard tubercles' existed in the lungs. No wonder that when alive, 'his breathing was distressed'! Now, as Mr. Gant well observes, were a man in this condition of suffering from excess of fat to present himself at an insurance office, his life would certainly be declined; *yet, under similar circumstances, the producer of a sheep is awarded gold and silver medals, and a prize of £20!* One would have thought that, by this

* The heart of every animal closely fills a very strong fibrous purse.—EDITOR.

† A curious parasitic worm; the origin of tape-worm.

time, the fattening virtues of oil-cake, etc., had been fully and sufficiently inquired into, and that breeders and feeders of cattle had attained a due knowledge of how to rear animals most advantageously for a proper market. And no doubt such has been effected. But the truth is, the 'Smithfield Cattle Show' now appeals to an artificial and conventional purpose; that is, to award prizes for simply making young animals as fat and as large as possible in the shortest space of time. In effecting this, the creatures are made repulsively gross and unwieldy, are caused to lead a life of pain and misery, and have their flesh deteriorated as an article of nutriment to man. The fat which we see encumbering the carcasses may, as Mr. Gant shows, be regarded as the superfluous food with which the animals had been gorged. At first, it is deposited in all *loose* parts of the body, such as beneath the skin and around the kidneys, stomach, intestines, and heart. Those localities being occupied, the muscles then become invaded, and the well-known *streaked* appearance of meat is produced from the fatty deposit passing between the muscular fibres. So far it may be allowed that the 'fattening process,' within these limits, does not impair either the health of the animal or the quality of its flesh as food. But the next step to this interstitial deposition is soon attained, namely, *the actual substitution of fat for fibrillæ within the fibres of the muscular tissues*. This being effected, rapidly results a life of misery to the animal, and the impairment of its muscular parts for food. It may be asked, then, Is there at present any equivalent gain for the above climax? We think not; and urge, for the sake of humanity and reason, that the extreme practice now going on may be reduced to within proper limits."

The remedy for all this state of things is one that we fear is far distant—the total prohibition of all butchering in cities, and the absolute enforcement of a sanitary cattle police law, compelling the keeping a suitable time, for recovery from their railroad and foot journeys, of all cattle slaughtered. Not less than three weeks should elapse, during which the animal would gain, under proper care, quite as much as the cost of keeping. They arrive at present weary and foot-sore, bruised by the cruel goad of a brutal driver, or terrified, starved, and famished in the closely-jammed pens of the rail-cars, and are driven half-mad with fever through the streets, to a wretched mud-hole, unsheltered from the heats of summer or the pelting rain, and after further starvation are driven to a reeking, filthy slaughter-house, where their natural fear of blood keeps them in a state of

fever, till they are killed by a most brutal method, by men whose occupation and manners present a horrible example to the children who eagerly crowd around the slaughter-house door, to catch the dying groans and gloat their eyes on the flowing blood of the hapless beast.

Slaughter-houses in cities are nuisances of the most pernicious character ; unhealthful to the neighborhood, horrible in appearance, and schools for the cultivation of the worst passions in our children. They rank with the swill-milk stables, and are in every way disgraceful to the character of a civilized people. If the laws protective of their proprietors were abolished, and our streets and markets thrown open to the country people, very few of them would be necessary, and those should be situated at a distance from the city, near the pastures for the recovery of cattle after their arrival. By the abolition of our present vile and unjust system, the price of living would fall one third, and the table of the laboring man might be made more attractive than the grog-shop, and his children have a culture less conducive to the prison and the gallows.

There is no method of fostering villainy that can compare in its infernal and oppressive results on the health and happiness of the poor man, to the united influence of Church and State. It is this that has degraded and debased the unfortunate Irish, till they have become outcasts on the face of the earth. It is the influence of their Church that causes them nightly to beat and murder their helpless wives, and to cultivate falsehood and dishonesty till they are a nuisance in every Christian household. And when their votes count equal with those of our most industrious and honest citizens, they can easily secure the privilege of forestalling our own people in retailing at an enormous price wilted and spoiled vegetables and meat. Nearly all the operatives, and many of the principals in manufacturing and retailing the swill-milk, are Irish, and from them Frank Leslie received his heartiest threats. They are voters for the infamous street contractors and robbers of our public treasury, and they get in the vampyre aldermen who favor them in procuring licenses and facilities for their accursed traffic in poisoned rum.

The butchers, however, are chiefly American ; and if they could find no public markets in which for quarter the rent of a store of equal size that our honest citizens are obliged to hire to pursue an honest business, their insolence would come down to a proper address, and their dishonesty be checked by the competition of our honest country

people, who would seek out every part of the city, and come in with their wagons, and supply our wants with good food at a fair price.

There was lately a market in the Third avenue that has been torn down, and the whole of the money appropriated to build a new one has disappeared before the first stone of the edifice has been laid above the floor-beams! Nothing has yet been erected, but the vaults in which the hucksters and butchers were to store their stale and rat-gnawed vegetables, and salt the meat, when it became apparent to the nose of the passer that it required that operation. Don't you see, fellow-citizens, that if these holes were not built for them to burrow in, and for a drunken alderman to share the bribes for erecting them, and a villainous market-master to steal half the rent of, there would no longer be an object or cover for their villainy? For humanity's sake, let all these market laws be abolished, and every market-cellar be filled up and every stall removed, and all thrown open to the actual producer.

ART. CXXV.—*Third Letter from John Matthews; Stonehenge; Havre; Cathedral of Rouen; Paris; the Concierge; the Seine; the Bridges of Paris, and their Occupants; the Churches; Priestly Hypocrisies; the Execution of the Assassins; Restaurants, Cafés, Cremeries; the Morgue; French and English Soldiers compared; Buckwheat-Cake and Pumpkin-Pie Establishment; the Hospitals; Ricord; the Emperor and Empress; the Balls of the Carnival; Licentiousness of the French.*

[WE break off abruptly, it will be perceived, the London letter of our gifted friend John Matthews, in order to give the Paris notes; we do so because we believe it will be most interesting to our readers who may desire to visit the gay capital, and from the interesting position of that extraordinary man who now rules it with such despotic sway, yet we believe by so precarious a tenure. We shall give this and probably one more number of Paris, and then return to the London notes. The churches of Paris and London, and the reflections on their artistic embellishments, and the graves of their great dead, will furnish a mine of instruction and thought to all who desire to read the letter of a new and a profound yet brilliant student of man.]

MY DEAR DOCTOR: You are aware that I left London on the 3d of January last; and that you have heard little from me since that time, may appear to you strange, considering the many notes I sent you when in England. I can only urge in excuse that it requires a much

longer time to become acquainted with a people who speak in another language, than to write down one's impressions of a people with whose language he is familiar. I was not wholly unprepared for the change, but little supposed that although I had cultivated my eye and tongue somewhat, I had neglected what is of equal consequence—*the ear*. I have, however, now overcome that difficulty, and am able to discover better the difference in the people. I shall now resume my notes.

It was early on Monday that I took the train for Southampton, where I arrived at ten o'clock. I was satisfied with a walk around the town, which presented no features particularly remarkable. It was useless to look for the spot where Canute rebuked his courtiers on the strand, as the action of the winds and waves have effaced the marks of greater thrones than his; so I took the train for Salisbury with the intention of visiting Stonehenge, and to look at the Cathedral. I thought there was something hard and stiff in the old building, whether or no it was its color, a dark, cold gray, or the paucity of ornament. It required time not so much to become harmonious as associations. I might say much about the old building that would interest you, but I have already described so many cathedrals, that I fear to become tiresome; so after a stroll among its interesting monuments and Gothic tracery, I heard the sound of wheels, and, on leaving, found that the chaise I had hired for the drive to Stonehenge had arrived. So I seated myself beside the driver, and we were soon driving over the dismal plains of Salisbury. The day was exceedingly cold, and the wind blew with an unusual keenness. In about an hour we caught a sight of the ancient monument, which in the distance looked as though some giant children had been playing, and left their blocks in disorder on that desolate plain. In half an hour we were within the magic circle.

If any person has ever supposed, which I believe has been asserted, that this work was not of man, I am sure they never examined it with attention, for I observed that nearly all the upright masses of stone were morticed for the cross-pieces, as well as the cross-pieces for each other. In some places also the marks of the drill and chisel were distinctly visible. The regularity with which the blocks are disposed is enough to mark their origin, although their immense weight, and their great distance from any stone of similar texture, make the wonder greater. It is a curious monument, and must date from ages nearly as remote as the building of the Pyramids. It well repaid the cold and cheerless ride over that chalky plain, to see the oldest of England's monuments.

It was midnight when the steamer left the dock at Southampton for Havre, and my nautical experience on the Atlantic, upon which I prided myself, did not prevent me from experiencing an attack of the evil of the sea, sea-sickness. The rest of our company were also in a piteous condition, for the waters of the Channel were troubled with an angry motion, such as I had not experienced on the Atlantic.

We saw Havre at ten o'clock the next morning. It is situated within a yellow-looking promontory, is built of yellow brick, and a yellow vapor was rolling over it, making it look as yellow and monotonous as the cliffs which inclosed it. It will exist in my memory as a yellow town, although I am sure that I did not look at it with a jaundiced eye.

There was a strange clanking of wooden shoes on the pavement as I entered the town, and as I walked along the quays and through the narrow streets I often ran out of the way, thinking that a horse was approaching. I managed French enough to order my dinner, and to attend to the *visé* of my passport at the *Bureau de Police*, where it was carried by the sergeant de ville, on my stepping off the steamer. There are not many places of much interest in the town, so I stepped in the evening on the train for Rouen, where I arrived at nine o'clock.

The next day I spent in dodging through the narrow streets, filled with tall, antiquated houses, with gable ends, rich carvings, and strange old gateways. In the market-place is a fountain, with a statue of Joan of Arc, on the spot where she was inhumanly burned by the English, after having been given up by her countrymen and king.

The cathedral is a quaint mass of sober architecture, covered with a confectionery frost-work of decoration. The Church of St. Ouen is one of the most elegant I have ever yet seen: it is as harmonious as York Cathedral, and the interior is in exquisite proportion. Its ornament seems to have grown with the architecture, and not to be an after-thought of the architect.

In the evening I took the train for Paris, where I arrived at eight o'clock. I stopped at a hotel in the Rue Frenchant, near the Church of the *Madelaine*, where I was charged an exorbitant price for accommodation.

I spent the next two days in hunting up lodgings, and although I saw many "bills," I did not like the entrances to most of the apartments being either up an alley or through a pair of huge gates, like the stable entrances in New-York. I was astonished to find so many elegantly furnished rooms with entrances so inelegant. On the even-

ing of Friday I found a well-situated room, with a window facing the Seine, on the Quai aux Fleurs, where I moved my few effects, and where I have continued to live during my stay in this city. I am living on the Isle de la Cité, and have Notre Dame on one side, and the *Palais du Justice* on the other. In the former I may have religious consolation and in the latter legal satisfaction. So I think I am well situated. I enter the house by a large double door, and when I knock, on my arrival at night, the bolt is withdrawn by an unseen hand. I pass in, and see no person in the hall : a small window is opened on the passage, and I see the good-natured face of my old concierge, who passes me my key and candle with a "*Voilà, Monsieur, bon soir,*" and the head is withdrawn, the window slides back, and I pass up stairs. I have never met any of the inmates of the house since I have moved in, which is, I suppose, owing to the fact that we do not keep the same hours.

THE SEINE.

The Seine, although a considerable stream and almost necessary for Paris, is yet small when compared with the Thames, at London, and is of comparatively little consequence as a highway either for commerce or pleasure. I have crossed it hundreds of times, but have seen only two steamboats on it since I have been in Paris. The flow is quite rapid, and after a rainy week it may be heard to roar as it tears through the piers of the bridges. The water generally is tolerably clean, and appears of a pale green color ; and several large baths and numerous boats, where dyeing and washing continually proceed at a lively rate, are moored in the river. There is also a boat for grinding paints, the motive power being the rapid current of the river, which turns a number of wheels on the side of the boat.

The quays on each side of the river are neatly and substantially formed, and the walls and bridges are built of the cream-colored limestone universal in Paris. The quays especially on the south side of the river are covered with book and other stands, where engravings, medals, and curiosities are sold. A walk along the quays and an inspection of their literary, numismatic and artistic treasures, is a rare enjoyment. The stands on the bridges enjoy an exemption from police interference which is remarkable after one has been in London ; but the great number of bridges in Paris prevents any one being very crowded. The refinement of the products offered for the patronage of the public on the bridges increases as we proceed westward, as,

singularly enough, the same is the case in all the large cities with which I am acquainted ; and the bridges of Paris offer a curious illustration of the westward march of refinement. On the Pont au Change, roasted chestnuts, cakes, confectionery, fried potatoes, boot-blacks, and the old woman with a straw hat of enormous dimensions, who fits a glass to your watch for six sous, tell us that the trading community hold undisputed sway here. On the Pont Neuf the professional world have taken up their abode ; seven different establishments are there located, which, with the blacking of boots, unite the profession of the *shaving of dogs* and the *castrating of cats*. (Another instance which proves that *barbers* and *surgeons* naturally unite in the same person in the early state of these professions.) The sign of one of these establishments is amusing. It runs thus : "*A la renommée du Pont Neuf, Flammand et sa femme, coupent les chats, tondent les chiens, et leur coupent les oreilles et vont en ville en consultation!*"* The Pont Neuf is also the resort of star and planet gazers, who on clear evenings crowd around the fine equestrian statue of Henry IV., to see the satellites of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, and other wonders of the great universe, through a telescope, the proprietor of which modestly demands the sum of two sous. On Saturday, some weeks since, at one o'clock, in company with some friends, I mingled in the crowd who were gathered here to witness the eclipse of the sun, and with the rest obtained a fine view of the phenomenon by gazing through the pieces of colored glass which for an hour were rapidly sold to the crowd by several itinerant venders.

It is upon this bridge also that those who from misfortune or crime,

"Mad with life's misery,
Rush to death's mystery,"

and quickly learn the great secret of death by plunging into the swift stream which washes the shores of gay and voluptuous Paris.

The *Pont des Arts*, which unites the banks of the river at the Louvre on the north and the Institute on the south, is devoted to music. Several accordeons and organs are worked here by the lame and blind. No carriages pass over this bridge, bringing with them the tumult which would infallibly break the potent spell of music's charms, and carry distraction and discord to the sensitive ears of the listeners. Ever since my stay in Paris I have seen crowds hang with delighted ear around the blind boy who, seated with his faithful dog

* Johnny Adams, a distinguished Academic savant, has before immortalized these eminent surgeons.

for a companion, draws from a flutina, chords which cause the hearts of that rude throng to thrill with a purer emotion because mingled with human sympathy and compassion.

THE CHURCHES OF PARIS,

notwithstanding the decay of time, and the devastation caused by political revolution, are rich not only in specimens of architectural skill, but in other treasures of art. Nearly the first public building I entered after my arrival in Paris was the celebrated old Cathedral of Notre Dame, which for a thousand years has been the nucleus around which has gathered all that is good and bad in Paris.

The western front, above which rise two stately towers, is rich in sculptured ornament and statues, quaint old figures under canopies as strange as themselves, and leaves and flowers which never grow but in Gothic soil. The interior is now undergoing repairs like many other churches in Paris, and I could not obtain a satisfactory view of it. The columns, walls, and roof are painted in rich colors, and when the partitions are removed and the church unencumbered, the effect must be strikingly beautiful.

The Church of St. Genevieve, or as it is more generally called, the Pantheon, is situated upon elevated ground on the south side of the city, and is truly a noble building, although I do not think a classic building for a church is as appropriate as one of Gothic architecture. Upon its noble portico it bears the celebrated bass-relief sculptured by David, representing the great men of France receiving their honors from their country. I visited the vaults to see the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau, which are simply models in wood and plaster, and present no features of special interest. The remains of these great men were, it is said, secretly carried away and buried elsewhere. In the vault where the tomb of Voltaire is placed, is a fine marble statue of him by Houdon, but I do not think it as good as that in the Theatre Franais by the same artist. The guide who conducted me through the vaults, to exhibit the echoes, beat with a stick upon a rude drum ; the reverberation was startling, and appeared louder than thunder. Some workmen were busy removing the original model of David's bass-relief. I was told the widow had presented it to some institution. The view of Paris from the summit of the dome is the finest I have yet seen of any city. The cross is the highest object in Paris.

Besides these churches I have visited the Madelaine, a noble and

harmonious classic building, justly considered one of the architectural beauties of the metropolis, the Church of St. Gervais, rich in choice gothic and paintings, St. Etienne du Mont, with its elegant gallery and choice specimens of the renaissance, and St. Roche and Notre Dame de Lorette, where music such as can be heard only in the Roman Catholic Church, was performed with a wonderful effect. I was amused in the Church of St. Gervais to watch the winking, grimaces, and other irregularities of the attendants at the altar, which took place during the performance of mass while their backs were turned to the congregation. There is, no doubt, much hypocrisy among the clergy in Paris, and the daily performance of such ceremonies can not fail to become insipid and even irksome to the performers.

At the door of the Church of St. Genevieve, and some other churches, are stands for the sale of crucifixes, beads, medals, and imitation jewelry, all kept in the same case.

THE EXECUTION OF THE ASSASSINS.

Early on Saturday morning while quietly dreaming, I heard a faint cry of "Matthews, wake up! Wake up!" The sound at first mingled with the subject-matter of my dream, and did not disturb my vision; but the cry was distinctly repeated, and I sprang from my bed and rushed to the window. I saw a dark form in the street, and recognized the voice of Dr. N., who in a few words explained that the execution of Pierri and Orsini, the Italians who had attempted the life of the Emperor, would take place at seven o'clock, and that it was necessary that we should hasten immediately to the spot if we desired to witness it. As I was hastily dressing myself, the clock bell of the Palais de Justice tolled three deliberate strokes. I was soon below with my friend, and as we took our way over the Pont de Notre Dame to the Rue de Rivoli, a company of sergeants de ville in rank and file turned the corner. The morning was rather dark, and except the dull and regular tramp of the fifty men, and the footsteps of an occasional pedestrian, nothing disturbed the solemn stillness of the hour. Before we reached the Column of July, groups of two or three persons might be seen taking the same direction as ourselves, and before we had proceeded far up the Rue de la Roquette the street presented quite a lively appearance, although the shops were closed and the street-lamps alone supplied the light. A large crowd had already assembled when we arrived at the prison, and we took our position among the people. Soon companies of military began to arrive, and

for an hour the scene was one of gay uniforms, flashing weapons, and glittering helmets. All the pomp of war seemed to be gathered around the instrument of death. The gray light of morning now revealed the guillotine, which was erected in the street before the prison. It consisted of two upright timbers about eighteen feet in height, surrounded by a railed platform or scaffold. On the upright timbers was a winch for elevating the knife, which appeared to be about three feet long and ten inches deep. The whole instrument was painted of a dull brown color. The crowd soon became so dense and the pressure so great, that we feared some accident might take place, and would gladly have left the scene, but *that* was now impossible. I soon became separated from my companion, who struggled to get out of the crowd which swayed to and fro until the pressure became positively dangerous. I could not turn round to look for the Doctor ; and although women and men fainted with the heat and exhaustion, they could not fall. Several times I was carried off my feet for yards, and many times raised my feet from the ground for several seconds without sinking perceptibly ; in fact, most of the time feet were unnecessary. We were dripping with perspiration with the thermometer nearly at the freezing point. At length we were released from our painful position by the military, who cut up the crowd into separate portions, and with cavalry protected us from pressure in the rear. Soon a cry arose from the crowd ; it was just seven o'clock. I climbed up on a railing near me and saw five or six men habited in black appear on the scaffold. One with a dark beard I concluded was Orsini. A commotion took place, the victims disappeared from view, the knife was freed, and its black mass descended ; all was still, and I thought I heard a dull heavy blow ; a screen or cover instantly fell, and the work of death was done. I concluded there were two victims ; I heard the other had been pardoned. The whole did not occupy more than three minutes. In a short time some men in blouses came with brooms and sponges, and wiped the blood off the knife, and swept the scaffold. The work of removing the scaffold now commenced, and the crowd slowly dispersed.

The number of women bore a smaller proportion than at the execution I witnessed in London. The police and military force was enormous. I should think the number of the latter exceeded six thousand.

THE RESTAURANTS

of Paris in number and elegance exceed those of any other city in the

world. A dinner at one of these places may be had at any price from one to ten francs, including wine. The system of dining, however, is managed differently here than at ordinary places of the kind elsewhere. Custom has prepared her prescription, and a dinner is understood to mean a soup, three *plats*, and a dessert at least. A French cook looks with a feeling of mingled horror and compassion at any person who dines off a single joint. Although all the delicacies for which Paris is noted are well served up in the larger restaurants, a good chop or beefsteak is a much greater rarity than in London or even in New-York, and it is only to be found in perfection at a few of the larger and more expensive establishments. The soups are, however, an excellent feature of the Parisian restaurants, and as many as a dozen varieties are frequently to be had in one establishment.

THE CAFES.

After dinner the Parisian generally repairs to a café, where he indulges in a small cup of coffee and a glass of cognac. These establishments are very numerous in Paris, and on the boulevards and principal streets a number of tables and seats are provided on the sidewalk where thousands sit to view the rapid current of life and to exhibit themselves to the world. Most of these cafés serve up other refreshments, and a good breakfast or dinner may be procured at all hours. They are much superior to the London coffee-houses.

THE CREMERIE

is an establishment which corresponds nearly to the London coffee-house, only it is generally a cleaner and more cheerful-looking place, without the close boxes and uncomfortable benches usual in London. The poorest coffee I have drank in Paris is much better than that I drank in London. You can get a bowl of good coffee, rice or chocolate for four, and an omelette, steak, or chops for eight sous, about one half the price of those articles if purchased in a restaurant. Liquors are sold in nearly every place in Paris where refreshments are kept.

Many families have their dinners prepared at establishments, the proprietor of which is called a *Trateur*, who receives orders for a dinner of any number of courses, and at any cost, to be served at a few hours' notice.

The fruit stores of the Palais Royal, where the fruit exposed exceeds in quantity, beauty, and apparent delicacy, that of any similar display

which I ever before witnessed, even in the most favored season, are conducted on a large scale. Peaches, grapes, apples and pears, with a delicacy of color and freshness of bloom, which made them at mid-winter appear to me more like exquisite specimens of imitative skill than the productions of nature.

THE MORGUE,

a place where the bodies of unknown persons found dead are exposed for recognition, is an institution so necessary in a large city, that it is strange it has not been adopted in London, New-York, and other large cities, where the obscure dead-houses are poor substitutes. It is, however, almost the only building in Paris without a concierge, which, however, it needs much, as it is too much visited by children who come at first to be shocked, but at length to feast their eyes upon its horrors like the children who hang around the doors of the slaughter-houses in New-York. Hundreds of persons of all kinds, soldiers, chiffoniers, women and men, may be seen rushing in and out at all times. I entered once, and saw a horrid sight around which a crowd was collected with the deepest interest. Two women, shockingly mangled and covered with blood, lay on slabs, their eyes protruding in the agony which preceded the last struggle.

The vast number of military in Paris, some of whom always make up a Parisian crowd and assist in completing the variety one meets in the cafés, is surprising to a stranger. They are much smaller men than the English soldiers, and I looked in vain for the broad, deep chest, and well-turned limbs of the soldiers so common in the ranks of the British army. In marching, the English soldier is firm and upright, perhaps stiff; the French soldier waddles from side to side with a swagger, which the enormous size of the pantaloons now worn in the French army, makes appear not a little ludicrous. If the expression on the face of the English soldier is stolid and ignorant, that of the French soldier is licentious and brutal. That the former as a physical man is superior, needs but a glance to confirm. The soldiers in Paris guard all the public buildings, and are present in force at any public concourse. It was very cold when I arrived in Paris, and as they paced before the archways or shrunk into their sentry-boxes, wrapped in their russet cloaks with hoods drawn over their faces, they reminded me of monks doing penance or waiting for a sinner at the confessional. The expense of maintaining this vast army is felt by

the people as a great burden, and reminds the stranger from the West that he is beneath the shadow of a despotism.

The observation of foreigners, and the effect of the customs and manners of the French upon them, has, since my arrival, been quite an agreeable study for me. The expressions of pity and contempt uttered by some, forms a strange contrast with the extravagant praise bestowed by others. One, thinks the vitality of human thought is concentrated here; and another that he had better return to Germany, which he has just left, as there is nothing good in Paris. There is also a great difference in the social or domestic life in America and Paris; but there is a greater difference between that of England, where the mania for living in hotels has not yet infected even the inhabitants of cities. We have been accustomed to receive most of our ideas of Parisian life from English tourists, many of them having made but a short stay in the capital, and we have an idea that there are no homes in Paris, which is quite a mistake. If most of the world live in the restaurants and in easy social intercourse with each other, the other part live in homes even more private and inaccessible than those in America. The want of real politeness with respect to women here, and the degraded idea that the majority of men hold of the sex, causes the virtuous portion of the French ladies to be kept very secluded.

The Frenchman is naturally a gregarious animal, and in most of his dealings, even with his friends, he is an actor and fond of display. They associate in herds, and their pleasures are tame if there is no person to witness them. On the Boulevards, even in January, I saw hundreds enhance the pleasure of their refreshments by eating them on the sidewalk. If a Frenchman has a new mistress, he is only half contented if he has not a few friends to whom he may exhibit her charms and extol her perfections. In the restaurant, the new-comer seats himself at the same table with me, and he eats his delicacies with an additional relish, for he has that, to him, most piquant of all sauces, a spectator.

Bacon says, that opening the heart to a true friend, doubleth joys and cutteth grief in two. A spectator supplies the place of a friend to a Frenchman who is generally bent upon physical pleasures, and is consequently often too selfish to have more than a mere companion in his enjoyment. Pleasure is the goddess who rules Paris; to-day every thing that can enhance luxury and pleasure is to be had here in perfection. All live for to-day. I am daily saluted with "*Amusez-vous*

bien." Less attention is paid to durability and solidity than to luxury and elegance.

AMERICANS IN PARIS.

I have met a number of Americans in Paris. They generally have some study to pursue, but the attractions of the great pleasure-loving city are too great a temptation for many, and numbers are thus prevented from pursuing any serious study. Many of them have their mistresses, and live like the French students. These "grisettes" often form quite an attachment for their lovers, and many tears are shed on both sides at parting; but although they promise fidelity, they manage to secure another lover in a few days at farthest. If they are faithful at all, it is generally because they are well watched. One student I met, has been some years in Germany, and has been converted to materialism. He conscientiously pursues pleasure as the end of existence, and gives free scope to his passions. Many students resist these temptations, but nearly all say they would never permit a son of theirs to come to Paris for study. I visited the Buckwheat and Pumpkin-pie establishment of Madame Busque in the Rue de la Michodiere, a few weeks since, in company with some friends, where we indulged in those luxuries so much appreciated on the other side of the Atlantic. Nearly all Americans who live in Paris visit this establishment, and I saw on the visitors' book many distinguished names, among others that of Horace Greeley and Charles Sumner. I have frequently met as many as a dozen Americans at breakfast in the Rue Lang, near the *Ecole de Medicine*, and have heard there as many as six languages spoken at one table.

THE HOSPITALS OF PARIS.

The medical lectures at the hospitals are crowded with foreigners. The favorite lecturer of Americans, and indeed of all, is Nelaton, at the Hospital de Clinique; they are remarkable for their number and the large scale upon which they are conducted, but the buildings are as badly arranged and ventilated as elsewhere, and are celebrated more as places where a vast number of cases offer to the student a large field, and where the instruction so necessary to the surgeon is imparted freely, or at a very small cost, by some of the most distinguished members of the profession. I went, among other places, to the Hospital du Midi, to see Ricord, perhaps the most celebrated physician in Paris, for I am certain he is better known all over the world than any other. His vast

experience, his interesting discoveries and great practice, make him one of the lions of Paris, and the social position which this great man holds, is said to be as elevated as his professional reputation. He was at the bedside of a patient as we entered, and was speaking in a rather thick voice to his clinique, who crowded around him; he finished his remark with a low and suppressed laugh, and then his students scattered, and I had a view of the man. Imagine a man about fifty-five years of age, of medium height, slightly inclined to *embonpoint*, of pale complexion, bluish-gray eyes, and brown hair slightly sprinkled with gray. A prominent forehead and temples, over which ran heavy blue veins and crow's foot wrinkles, a heavy under-jaw and thick under-lip make his face one that could scarcely pass unnoticed; his eye had but little animation. Its fire seems to have burned out, but his wit is as brilliant as ever. He evidently prides himself much on this power. When he was making his observation of a patient, his eyes started from his head, and rolled around, but seemed to fix themselves on no object, and his remarks on the case were frequently interspersed with exclamations and short sayings, calculated to produce a laugh. He is a great actor, and his vast knowledge in nearly all departments of literature and science, would have made him conspicuous in any profession. Although he is a native of America, being born in Baltimore, it is said he seldom or never mentions the subject; he speaks English and several other languages fluently.

One day after a visit to the porcelain factory of Sevres, in company with a few friends, we took a walk to St. Cloud; as we were walking up the avenue which leads to the entrance, we saw a large number of officers, and looking back we saw the imperial *cortège* turn the corner of the avenue. It was entirely unattended by guards, and consisted only of several carriages, containing Prince Jerome and some others of his suite; the imperial carriage contained both the Emperor and Empress, who gracefully returned our salutations. The Empress is a beautiful woman, much resembling the portraits we have been accustomed to see; she has, however, on her face, when in repose, an expression of discontent, like that on the face of a spoiled child. The Emperor is difficult to describe; he has a shrewd expression on his sallow face, like that of a man of the world, mingled with a kind of easy recklessness. He looks like one who did not fear to risk all for a good chance of future success. Since he has seized the supreme power in France, he has shown abilities of no common order; faction is quiet, commerce and art flourish, great public works proceed in a manner

unknown at any former period in the history of France. I believe he is the only man for the times, and that posterity will yet rank him as one of the greatest men of France.

THE BALLS OF THE CARNIVAL.

I attended the balls at the Grand Opera during the Carnival, on Mardi and Jeudi Gras. On the former occasion it was a full dress, assembly for men, and masks and dominoes for women. On the latter occasion, fancy costumes were permitted. The freedom practised on these occasions would astonish any one who had been accustomed to the frigid atmosphere of a New-York ball-room; and the conversation of the women would shock a person who expected to find the same propriety as is usual in the higher class balls in America. The women were better dressed than at St. Barthelmy or the Prado, but their virtue appeared to be worth only fifty francs more than at the balls of the grisettes and students. The spasmodic motions, the contortions, and grimace, together with the gymnastics introduced in the dance, were at times carried to such an extent as to induce a spectator to imagine the dancers had lost their reason; even decency was at times forgotten, and more than once, the police, who are present at all the balls in large numbers, were obliged to remind the forgetful parties that they were in a public assembly. The extravagant motions of the dancers at the Grand Opera, equalled the extremest license of the *carri carri* at Mont Parnasse. No formalities were indulged in; any lady, however elegantly attired, appeared to consider as a compliment the remarks any stranger might be pleased to make. An introduction was not at all necessary to obtain a partner for the dance. The band at these balls, numbering nearly a hundred performers, was led by Straus, fils, whose round smiling face followed the dancers through the wild maze of the wild waltz or spasmodic quadrille, and he seemed to enjoy the scene the more, as he was the enchanter who started the gay and brilliant throng into life and motion; the excesses committed in the excitement of the dance, were accepted by him as the sincerest compliments and the richest reward.

It was my good fortune while in Paris, to attend a fancy dress ball at which children alone participated in the pleasure of the dance. I have rarely looked upon a more fairy-like scene, when the hundreds of tiny feet beat in innocent accord to the music at the theatre of the Port St. Martin. The ball was held in the daytime, and concluded

before six o'clock. The costumes exhibited were numerous and richly varied. One of the most amusing features was a distribution of confectionery and bon bons, which produced the wildest confusion among the little dancers. Soon, stately knights of the olden time, incipient Charlemagnes, and jewelled queens might be seen, sucking away on a stick of candy with as much interest as the persons they represented ever took in the most urgent affairs of state.

If a stranger should stroll through Paris, I think he could not fail to conclude that it was a city where sensual pleasure had built her nest, and that all that is great and good was too often sacrificed to it. Modesty is apparently banished. He would not fail to remark the old voluptuaries on whose faces passion had left its mark, but where vice and meanness still reigned, looking with lascivious eye, the very glance of which seems to bring contamination and disgust, at any female who chanced to possess any beauty. He will remark the marvellous beauty of many of the boys, which disappears as soon as they reach manhood. He will notice the absence of the higher qualities in the faces of the men. Voluptuousness, degenerating into bestiality, is the predominant expression on the faces of the crowd. The number of midwives who take boarders during the term of the accouchement, is very great in Paris. I think I must have remarked over a thousand signs of that kind in the city. Nearly all the children born in these establishments are illegitimate, to say nothing of the abortions which these hags effect, and which I am told produce a very large source of income. One of these women in the Rue Dauphine, has a sign on her house in which she is represented in fashionable costume; she holds in each hand an inverted cornucopia, from which falls a shower of infants. The number of illegitimate connections here is astonishing. Since I have been in Paris I have known several instances where three persons have lived together in this relationship. One married woman told me it was a very agreeable kind of housekeeping. Great numbers of married women have their lovers, and by some it is considered a testimony of their value. A virtuous servant, which with us is almost universal, is in Paris quite a rarity. Most of the light literature here tends to increase this state of things. The heroes and heroines generally scoff at marriage, and offer a thousand sophistries to excuse any violation of its bonds. Men in Paris value female virtue much less than any others. I know they seem to consider it as available only to destroy. Of course this state of things is attended with its punishment. Exhaustion and disease consequent upon these ex-

cesses already prevent any increase of the population. The late census is very unfavorable for the whole of France, and it is still worse for Paris. London, with all its external vice, is pure and virtuous when compared with glittering Paris.

The new Boulevard de Sebastopol, destined to be one of the great thoroughfares of Paris, was formally opened this afternoon, (April 5th,) with great pomp. The houses were decorated with flags, and large poles were erected to support gay streamers. The Emperor rode along on horseback, followed by the Empress in a carriage, and attended by his officers and a great display of military, which lined the street on each side. A large screen at the upper end where it joins the boulevards on the north, was caused to fall and unite the two streets. The whole street and houses are illuminated this evening, and present a brilliant aspect. The number of persons present to-day must have exceeded a hundred thousand, and large prices were obtained for places on balconies and at windows to view the procession.

I shall close my description of some of the sights of Paris in my next. To attempt all would be an endless task. I shall leave here on the 8th for Brussels and Germany after a short tour through the Netherlands. I shall write you next from Germany; until then believe me as ever,

Yours, JOHN MATTHEWS, JR.

ART. CXXVI.—*Humanitary Sketches from the Highways; the Rattle-Snake Anatomist; the Last Fee; Religious Prejudice; Dear Sue, do I resemble You?*

THE very limited sphere of observation of character which most of our brethren seem inclined to think belongs to their profession, has always appeared to us to give a large proportion of them the appearance of very stupid people. The awful gravity and exceedingly learned appearance of some of them, is well calculated to impress a large class of men; but somehow it always excites our risibles to listen to their impressive demonstrations of their medical skill, in their measured sentences. The laughing devil, however, prevails but a short time; for it soon begins to bore a man and annoy his nerves, when they attempt to display their intellectual wares to an old surgical wolf.

Occasionally they venture into the editorial den, and we are lost in curious speculation on their moral and physical peculiarities: the city brethren are mostly stereotypes of their medical exemplars; some affect the style of the great Butcher surgeon; some (but they are few, and the attempt is difficult, for he is a lively little fellow and has a keen eye) try to outswagger the Phenomenon; and occasionally one actually deports himself in a simple and unaffected manner, like a gentleman. Now and then a natural genius comes in from the far-off country, and then we often enjoy a touch of unsophisticated nature. Lately we had a specimen, which proves the truth of the idea advanced by some physiologists, that man approximates in action and gradually in formation to the animals with whose habits he is most familiar.

Weary with a pretty exhausting day's work, we had thrown our miserable carcass upon that altar for the sacrifice of all manly ambition, a surgeon's office couch, and for a moment the senses were oblivious of the world, and dreams of bubbling brooks, the wings of flying birds, and meadows and forest shades, flecked and illumined by flowers, had usurped the place of the querulous and discontented invalid. Between sleep and waking, or when with such enchanting visions as I love to believe, floating between heaven and earth, my lids occasionally disclosing the beauties of an office area, five feet deep, a long individual of uncouth anatomy, and clad in awkward habiliments, stole softly down the steps and knocked stealthily at the door. On bidding him enter, I was convinced I had a specimen of humanity of no ordinary kind before me. Personally he was unique: six feet of bones, sinews, and nerves, apparently destitute of blood, with legs and arms out of all proportion in their great length, surmounted by a small head, covered with an old shaggy slouched hat, which, being removed, let fall a few locks of hair like the end of a weather-beaten and frayed hempen rope; beneath and between these scattered locks gleamed intensely two sunken gray eyes, surmounted with sparse eye-brows of similar color and texture to the hair: the figure glided up to my couch and hissed out: "Are you Doctor Dixon?" "Yes." "The author of such a book?" (I am sorry I have forgotten the title.) "No." To this my visitor replied he was sure I was mistaken, and to my renewed asseveration that I was not, he began to hiss out several sentences, between each one demanding, "Don't you know that—and that—and that?" emphasizing each one till his last emphatic that, and the near approach of

his long arms and gray eyes, made him look like a maniac. Accustomed to see some odd specimens, I succeeded in preserving both my coolness and my veracity; I stoutly denied the authorship of the work imputed to me, and of which, from the passages quoted, I should not have been ashamed, and finally got my visitor so far calmed as to inquire what he had in a little flat box, of some eighteen inches square and not over two in depth, which he kept clutched in one hand, and which, from its being tightly screwed together, I imagined must contain something of extraordinary consequence, if not great value. Possibly a collection of diamonds discovered in the west, which, after California gold, seemed only wanting to destroy our republic, and reduce us to French trifling and vassalage, under some magnificent liar and thief like Louis Napoleon. I instantly became convinced that the precious box contained a considerable portion of the soul of its possessor. Taking a small screw-driver from his pocket, he informed me with impressive emphasis, that he was sure I would appreciate the scientific labors of his life; he was on his way to Europe to exhibit the extraordinary result of his anatomical labors in comparative anatomy. A physician in the north-western part of the State, he had for many years devoted his attention to comparative anatomy, and at length having completed "his collection," he was on his way to exhibit the result of his labors in Europe. As he used the term, "his collection," in its widest sense, I felt at a loss to conceive what possible relation the contents of a box eighteen inches square and two deep, could possibly bear to the science that occupied the life of a Hunter or a Cuvier; I fancied he had some simple and interesting specimen to make me ashamed of my ignorance of so enlightening a science—my own investigations having been chiefly occupied by horses and dogs, rats and cats, monkeys, parrots, and guinea-pigs. The screw-driver at length revealed the darling pets of my visitor, and caused me again to examine the owner's anatomy, to find some new evidence of the doctrine of Metempsychosis. I had heard him hiss, and no sooner did I see the contents of the box, than I stepped off a pace or so, expecting to hear the horrible rattle; the spirit of a rattle-snake ought surely to dwell in that long, bloodless body. Arranged in circles, and neatly secured on a sheet of white paper, were the skeleton heads of a number of snakes! Standing off a pace or two, and holding the precious little box at arms' length, he seemed to enjoy his anticipated triumph. "That," said he, indicating with his skinny finger, "is the Rattle-snake; that is the Copper-head; that is the

Pilot-snake ; that is the Messessauga ;” and so on, enumerating a dozen of the horrible reptiles, till he came to the Adder and Garter-snake ; then, placing the box on the table, he took out a long style and pointed to sundry small bony projections, which he pronounced exostoses and anchyloses — though these learned terms, in my humble opinion, conveyed nothing more than the irregular bony unions of certain fractures inflicted, according to scriptural command, by that Satanic exuberance of maternal fruitfulness—a country boy of larger or smaller growth.

My visitor had now seated himself, and allowed me to examine stealthily his cranial developments. I soon saw, by the absence of the higher reflective faculties, and causality and comparison, that his ideas of comparative anatomy began and ended with snakes, and his notions of pathology were circumscribed by bone ; exostoses and anchyloses suitably varied, would for him quadrate the circle : in short, I could not but think that in a former state of existence, he had often had his head broken by a stone, and had learned how to squirm his way through the rocks, and hiss defiance in the form of some one of his favorite reptile specimens. In practice, he had evidently got no higher than mercury and quinine ; he informed me with great sorrow that he formerly gave seven or eight ounces yearly, but last year he used but two. He had saved enough money to carry him home, and was then on his way to Germany with “ his collection in comparative anatomy.” Doubtless his specimens were far less destructive when in full activity amongst their native rocks, considering their opportunities for practice, than their unsophisticated collector would have been with his medical artillery and ammunition, had he lived in a more populous region ; very sure are we that his ideas of comparative anatomy and pathology, were quite as enlarged as many of his city brethren. We feel a leetle shy about presenting this specimen ; “ like seeks like” often, we know, and it may furnish a doubt to some of our professional Academic friends why our eccentric visitor should have sought us out in so very special a manner to exhibit his *snakes’* heads. One thing consoles us, however : the king of the American tribe, always springs his rattle before he bites ; but the black snake is a coward and gives no notice ; he either bites without warning, or turns tail and runs away like a medical slanderer.

Alas ! how many beautiful flowers spring up in our hearts under the genial influence of a pure humanitarian emotion and the recollection of our earlier loves, and are withered and crushed under the fierce sun

of prosperity and the hard necessity of money. Oh! that "society" would allow some other criterion of merit than success and money; then methinks many a manly spirit would be allowed to rekindle for a few hours, in some little nook, where the brook ripples, and the birds and crickets chirp, the fire that once glowed so warmly in the heart, when we resolved to be—*men* as well as doctors. The world demands too much of the honest surgeon, when it requires every hour of his time to secure the means of a mere appearance; without which, in its helplessness of perception, it can not see merit. These reflections spring unbidden by personal impulses to the pen. They are from the spirit-board of the past, and are always awakened when we pass a little nook in an old country churchyard, near a certain town we used to frequent during our peripatetic forays in cataract and cross-eye hunting. There, marked by a simple stone, rest the remains of a professional brother of no common character. Twenty years ago I met him professionally, by his own request, to operate on a case of cataract which his modesty and conscientiousness would not allow him to attempt. A few years ago, a friend gave me a portion of his history. The son of a poor clergyman in one of the Eastern States, he was so unfortunate in his medical studies, as to imbibe a passion for physiological medicine; he early saw the absurdity of expecting from pills and potions, what could only follow an observance of the laws of life. As this idea had taken hold of his mind as a philosophical and honest man, it speedily showed its results in his practice. The community in which he resided, like that of nearly all our American towns, was extremely ignorant, and prejudiced against every innovation on their usual course of life, and especially so towards every one who attacked their sensualities, and were outside the pale of the established religion of the place, which was the old school of Presbyterians.

Added to his philosophical bias, my unfortunate friend, and a lovely wife he had brought with him from his native town, were Unitarians. As there was no church of that denomination in the town, the young couple cheerfully joined their neighbors to the extent of their limited means in the support of their clergyman, and aided in all the religious enterprises of the place; they regularly attended the services of the church, but it was observed that they took no part in the weekly prayer-meetings. After several decided expressions of surprise by the clergyman, my friend could not consistently withhold his opinion; which every Unitarian will know was not in

favor of such exciting demonstrations of religious desires, as are usually given by the zealous in these assemblages. These opinions were given with that mildness and perfectly unrestrained freedom that every well-bred clergyman ought to expect from an equally well-bred and well-educated physician; but they were decidedly distasteful. They parted amicably in appearance, and my friend continued his usual daily routine, but he speedily discovered the consequence of his candor. He was a great favorite with the ladies, from that gentle yet earnest manner that every woman instinctively admires, and he had built largely on this and his acknowledged familiarity with their peculiar diseases, as a sure foundation for future success, in earning at least a competence.

Practice began to fall off; one by one his patients discovered that the doctor gave very little medicine—indeed, they often got well without any, and yet the yearly bills were sent in; soon it was noticed that my friend rarely had a case of serious disease. Somehow Dr. ——, who had but lately come into the village, and purchased the handsomest house in town, had succeeded in raising several of his patients after fearful attacks. The apothecary—who had left my immediate neighborhood in the city, because he had killed a child by substituting strychnine instead of morphine, in a compound ordered by a physician—spread the report that “Dr. —— wrote the most elegant receipts he had ever read,” and evinced a “splendid knowledge of his profession.” My poor friend always brought his own simple medicines; indeed, I know that he looked with horror upon most receipts of varied and powerful ingredients, such as apothecaries dearly love to see. His means were limited, and his modest chaise was not as ornamental as his professional brother’s superb bays. Matters went on thus for a year, when Dr. —— joined the church, and my friend having declined to favor his views in the administration of large doses of medicine to several former patients who had left him, but nevertheless insisted in calling him in consultation in some cases of severe disease that had been already over-medicated—was reduced to a practice not sufficient to support him. He sold his horse and chaise, and his wife had established a small school; but this soon failed because of the Unitarianism; he was outside the pale of the fashionable religion of the village.

About this time, his health beginning to fail, he resolved to eke out his meagre living, by preparing some beautiful native birds for ornithologists and parlor ornaments; this was soon discovered, and although

the occupation gave that pliancy and practice to the fingers, which was evidently available in surgical and obstetrical business, it was pronounced "decidedly unprofessional," and sneered at by the two poor and ignorant village doctors, who took their cue from their rich brother, now his acknowledged enemy. He knew his health was too feeble to commence in a new place, and felt that he could not avoid similar offenses elsewhere. A cough had set in; he was evidently smitten by that great leveller, consumption. At this period, a young and lovely woman, who had married a merchant, and had been a former patient of my friend, but had been compelled by her mother to call in Dr. ———, was taken in labor. The doctor was far from being a skillful obstetric practitioner; indeed, as the result proved, he was quite unacquainted with that indispensable part of the science, the presentations. A very active labor of several hours failed to accomplish the delivery, and when Dr. ——— could no longer avoid the necessity, he yielded to the importunity of the husband, and acceded to the proposal of a consultation; the patient herself insisted on seeing my friend, who was now confined to his bed; but Dr. ——— had refused to meet him. In this emergency, nothing was left for the attending physician but to retire, and for the husband to bring my friend from his dying-bed. He obeyed the summons, although in so exhausted a state as to doubt his ability to render any aid, should physical energy be essential to its accomplishment. Indeed, his friend told me that when he discovered a mal-presentation, and that version was still possible during the long intervals of exhaustion between the pains, he felt that he should fail if he attempted it unaided by a stimulant. Calling for a glass of wine, and sustained by a will that had only yielded to hereditary disease, he speedily effected the delivery of a living child. He had been in the house less than an hour, when the patient slept her first sleep in two days, with a lovely and strong infant by her side. Dr. ———, before he so disgracefully resigned his patient, had urged the necessity of the most horrible of all the resources of the obstetrician to save the life of the mother only! the result admitted of no cavil: it was pure science and skill *versus* ignorance and actual lack of the common rudiments of obstetrics. My poor friend could not leave the house of his patient for days; indeed, they would not have allowed it at all, had his pride permitted him to remain. His kind wife spent her time between the bedside of her husband and the young mother; and when they left for their own solitary home, my friend carried with him his last fee; but two months

afterwards he was put in the village churchyard. Dr. ——— was at the funeral ; he could now meet him without fear of his science or his honesty ; and the poor old clergyman pathetically regretted the loss of so useful a man, and “hoped” that “God, in his infinite mercy, had taken him to a better world.” No doubt some day we will all meet where neither religious prejudice, nor poverty, nor medical selfishness will separate us.

It is a beautiful thing to go out on the highway and behold the moving throng, and feel that we are brethren of a common family ; we may condemn the vices of a man ; we may shrink from an entire class of the human family, as companions, but when the helpless cry of infancy or the trembling limbs of age demand our aid and sympathy, we are made to feel that each one of us is but one atom in the great ocean of humanity, hastening to that shore where the surging billows never cease as they carry us onward to our eternal destiny. Twice during our lives each one of us must inevitably require the aid of our fellows—at our birth and our death.

It is a dreadful thing, and one that the physician is often called upon to see, “when youth itself survives young love and joy,” and the biting taunt and the sharp reply are given and sent between husband and wife, even the father and mother of children. What can be more shocking to a man who has seen a couple not yet past middle life, through some of those awful scenes we are called upon to witness, and then from some trifling cause, to hear them convince us, that they are cultivating a bed of thorns for that period when they will be left alone by the world to sustain the weight of years by their own companionship. Love is a beautiful thing in youth, for it shows its origin in pure emotion, but it is always full of fear for its continuance ; in middle life it is glorious, for it causes us to have faith in God and man ; but in old age it is hallowed, for it makes us remember its origin : tried by affliction, it must have originated in purity, for it has withstood all outside attractions, and hallowed by time, in company with its first and last companion, it approaches its heavenly source ; “God is love.”

Many years ago, when pursuing our thankless task of visiting the sick in the highways and by-ways of the city, we used to meet an aged couple walking arm in arm down one of our main streets, and always engaged in cheerful conversation ; this was the more remarkable, for they were evidently very old, and though scrupulously clean, very poor. The man was over eighty, and the woman at least seventy,

and he was completely blind ; the corneal or pellucid part of both eyes having become opaque from violent inflammation ; one of them protruded, being what surgeons call in their nomenclature, staphylomatous. Notwithstanding this, the old man was actually handsome : his other features were noble and placid ; he was evidently a gentleman and a Christian ; that face could not deceive. His companion resembled him in so remarkable a degree, excepting the poor eyes, (hers were large and blue, and very expressive, as she evidently saw well, wearing no glasses,) as to induce me to conclude they were sister and brother. Their evident devotion to each other struck a sympathetic chord that compelled me involuntarily, after several months' notice of them every morning, to raise my hat and bid them good morning ; this being kindly returned, in due time begot a passing remark about the weather ; finally, my curiosity could wait no longer, and with an apology for the freedom, I begged him to tell me whether their close resemblance in features indicated the relationship of sister and brother. I shall never forget the reply, and I hope no young couple who may find the demon of domestic life darken their early love will fail to remember it. Casting his sightless orbs upon his companion, whilst every other feature showed the soul that welled up in his breast, he replied : " Why, my dear sir, she is my wife ; we have lived together nearly fifty years, but I have not seen her for thirty." Then, musing a moment—for I was sorry I had asked the question and was silent—he continued : " Well, I have heard it so often, it must be so ; yet how strange it is, for when I first knew her, she was a beautiful young creature, and her eyes were very bright : ' Dear Sue, can it be—do I resemble you ? ' "

Several years after, when I had long removed from that part of the city, I was requested to see a poor old woman, ill with cholera, whose husband had died that morning. In the northern suburb of the city, in a little frame house, I found the dead body of my old blind friend, decently laid out by the hands of kind neighbors ; he had expired that morning. In the front room (they had but two) lay his dear old companion, already nearly pulseless ; she knew me instantly, and smiled when I took her hand. On inquiry, she said she had no pain, but felt very weak ; she had taken her bed only that very morning ; there was actually no symptom of cholera, nor indeed any other disease ; the shock of her husband's death was too much for her, and she was about to die from pure exhaustion. I gave some wine and ammonia, which the kind friends had provided, and looked round the

neat room. On a clean little pine table, spread with a snowy cloth, lay a Bible, a pair of old silver spectacles, and several pairs of shoes, some unbound : they told the story : poverty and love, industry and faith in God. She read my thoughts : " You said we looked alike," she whispered, " and he often spoke of it. I could never understand it, unless it was because I thought of him so much ; he was very patient, doctor ; although he suffered dreadfully, he only seemed to murmur because he couldn't see me ; but he will soon see me now—soon, very soon—don't you think so, doctor ?" I told her I thought she would die, but I could not say how soon ; we would keep the body as long as possible. " Thank you, doctor," she replied, " you know what I want ; don't separate us." I assured her it should be as she wished. I called again the same day ; she was dead ; they brought the dead body to her bedside, and she held the hand in hers till all was still. I have not a doubt he has seen her : such love could only originate and end in heaven.

GIFT-BOOK CONCERNS.

A NEW phase in American character is being developed ; it is to be feared we are rapidly becoming a nation of gamblers, as the Irish have become beggars. The gift-book concerns exhibit an extraordinary spectacle ; they are thronged with vast multitudes of people of every rank in life below the highly intelligent ; great numbers of young girls and young men from the country, smitten with the brilliant and almost worthless trumpery, electrotyped with gold, throng the counters. In hopes of getting a great present, they buy dollar after dollar's worth mostly of worthless story books, and await with eager gaze the return of the clerk from the desk in the rear, where the proprietor sits, like a venomous spider, eyeing the silly flies, as they get entangled in his villainous net. A ring or a pencil-case, not worth a sixpence, is the usual gift ; occasionally a gold watch is announced to be the boon ; it is to be returned next morning by the wretched Peter Funk who plays stool-pigeon to the concern, and receives perhaps five dollars for lending his aid to the honorable transaction. Is it possible these creatures can not be stopped by the Grand Jury ?

ART. CXXVII.—*Special Diseases of the Kidney and Bladder; Bloody Urine; its Causes and Treatment; Stone in the Kidney; Stone in the Bladder; Suppression of Urine; Retention of Urine; Irritable Bladder; Nocturnal Incontinence of Urine; Inflammation of the Kidney; Bright's, or Granular Disease of the Kidney; Immoderate flow of Urine; Diabetes; Inflammation of the Bladder; Incontinence of Urine; with their Symptoms and Treatment.*

[THIS is the second and last part of the article commenced in our last number on the "Structure and Functions of the Kidney." The person who expects to find a full treatise on each of the special diseases, will be disappointed; it is an enumeration of the most frequent symptoms of the ordinary complaints of the kidney and bladder, with the view of enabling the reader to discover whether he really needs a physician, or whether he is in the hands of an ignoramus; he may rely upon the correctness of the treatment as far as it is possible or proper to lay it down. The symptoms are *positive*; but if a man is determined to have them all because he reads them, he is a fool, and we can't help it.—EDITOR.]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 296.]

DURING the earlier periods of medical history, Anatomy, and its twin-brother Surgery, received but slight attention. Men, from prejudice and superstition, acquired but little knowledge of the internal organization. Rites and ceremonies took the place of more potent remedies. The practice of the healing-art was confined principally to priests and impostors. But as civilization dawned upon the world, men began to think and to cast aside their former prejudices. There were formed different schools of philosophy, headed by men of more than ordinary talent. These men took upon themselves not only the culture of the mental powers, but attempted to devise means for the relief of human infirmities. By degrees these two sciences were separated, each having its own peculiar stars, and medicine heretofore possessing an intra-uterine life, was brought forth to the world under the auspices of that father of medicine, Hippocrates. Man, devoid of the primary superstition, commenced the dissection of human bodies. This originated at the school at Alexandria. Convicts, who received sentence of death, were first used for this purpose. But the dissection of living subjects was soon abandoned for that of dead. The more intimate the knowledge of anatomy attained, and consequently the

laws of the animal economy, the more perfect became their theories in medicine, and more especially in surgery. We find many of the doctrines taught by Celsus, in vogue at the present day. By the destruction of the Alexandrian library, and the supervening dark ages, the art again fell; but, through the instrumentality of the monks, was preserved, to be again renewed in the fourteenth century, by Mondini in Italy, since which time the names of Haller, Hunter, and Abernethy, stand conspicuous.

By this brief historic narration, we have endeavored to show the position occupied by anatomy in the various ages of the world, its importance in the establishment of correct principles in medicine, and the superstition attendant upon its neglect.

But to extend our illustrations. The manufacturer finds that his machine does not operate as it should; he sends for the artisan, who by his knowledge of the perfect mechanism, and the principles upon which it acts, at once announces the cause of the trouble and the appropriate remedy. If he had never seen the species of machine before, or if he had a knowledge of the construction of the different parts, without that of the principles upon which it acted, he would be at a loss to ascertain the cause of the difficulty; now man is a machine, and a most complicated one, one which acts upon certain known principles, and if the laws of health are not complied with, a morbid process is commenced. The machine works badly, and if not timely prevented, may ultimately stop. The physician is called, he applies the remedy through knowledge of the disorder, and the organism is once more restored to the normal state. But if he is unacquainted with the construction and principles of man, he is unable to relieve, and the machine stops. The blood of a fellow-creature is on his head.

Truly, our motto should be: "Know thyself." But where is the man who can say, he knows himself, his most minute parts, their construction, and those vital principles upon which they act? Man, made in the image of Divinity and by the Infinite, can His works be fully comprehended by the finite? Where is there a work of art, even in its highest perfection, that can in the least compete with the humblest of God's creatures? Not one can be found. Man can not produce vitality; he can not even form a single organic compound.

[NOTE.—Urea is the same composition as cyanate of ammonia. The latter substance can be formed by decomposing cyanate of silver with hydrochlorate of ammonia, thus producing artificial urea. But even in the supposed production of an organic from an inorganic compound, one of the proximate principles must be organic.]

By a careful study of the animal economy, man may arrive at approximate results. He can learn much of the construction of man, and of the principles upon which his organism rests. He can establish enough to ascertain the cause of a large proportion of diseases, and to make himself acquainted with the remedy. He can not, however, accomplish this latter desideratum without a previous knowledge of physiological laws; as well might the marine attempt to cross the ocean, and arrive at a given point, without a compass or chart of the seas. This point requires no demonstration, it is an axiom. Sir Astley Cooper, in his lectures remarks: "You should know the nature of the human machine well, or how can you pretend to mend it? If you have a watch injured, you will not give it to a tinker to repair; you will get the best watchmaker you can to set it right. How then can it be supposed that the finest and most perfect organization we know of, when out of order, should be consigned to the hands of unlearned persons?"

Medical science is founded upon a broad basis; upon general principles, untrammelled by the schemes of empirics. Those principles are to be established by observation *combined with a reflective mind*. This observation must not be confined to any one point, but to the whole field of medicine, based upon the laws of health. The day has arrived when the physician must be a man of science and sound judgment. "It is when we see men of superior and well-constituted minds zealously apply themselves to the improvement of their profession, by the diligent study of nature, as displayed in the living movements of the animal machine, it is then that we may anticipate the best results, the greatest discoveries." (Hunterian Oration, 1833.) Upon this principle the immortal Newton, by the falling of an apple, caught the key-note to the "music of the spheres," and the indefatigable Jenner calmed the pestilential tempest.

We are no advocates of drugs and drugging. Nature possesses within her grasp ample means for her own reparation. These means nature applies herself, without the intermeddling of any inferior power. The duty of a physician is not to cure diseases, but to put the patient in such a condition that nature can act to the best advantage; removing the causes which produced the malady, as well as all obstacles which may retard her in her restorative process. This is more often done by changing the condition of the patient as regards location, diet, etc., than by stuffing a multitude of nostrums down his throat. There is a limit, however, to all things. It is only against the *abuse*

of drugs I would speak. In the majority of cases, the fault of our drugging is more that of the patient than of the physician. The sick man must have his nostrum. The first great desideratum to be obtained in the treatment of disease, is the discrimination of the causes of symptoms. These causes, as we have before observed, can only be deduced from an intimate knowledge of the laws which govern the animal economy. A person, if he would treat disease successfully, must be of a reflective mind. It is impossible to dictate precise rules for the proper treatment of any one disease. There always exist various complications, which must be duly considered; no two cases can be treated the same; hence the apparent inutility of writing popular articles on medicine.

We would advise no one not sufficiently acquainted with the laws of nature, to attempt to treat a serious disease. But by a careful perusal of an abstract of these laws, and the more prominent symptoms of the various diseases, the untutored but reflective mind can at least attempt the prevention of disease. By a knowledge of those laws and the special symptoms, he can discern disease in the distance, and ward off the attack. If, however, the disease should conquer his preventive remedies, then, by the above knowledge, he can better describe his disease to the attending physician, as well as apply the remedies directed. We have, in as few words as possible, given those laws of nature which apply to our particular class of diseases, the various chemical analyses and symptoms necessary for their discrimination, and the general rules for their treatment. These must be *studied*, not simply *read*, otherwise it will be found of little utility. The various methods of treatment being given, it is left to the judgment of the prescriber to apply the most appropriate in any given case. The description of the diseases and treatment is as popular as can be made consistent with the subject.

Bloody Urine.—The presence of blood in the urine may depend upon a diseased condition either of the kidney or bladder, or the injury of those organs from external violence, as a blow on the loins. It may be the result of some general fever or disease, as scarlet fever or scurvy. Also from the irritation of stone.

In case the blood arises from the kidney, there will be pain in the back and loins, while that coming from the bladder will not be attended by these symptoms.

If the blood comes from the kidney, the pain in the back and loins not being severe, and no great amount of general derangement, a

purge can be given of Epsom salts, and every hour five (5) grains of gallic acid, taken in a little mucilage of gum arabic.

If the patient is weak and debilitated, bladders or bags of pounded ice should be put on the hips and loins and ten (10) drops of muriated tincture of iron should be given every half hour in a little water. As the symptoms improve, less blood being passed, the ice can be left off, and in place of the tincture of iron, can be given ten (10) drops of dilute sulphuric acid in a wine-glass of water, every six hours, with perfect rest.

If there is no pain in back and loins, and if in voiding the urine some portion of clear blood is passed, the bleeding is from the bladder. A catheter should be introduced into the bladder, and retained, through which cold injections should be made of a solution of one scruple of alum dissolved in one pint of water.

Bleeding from the kidney is rare. It is very difficult to say with *certainty* that it comes from that gland in any given case. The treatment will of course depend upon the severity of the symptoms, and upon any disease that may have existed previous to the attack. The introduction of a silver catheter would be attended with pain, it is therefore advisable to use a gum elastic bougie in place of metal.

Stone in the Kidney.—There is more or less pain in one or both loins, in case of stone or gravel in the kidney; this, however, is not always constant, as the deposit may exist in that gland for a long period without any particular inconvenience to the patient. Blood is found in the urine, and there is a drawing up or retraction of the testicle. The urine deposits a red sediment. We find more or less general fever, with nausea and vomiting. If the patient takes violent exercise, the pain will be increased, while on the other hand, rest will afford relief.

The general health should be attended to. If the pain is severe, and there is dry skin, heat, and some fever, a few leeches should be put over the seat of pain in the loins; a warm bath should be taken, and some mild cathartic medicine, as magnesia or oil. Injections of warm water will afford relief. For a drink, linseed tea in any quantity desired. The patient can take gentle exercise.

As the stone leaves the kidney in its *passage through the ureter*, the patient will be attacked by a sudden and most severe pain in the groins, which will extend itself to the inside of the thigh and testicle. At the same time there will be faintness, nausea, and vomiting. This

may last a few days. It may come on without previous symptoms of derangement.

The patient should take a warm bath, a clyster containing a few drops of laudanum, exercise, large draughts of linseed tea; and if the symptoms are not relieved, some active cathartic. Occasionally in case of gout, we have the above symptoms, but not the faintness and vomiting. Treatment: A purgative, combined with the treatment directed for gout, as wine of colchicum, in doses of ten (10) drops, etc.

Stone in the Bladder.—Stone in the bladder arises, as that in the kidney, from a diseased state of the urine, some one or more of its ingredients being in excess. Stone in the bladder may also be caused by some foreign substance introduced into the bladder, and allowed to remain, as a broken end of a catheter or bougie, a piece of a bone, a bodkin, or any other substance introduced into the urethra for surgical purposes, or for the gratification of a morbid taste acquired by the patient. These foreign substances act as a nucleus for the formation of stone, some one or more of the ingredients of the urine accumulating upon their surface.

There is a frequent desire to make water; and during the act, the urine is of a sudden stopped, which stoppage is relieved by the patient placing himself on his hands and knees. After having finished voiding the urine, there is more or less pain at the neck of the bladder; pain also at the extreme end of the penis.

Attention should be given to correct the diseased condition of the urine. To prevent pain, a clyster containing a few drops of laudanum. The stone will require to be removed by a proper operation.

Suppression of the Urine.—This may result from excess of spirituous liquors taken, or from the kidneys losing their function of secreting during the course of some disease. The patient complains of an uneasy pain in the head and loins; he then becomes drowsy, and finally insensible. He dies in two or three days. There is no treatment of avail.

Retention of Urine—Spasmodic Stricture.—The patient tries to urinate, but finds it impossible. This inability to pass the water may continue for several days, the bladder in the mean time becomes distended from the accumulation of urine, and gives rise to general disturbance of the system; a hot skin, an anxious expression of the countenance, and quick pulse. During this period of distension there may be passed from time to time a few drops of urine, but not enough to fully relieve the bladder. As a termination, if relief can not be

afforded the patient, the bladder bursts. There may be spasm of the urethra, or swelling and inflammation, accompanied with pain.

The cause of this difficulty may depend upon a diseased condition of the urine, or from any cause that may render that secretion irritating, as excessive indulgence in spirituous liquors. It can also result from the administration of cantharides either internally or externally, as in form of blister. Also from the use of injections in gonorrhœa, provided they are not suitable to the case, or are used too often. Cold and wet will sometimes produce this trouble.

If the bowels are constipated, a purgative can be given. A warm hip-bath should be taken; from ten (10) to twenty-five (25) drops of laudanum can be given; or tincture of chloride of iron ten (10) drops, every ten minutes.

If relief is not obtained from the above treatment, a gum-elastic bougie should be introduced into the bladder to draw off the water. This operation in some cases will prove difficult to perform, and in others absolutely impossible. In this case the only means of relief will be from a surgical operation.

Occasionally it occurs that women who suffer from nervous disease, find an inability to pass their water. In this complaint there are none of the above *severe* symptoms, as the disease is simply nervous, and there is no obstruction to the passage of the urine. Furthermore, from the construction of the parts in women, the bladder will relieve itself, when over-distended. As treatment, a purgative can be given, or a clyster of spirits of turpentine, a spoonful, the yolk of an egg, and one-half pint of mucilage of gum arabic (reduced by the addition of a little water) mixed.

Irritable Bladder.—There is occasionally, from a diseased condition of the urine, a frequent desire to pass water, without any violent symptoms. For treatment, avoid all causes that would tend to produce a diseased and irritating state of the urine, as the use of spirituous liquors; attend to the general health, diet, and exercise.

Nocturnal Incontinence of Urine.—This habit can be broken up by attention to the general health, diet, and habits, by being awake at a regular hour in the night to make water.

Inflammation of Kidney.—Inflammation of the kidney occurs more frequently in the male. When it is found in the female, it is more difficult to determine, as the symptoms of some of the diseases of the womb resemble, to a certain extent, those of inflammation of the kidney. It can also be mistaken for disease of the bowels.

It can be caused by prolonged constipation, from gout, or as a result of disease existing in some of the urinary organs; by external injury, as a blow on the loins, or from overstraining the muscles of the back.

Severe pain in the loins, groins, and testicle of the side affected, with retraction of the latter gland, (testicle.) There is a numbness of the inside of the thigh. From coughing, sneezing, or any violent motion, the pain is increased; also the same result is obtained from continued pressure. The patient finds temporary relief from rest upon the affected side or back, with legs drawn up. There is general fever, with more or less pain in the abdomen, accompanied with wind.

The disease is distinguished from those of the female generative organs, from the fact that in inflammation of the kidney there is a shooting pain in the direction of the bladder, and a numbness of the thigh; also by the diseased state of the urine. In males, it can be distinguished from lumbago by the urine, numbness of thigh, and retraction of testicle. The urine passed during the first stage of the disease, will be found to contain albumen and blood. It afterwards becomes pale in color, these substances not being present. The symptoms of improvement are a large discharge of high-colored urine, containing mucus or pus—the pain somewhat relieved, and the skin moist. On the other hand, a sudden cessation of pain, combined with delirium and cold extremities, is an unfavorable symptom.

Leeches should be put on the region of pain, a dose of oil, or some unirritating cathartic given, and as a drink, linseed tea with a little nitre dissolved in it. Perfect rest and quiet. To relieve the pain, a warm hip-bath; a bag of hops, or poppy-leaves, wrung out in hot water, and placed over the seat of pain; clysters containing a teaspoonful of laudanum. Blisters must *not* be used.

Bright's, or Granular Disease of the Kidney.—The subjects of this disease are generally adults and old people, although it may occur at all periods of life, and in the male and female alike. As a cause, we have a broken-down constitution, which deterioration of health may be the result of debauchery, or intemperance of any kind, impure air, syphilis, or excessive use of mercury. It may follow a chronic inflammation of the kidney, from cold, or an injury received.

This disease may be acute or chronic. The first symptoms of the acute attack may be chill and fever. There will be frequent desire to pass water; the urine passed will be small in quantity, containing

blood and albumen; a dull pain in the loins, sometimes extending to the testicle, nausea, and vomiting, general dropsy of the body. The chronic form may come on gradually; the patient will be obliged to get up in the night to make water; there is a peculiar waxy, pale look in the face, a loss of strength, with slight emaciation, a dry skin, nausea, and great thirst; bad digestion. The disease in a few months may be followed by inflammation, or dropsical diseases of the heart, chest, or lungs, by inflammation of the organs contained in the abdomen, intestines, etc., diarrhœa, or rheumatism. The disease may continue a long period, months, or even years.

All measures which tend to preserve the health, will tend to prevent the disease, as exercise in the open air, plain and wholesome diet, and frequent bathing.

The treatment of this disease is in the first place to improve the general health by exercise in the open air, a proper nutritive, unstimulating diet, avoiding all fat and oily substances, and all pastry and cake. Warm baths should be taken, and sufficient warm under-clothing worn. The bowels should be regulated by purgatives, if necessary. All spirituous liquors should be avoided. If there is great loss of strength, a tablespoonful of (liquor ammoniæ acetatis) spirits of Mindererus can be taken three times per day; and in cases of extreme debility, sulphate of quinine, in one (1) grain doses, three times per day; or citrate of iron and quinine in five (5) grain doses, three times per day. If dropsy is present, active purgatives can be given, with a hot-air bath every three or four days.

Immoderate flow of Urine—Diabetes.—Caused from intemperance in the use of spirituous or other liquors; as a result of some disease of the urinary organs; or from nervous excitement there may be a much larger quantity of urine passed than natural, attended with loss of health, strength, and flesh, an unpleasant sensation at the stomach, and derangement of the bowels; thirst, with dry skin.

For treatment, the causes should be avoided; less liquor, or fluid, should be drunk, attention to the skin, and diet, which should be regulated according to the condition of the urine. In this form there is no *sugar* to be found in the urine.

Another form is that in which, combined with an immoderate flow, *sugar is found in the urine.* This is the more grave disease. As regards the causes of the sugar formation, much has been said, and little decided upon. The disease is the result of an hereditary predisposi-

tion, intemperance, mental excitement, or from drinking cold water, the body being over-heated. It is worse in autumn, and in cold and moist places. Consumption is a frequent complication. This form of diabetes is of rare occurrence with children.

This disease, often preceded by some eruption of the skin, commences with frequent desire to pass water, the quantity being increased, great thirst, inordinate appetite, constipation, loss of strength and flesh, gums are tender, throat dry, the mind is affected, and the breath has the odor of hay. These symptoms increase as the disease advances, when even gallons of urine may be voided during twenty-four hours.

As treatment, all measures should be taken which would improve the general health, as removal to another location, exercise in the open air, attention to the skin, bowels regulated by purgatives, if necessary. Liquids should be drunk in moderate quantities only. The diet should be *entirely animal food*; for a drink, warm beef-tea. The complications can be treated as indications should require; thus, constipation, by purgatives; for pain in the chest or abdomen, a mustard plaster can be applied; if there is great loss of strength, quinine can be taken in one (1) grain doses three times per day. Dropsy should be treated with purgatives, and attention to the skin.

Inflammation of the Bladder.—Inflammation of the bladder may result from a blow inflicted on the lower part of the abdomen, from the irritation of a foreign body, as stone within this sack, or from inflammation of the urethra, (gonorrhœa,) extending to the bladder.

There is frequent desire to make water, the quantity passed being small, and the operation attended with pain. The urine will contain a large quantity of mucus. There will be pain in the lower part of the abdomen, increased by pressure.

When the symptoms are severe, leeches can be applied over the seat of pain, (lower part of pain,) followed by bags of hops, or poppy-leaves, wrung out in warm water, and placed on the part. A warm bath, combined with a clyster of warm water containing a few drops of laudanum, will be found beneficial. If the pain is not so severe, and mucus is found in large quantities in the urine, a decoction of pareira root, (cissampelos,) one ounce, water one pint and one half, boiled to one pint; this can be used as a drink, to advantage; or in place of the above, which, however, is the best, copaiba can be taken. The best and most agreeable way of taking copaiba is given in the following formula, which can be prepared by the apothecary:

Take of—Oil of copaiba, seven fluid drachms ;

Oil of cinnamon, fifteen drops ;

Liquor potassæ, one-half ounce ;

Magnesia a sufficient quantity ;

Triturate, and add—

Distilled water four ounces ;

Filter, and add—

Sweet spirits of nitre one-half ounce.

Dose—Teaspoonful three times a day.

If the above measures do not afford relief, an elastic bougie can be introduced into the bladder, and through it injections made into that organ of a decoction of marsh-mallow, with the addition of a few drops of laudanum.

Incontinence and Dribbling of Urine—Paralysis of the Bladder.—

The patient finds it impossible to pass the urine, or else, independent of his control, it dribbles away. This state of things may be brought about by a shock to the nervous system, as a blow on the head or spine ; also, if the bladder is allowed to become over-distended by neglect to void the urine.

The catheter should be passed to relieve the bladder. For the paralysis, strychnine can be taken, in form of granules, with sugar and milk, each granule containing $\frac{1}{50}$ of a grain of the drug. This form is the best, and most agreeable to take. As the dose will depend upon the case, none is given, it being a substance in which care should be used.

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ART. CXXVIII.—*The People and their Doctors ; Declaration of the "American Medical Association" on the Medical Attainments of our Physicians ; Is there any remedy ?*

WE anticipated trouble when the "American Medical Association" was first projected, on the subject of medical incompetence and the right of colleges to huckster their diplomas. The "Academy of Medicine," it was but fair to conclude, offered a rational presumption to the observer of medical politics, how the larger or national association would be conducted ; the incongruous character of the first assemblage, containing on its lists men whose attainments were beneath

contempt, and many of them in such social positions that no man who respected himself could extend to them the common courtesies of life, with the various cliques and factions of the old medical society, the Butcher surgeon and his clinics and the three diploma-shops of the city, gave no reason to suppose that the representatives of "the Academy" in the National Medical Association, would tend to elevate the public opinion of the medical character of New-York.

Knowing every thing of the medical politics of the city for thirty years past, we refused all solicitation to unite with the Academy, and took our stand twenty years since on the top-stone of the bastion we ourself had erected, of absolute independence of all cliques and colleges, free competition in teaching, and the deprivation of colleges of all rights in conferring diplomas; as long ago as that period, we publicly advocated the conferring that sacred prerogative on a board of State censors, to be elected by the universal suffrage of every medical man in the State, and urged that the diploma should be conferred only on those who could stand a thorough public examination and defend a thesis—the fee to be paid whether the party graduated or no, and all fees to be divided equally amongst the censors, as a reward for their labors; this, it was evident to us, was the only method that could secure to us capable physicians and surgeons, and break up the infernal trade of the diploma-shops throughout the Union.

We have long hoped that the shocking and acknowledged incompetence of most of the men sent out by these traders in the market-places of humanity, would compel some action to be taken by the Association to correct the evil, and save our profession from the odium of its notoriety; but we did not anticipate so decided a step to emanate from this city, because we were in despair from the wretched cliquery that has so long degraded us; we thought that the wire-pullers would be sure to send their college abettors, and quash every attempt that the Association might make to better our condition, and keep the sale of diplomas in their own hands. But it seems a new power has been developed, and in a quarter where common-sense will show every man, it ought to reside; we allude to our extensive hospitals and their new boards of young surgeons. With a few dishonorable exceptions, in which pudding-headed sons have crept into the institutions under the mantle of fathers, who were Governors or Consulting Physicians, those institutions are well and faithfully served by capable and honest men.

The Medical Association last year, at Nashville, attempted to ana-

tomize the foul subject of collegiate rascality, and to expose its dark pages to the light of day; but a college faction was there to crush the effort, and it was speedily resolved that "the Association had no power to control medical education," and by way of hushing it for a time, a special committee was appointed "to devise a system of medical education, to be presented to the Association at its session in 1858."

The Chairman of that Committee was Dr. James R. Wood, of this city. Whoever wrote that report conferred upon himself lasting honor. It is a noble production, thoroughly logical, sententious, and convincing. We take courage and feel our hopes revive; the heartless nuisance will be abated; swill milk and diploma-sellers and Irish aldermen, will shortly be on a par in respectability. We extract a few sentences from the report of the special committee on medical education, as corroborative of our views, long nourished and well known to our readers and the profession. The following is the first paragraph:

"Among the leading objects of the American Medical Association, since its organization, has been the elevation of the standard of medical education. Every member of this body, fully impressed with the greatness and dignity of his calling, has deplored the inferior qualifications of vast numbers of those who annually enter the ranks of the profession, and has naturally sought to remedy the evil."

The Committee could not reasonably have required a better illustration of the truth of this assertion than one of the speeches delivered before the Association by a Southern member, in relation to some matter of minor import; the commonest rules of grammar were set at defiance, and pot-house vulgarity and ignorance characterized the effort; we could have matched it, however, by some of the former delegates from our own State.

The Committee proves logically that the Association, being equally represented by the various branches of the profession—the profession at large, the medical colleges or schools, and the hospitals—"has all the energy of a government." It derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, and rests its claim of authority on the equitable principle that, in representative bodies the majority must rule.

"These three great interests of the medical profession, represented in this our national Medical Congress, should make common cause in the elevation of the standard of medical education. It is a subject that alike interests them all. The lay members

of the profession should cordially support the schools in their efforts to improve their system of instruction. Standing, as they do, sentinels to the domain of medicine, they ought to guard it with a jealous and vigilant eye, that no unworthy laborer enter in. The schools should receive the high trust of educational training committed to their care, with due regard to its importance, and endeavor, by every means in their power, to return to the ranks of the profession, men in every respect well appointed for the responsibilities of practical life.

“They should also foster the hospitals of our cities as the proper complement of their own otherwise imperfect organizations. The hospitals, in turn, should adopt a thorough and complete system of clinical instruction, and afford to students every needed facility.

“Thus united, and thus laboring to the accomplishment of one great purpose, with generous rivalry, the three branches of the profession here represented, may adopt and perfect a system of medical education which shall do honor to the profession and the country.”

The Committee then go into a searching analysis of the evils of the present system, in which we cordially agree. Then comes the following just opinion of hospital teaching, without which we aver that no student should ever be considered fit to practice his profession. Indeed, we think that should he receive no other training whatever than actual practice at the bed-side and in the dissecting-room, with a competent clinical lecturer and anatomical demonstrator, he would generally be better prepared for practice than if he had a private instructor to give him absurd theories in place of actual practical knowledge. Who that has listened to the lectures on the practice of physic in this city for thirty years past, always excepting the accomplished Sam. H. Dickson and the lamented Revere, can doubt it?

“From our hospitals alone can men go forth to the responsible and perplexing duties of the medical profession, thoroughly prepared, from the first, to meet the most trying exigencies. If all our recent graduates were thus trained for active service, all thus men of experience and discretion when first they entered upon practice, how vast would be the advantages which would accrue to the character and position of our profession.

“Nor are students unmindful of the advantages of clinical instruction. Within our own observation, hospitals situated in the vicinity of schools, and offering clinical advantages, are constantly attended by students, and oftentimes at the expense of their regular college lecture. We may refer, not invidiously, to the fact that Bellevue Hospital, of New-York, which has an annual course of clinical lectures, has frequently in attendance a class of 300 to 400 students.”

We unhesitatingly aver that it is the best clinique we ever saw, and a thousand times preferable to that of the New-York Hospital, which is behind the age in its stupidity.

“If such is the importance of clinical instruction, and such is its recognized necessity, even by the student himself, the hospitals should be immediately acknowledged by the schools as embracing a part of their curriculum of study, and it should be required by the candidate for graduation that he have attended a course of clinical instruction.

“But it may be asserted that the schools have supplied this deficiency in their system of instruction by establishing college clinics. To this position we utterly dissent. The schools have thus, it is true, acknowledged the importance of clinical instruction, but they have in no proper sense supplied the want. College clinics are not favorably regarded by the profession of any city where they exist. They gather in a class of patients who are frequently under the charge of junior practitioners, and after serving the purpose of the professor, and perhaps paying a fee to some attaché of the school, again return to their former attendant. Or they belong to the class of indigent poor, who, after a course of medical or surgical treatment, while living under the most unfavorable circumstances for health, are finally compelled to seek the comforts of a hospital.

“And what does this avail the student? He sits remotely from the patient, and gathers but little more information than he would were the professor to read the case from a book, while the subsequent history of the case is entirely lost sight of.

“We regard college clinics, therefore, as in no respect supplying the student with clinical instruction, while they are detrimental to the poor where they are established, and injurious to young practitioners.”

When the first college clinic was instituted in this city, at the old Stuyvesant school of the University in Broadway, which of us who remembers the scenes enacted there in cross-eye cutting and tongue-clipping for stammering, does not yet blush to think how low our profession must have sunk in the opinion of the public; and who that is familiar with city surgical practice, does not know why they are continued, and to what an extent those who seek their aid have not been maltreated and injured? They have been a bane to the poor, and a most vile and unjust injury to the really capable and conscientious surgeon, who would exercise ten times the skill and care of the surgeon who only presides over them to gain popular notice, and devotes all his real attention to those who pay him.

God knows we would not deprive the poor of any privilege. We have done too much for them and the laboring man to permit such aspersion; but we do say most conscientiously, that for the wretched and fainting invalid to wait hours in a cheerless ante-room, and then to be questioned by an impertinent and half-educated student or physician touching their capacity to pay, and then, if too poor to satisfy the demands of the surgeon, to be subjected to an operation and exposure before such a class of men as may often be found at those clinics, we do say it makes us blush for our profession.

The Committee sum up in the following language, which being the gist of their report, we give in extenso, as a final extract. It will be seen that they throw the whole onus upon the schools, well knowing their power, but doubtfully appealing to their sense of shame for its exertion on the side of professional honor and humanity.

“The profession demands the elevation of the standard of medical education, by the institution of a more thorough system of training than now exists, and a higher grade of qualifications for graduation. The hospitals tender the varied and exhaustless materials at their command, and are prepared to give completeness and perfection to any system that may be adopted. With the schools rests the decision of the question, Shall our system of medical education be revised or improved? Are they willing to yield the diploma-granting power to a Board of Examiners? Will they dispense with their college clinics, and substitute a clinical course in a well-regulated hospital, and make the taking of a clinical ticket a requisite qualification for graduation?”

“Can no way be devised by which the candidate for graduation shall be compelled to attain to a given specific qualification, or fail of receiving his diploma from any school in the country? We fear not. We have appealed to the schools to make the test of fitness for graduation stringent but liberal, yet we appeal in vain. Governed by the false and pernicious idea that the prosperity of a school is measured by the number of graduates, a rivalry exists among our schools, unworthy of their character, and detrimental to the best interests of a sound medical education.

“We know of no way to completely remedy this radical defect in our present system, but by the removal of the diploma-granting power from the schools, and placing it in the hands of an Examining Board, the members of which shall have no college appointments.”

In the name of God and humanity, let it be done—let these colleges be turned into medical schools, open to all talented men to teach and lecture for whatever those talents are worth; let the tariffs on the mouths of hungry children, the protective butcher's laws, and that protection to professional cupidity and murder, the power of a medical faculty to sign a diploma, be wiped out altogether.

ART. CXXIX.—*A Fourth of July Discourse for Young America.*

It is a matter of surprise, and much to be regretted, that a nation like the American people, who should be progressive in every thing, sentiment, ideas, and character, have adopted by motto, and conforming to it, an ideal whose character is the exponent of unripeness and immaturity, insufficiency and want of development. A national motto

or, vulgarly speaking, nick-name, is generally deserved, whether given in ridicule and banter or assumed by the people, and seldom fails to characterize the nation from the qualities indicated by the title; possibly the name itself is an incentive to which its possessors are impelled by a certain desire of imitation as a standard of national pride, and the habit may thus become incorporated with their nature.

In illustration of this, we will introduce a type of the class Young America, one that is drawn from life, and certainly not above the average in coloring. Young America's domestic habits are so familiar that a detail is not necessary here; and besides, there are few households that have not a representative, or at least possess a daguerreotyped memento of the precocious model of assurance and inexperience, combined with a most exalted opinion of himself.

We present him as usually found at college, engaged in smoking or masticating a villainous weed, and drinking wine or brandy to overcome its stupefying effect. In consequence of the physical and mental weakness, induced by an improper and *forced* development, he is incapable of a sound and healthy intellectual training, and by a convenient arrangement of professors, he runs the gauntlet of a "course of studies," that is, note-books, with all possible lenity, depending for whatever jumps that may be necessary to overcome incidental obstacles in the way of Latin roots or Greek quantities, on that celebrated student's philanthropist, Bohn's "Ponies," and finally graduates per Latin diploma, which sometimes he actually can not translate correctly, and in reality master of no art or science, but having attained a moderate degree of expertness in toying, which its admirers term the noble art of billiards. As an instance of this, may be mentioned the case of a graduate of one of our highest colleges, whose shoemaker wished to honor him by an invitation to compose a business circular, assuring himself of a classical and elegant production. Verbs, adverbs, adjectives, and prepositions were not easily placed by the graduate, and finding that he could not make his points with the aptitude he was wont to do on the billiard-table, he handed the matter for completion to a store-clerk.

Such examples are by no means rare, and it is a fact that a few parents have observed the close of college life in their neighbors' sons with a salutary effect evinced by transporting their own sons in boyhood to foreign schools and universities.

From college Young America steps out on that platform of incongruities known in civilized life as the world. Perhaps dealing in pork,

molasses, codfish, and all the other vulgar realities of life in which the "old man" is such an exemplary merchant, and which he regards as the chief end of man to pursue, is distasteful to the scion, who, in the *interim* of choosing his profession, seldom fails to become a volunteer, if not eventually enlisted in the service of that patron whom Dr. Watts provides for the owners of unoccupied hands, and takes the rank of young man about town, performing the duties incident to that dignified office. These consist mainly in keeping guard about the hotel entrances in the principal thoroughfares, during the hours when the fair sex make their afternoon promenade, in order that the modest diversion of staring every pretty face out of its bonnet may not be monopolized by strangers. When relieved from duty by the close of day, the leisure time is devoted to such dissipations as the weak constitution can scarcely appreciate as pleasure. If, by any unfortunate circumstance over which he has no control, he is placed in the counting-house, bank, or, as more frequently the case, he becomes the recipient of municipal or federal favor, he shows his appreciation of the honor conferred by the acquisition of as many golden medals inscribed with his country's emblem as the scope of his official power may place within his reach, which act is sometimes stigmatized by those who do not labor for the good of their country as defrauding or stealing.

If we look at the infallible index of a nation's character, the representatives at the seat of government, *and their actions*, we can not but feel the declining position we occupy. A glance in the mirror of truth, even when set in the golden frame of patriotism, presents our legislative bodies in a view of which it is no glory to boast. And if any other argument were wanting of the manners of our national representatives, this one, corroborated by facts of every day occurrence, must supply it. When we observe that scarcely a report of their official actions reaches us without the accompaniment descriptive of some personal encounter, whether one of words or blows; when we observe that committees of investigation must be appointed, if only to gloss over the frauds and defalcations which their associates have perpetrated while in charge of a solemn trust received from the people, whom they assure by a sacred oath of their purpose to serve in good faith; when we observe that the presiding officer of a Senate finds it necessary to close the refectory (bar-room) connected with the Senate Chamber, as a means of preventing the quarrels and personal attacks of its members, although this will have no other effect

than sending the customers to another shop, for it was acknowledged by a political leader several years ago, that the grog-shops were the nurseries of his partisans, and the announcement was made not as a matter of regret, but a matter of some pride,—with all their tendency to ingratitude, it can hardly be expected that they will forget the nourishment which has supported them and even elevated them to their honorable positions.

When a member of the House of Representatives, whose ignorance of the simplest rules of orthography is exposed through the press to ridicule, by the publication of his letters, boasts that he could secure a reëlection from the fact that a majority of his constituents did not possess the elements of criticism applied to his case, what other proofs are wanting?

A Senator facetiously remarked of the new building added to the Capitol at Washington, for the accommodation of our increasing Solons, “That it was a circus intended for three thousand spectators to witness the performances.” Truly said; and the exhausted powers of the clowns, who perform for the amusement of the public, are replaced by the results of a new election at its next session.

Man’s weakness, physical and mental, shows the necessity of stratagem and deceit. So far as his inventive faculty may aid in providing for defense and protection, and assist in making all those distinctions of refinement which place him above his uncivilized brother, the savage, it is proper; and the numerous applications of mechanical force to economize labor, as exemplified at the present time in our country, are praiseworthy. But all the results which machinery accomplishes can never compensate for a deviation, or replace the command of the Almighty, that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. With man the routine of study and practice must be a habit; a violation of this law and the divine decree, bears with it degradation and prostration, whether in an individual, or national. With this in view, take the rapid progression of Young America as an example. About three quarters of a century ago the American people were, by the assumption of their independence, placed in the most favorable position that could be desired by the freedom and liberality of their laws and the productiveness of a virgin soil. By the inheritance of principles of justice and morality from their Anglo-Saxon parents, together with a spirit of virtue and heroism, combined with a vigorous constitution and active intellect, they were placed in a condition most favorable to establish a permanent commonwealth, which would

insure prosperity and happiness to every citizen, and perpetuate a government capable to advance the interests of mankind. Such, we believe, was the spirit and sentiment which actuated the honest hearts of the men by whose exertions these effects were brought about, and their motives inspired by no other selfish idea than the wish that their children might ripen their designs to perfect maturity. And the descendants of those stern patriots, are these people who now evince their decadence, by assuming at this distant period a juvenile name and manners, indicative of any thing but manliness and dignity of character. There is an urgent necessity for a reformation, to restore our country, and especially the young, to a healthy condition, and save it from the gradual enfeebling, enervating, and dishonest practices now so universal amongst our youth. In order to promote this, the physical training and condition must be carefully attended to as a subject of first importance. The elevation of our youth is only to be attained by hardy out-of-door exercise and recreation, which brings the glow of health to the skin, and imparts vigor to the frame, while the total abstinence from chewing the villainous stimulating weed, tobacco, or inhaling its noxious fumes in smoking, must be strictly adhered to ; a narcotic surely can furnish no element to the body. Let the parent spend an hour from his business every day in his son's company as his companion ; and it will effect a result more practical and beneficial to puny forms and unhealthy feeble intellects, than hundreds of lectures and theories, or thousands of dollars expended in collegiate studies or foreign travels.

Our countrymen should scorn to take pride in the assumption of an unworthy motto. Away with it then, and in parting with it let there be a spirit of strength infused, which shall cause us to merit a title to manhood and vigor. M.

ART. CXXX.—*Salts and Senna ; “An excellent Domestic Medicine” for our Medical and Political Patients.*

BY A MEDICAL HERETIC.

WHEN we were a boy, our careful and conservative mother—blessings on her memory, “salts and senna” excepted—was accustomed every spring and fall to give us, every Monday morning for three weeks successively, a whole and wholesome teacupful of salts and

senna for breakfast, in order "to purify the blood and carry off any bad humors."

What sort of "humors" the dose might "carry off" we don't know, but we well remember what sort of "humor" it brought on. It was a very peculiar one, and as it was produced entirely and only by taking salts and senna, we remember it and designate it as "the salts and senna humor." We have a very distinct sense, even now, of a peculiar nauseating feeling of the stomach, a certain choking sensation of the throat, and an indescribable bitterness of spirit, which the dose invariably produced. Ah me! salts and senna Mondays, in October and November, were awful days for us!

We suppose *Dickens* was dosed with *Brimstone and Treacle*, or he could never have written "*Squeers*" at "Do-the-boys Hall." Pray, Doctor, do you ever take it? Your amiability towards your brethren almost forbids the idea.

At the time of our being dosed as aforesaid, we were not intended for the medical profession, no dreams nor imaginings of the sublime and profound dignity of a Doctorate of Medicine flitted before our juvenile and jubilant spirit at that time! We went to school and learned to read, to write and cipher; and, in excellent old-fashioned manner, we were put to the apparently hopeless task of learning Latin and Algebra.

Latin and Algebra, by the way, seemed to produce in us something of the same sort of sensation as salts and senna. There was much in common with both. Salts and senna were very incomprehensible and mysterious, so were Latin and Algebra; they were both nauseous and "went against the stomach;" they were both administered to us as *doses*, not as *meals*; they were enforced by authority; they were both taken unwillingly; and, to our mind, they were neither of them in the least degree useful nor necessary. Our opinion has altered very much since then. What it is now we shall propound.

There can be no doubt that, for some persons, *Brimstone and Treacle* would be more suitable, there being something so very *Purgatorial* about it. However, our purpose being more *remedial* than *punitive*, we prefer, for the present, that excellent domestic medicine, "salts and senna," for those under *our* treatment.

The old school of medicine have very decided propensities for attacking disease, as an invading army attacks a fortress. One of the principal modes is by firing away at the bowels, as the allied army did at the fortress of Sevastopol.

Calomel or a blue pill at night, and a dose of salts or senna in the morning, will do considerable execution among the small and large intestines, where the enemy lurks. Repeat this three times a week, and there will be no *skibalæ*, no hard balls of substance, left in the gut. You may make a very raw or even ulcerated *rectum*, but that is of great use to surgeons, for they know how to cure that ; so purge away, ye doctors ! Fire on !

The intestines are commonly said to be thirty feet in length, in the human body. What a fine extent of surface for a well-manned battery of salts and senna ! The very extent of the lining membrane is an invitation to operate upon it ! We might as well expect to see a target set up and not desire to handle a rifle, as to know of the possession of thirty feet of intestines, and not want to give salts and senna !

Let us see. Epsom salts, or *Sulphate of Magnesia*, is composed of *magnesia* and *vitriol*. Take a little into your mouth. Oh ! Ah ! Waugh ! How bitter ! How pungent ! How nauseous ! How it makes your stomach rebel ! “How the gorge rises at it !” as Hamlet’s did, at the musty skull of Yorick. Put a pinch up your nose, and how quickly your nose will eject it, with a succession of *tish-eses*. Put some in your eyes, and try to read your newspaper, or “Dred,” or Bayard Taylor, or your “Compendium of Family Devotion,” or THE SCALPEL, even our “Salts and Senna !” Poh ! it would be “all in *my* eye,” and “confound that Epsom salts !” What a relish it would give you for our article ! Try ! Come now, experiment like philosophical doctors !

Four cents a pound, wholesale, and sixteen ounces in a pound, and half an ounce a dose ; you might *physic* thirty-two persons “well and sufficiently,” for the first cost of four cents. Oh ! for a hotel or boarding-house, or a ladies’ school, or a college, or even a dispensary, where one might *peripateticize* (alias *keep going*) thirty-two persons, at the small original cost of four cents !

When Macbeth was besieged by the English—as he was making preparation in his castle for defense, he called upon his physician to prescribe some medicine which would drive the enemy out :

“What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence ?”

Our city officers have been, and are likely to be, very subject to a disease yecept *klemmargurion*, a peculiar sort of malady, which seems especially to afflict the occupants of the City Hall. Perhaps the hard

word above might be translated vulgarly, "*stealing the public money.*" But we do not profess to be authority in translations from medical Greek. Mr. Ebling, the "Know-Nothing," and "do-nothing," but by no means the "take-nothing" Street Commissioner, and Mayor Wood, are learned in such matters. They need purging and purifying. The sooner they are dosed with "salts and senna" the better. For *them* we would prescribe in addition, "*a leetle mite*" of tartar emetic. *They* ought to be made to *disgorge*. Perhaps it may be necessary for *them* to wear "*hempen suspenders,*" on account of the bad habit which they have of putting heavy weights into their pockets. This has a very injurious effect upon the spine, making the *back bone* give out so that they can not *walk straight*. We have been studying for some time past the condition of the nation, and we have come to the conclusion we shall have to administer *hemp* to a great many officials. It must be given in *very strong* doses. We shall excogitate anon, more advisedly.

"By constant *motion* all that is, exists."

So says the poet Cowper. "*Motion* is life," says one of our philosophers. Now salts and senna have the property to keep any one who take the dose constantly in *motion*—continually *going*. Can any one doubt the value of salts and senna? Why, they are veritable *life-preservers*. The Romans had their "*Via Cloacinae*" washed out by turning the Tiber through them. We wash out our *Primæ Viæ* with salts and senna and water gruel.

To every doctor of medicine, salts and senna are invaluable. It is an acknowledged principle of Therapeutics, that a patient's stomach and bowels are never to be let alone. The great probability is, that if they were let alone the patient would get well, and we should have scarcely any thing to do. The great Creator pronounced that it was not good for a man to "be alone," and we follow up the philosophy of the maxim when we say, "It is not good for a man's bowels to be *let alone.*"

We put it most affectionately to our beloved professed superiors, the *orthodox* doctors, whether they would ever be able to get along with three fourths of their cases, if they might not *operate* upon the *bowels*?

In all cases of fever and inflammation, what on earth could they do if they were forbidden to bleed and to purge? We do not touch the *bleeding* now—that we shall treat hereafter. If purging be adopted, what can they do without salts and senna? True, any one can give

that; but then, if it have not been prescribed by "a regular physician," what use is it?

One day, during the summer, we were in a drug-store procuring some article for use, and there came in a young woman seventeen or eighteen years old, who had a dollar-bill in her hand, and a *regular* doctor's prescription. Taking me for one of the firm, she presented me with the prescription, requesting I would make it quickly, as her mother was very ill of *fever*, and *the doctor* said she must have it directly. I looked at it, and handed it to the clerk. Here is a translation of the learned Esculapian's recipe :

It was written in doctor's beautiful Latin: *Half an ounce of Epsom Salts, five ounces and a half of Spearmint Water, and half an ounce of Spirit of Nitre.* Make a mixture, and take a tablespoonful every two hours.

One drachm of Blue Pill, into twelve pills. Take one night and morning.

One ounce of Senna. Make a pint of tea, and take a wine-glassful every morning.

How much will it be, sir? asked she of the clerk. Five and sixpence, he replied. She sighed, and put her fingers to her eyes; but, trusting to the magic of the cabalistic hieroglyphics, she put down her money and looked wonderful admiration as the process of compounding proceeded.

No doubt she paid *one dollar* for the visit and prescription, besides the five and sixpence for the medicine. One of my mother's doses, which cost only one penny, would have done just as well, and perhaps better, because there was some ginger in hers.

To all appearance the young woman was a sewing-girl, and she probably gave two days' earnings for a cup of salts and senna for her much-loved sick mother. And perhaps it was well laid out, after all. She should not have faith in common, unprescribed salts and senna, but she had faith in it when prescribed by *a regular physician*. And then she escaped with nothing more than a few doses of salts and senna, and some blue pills. She might have had five or ten grains of calomel to take. If she had plenty of water, inside and out, good air, and some sort of fruit, she would do, notwithstanding.

Did you ever see a side of bacon cured after the English mode? They put the side of the pig on a sort of inclined plane, with a trough to hold any drippings, and then apply the salt very freely. Soon the

water from the meat runs off, and continues until there is none to run. Just such is the operation of salts upon the intestines. They keep pouring off the fluid as fast as it is supplied. Common salt will do it better than Epsom salts. It is the same process as that of *pickling* pork. It was announced in "The Scalpel Campaign" that we were not going to *dissolve* the Profession but to *pickle* it. We give it a dose of *salts and senna* to begin with.

We have ordered as many doses of salts and senna to be made up, as may supply "the Academy," the colleges, and the medical profession generally. We are very careful for their health.

We have observed, for some time past, the "*The Academy*" has been very much *puffed up*, and we have good reasons to fear it is either *dropsical* or *tympanitic*. Perhaps the brain has become *softened*, and *water* is there, or—*flatus*. There has been a very considerable emission of *gas* lately, that is certain. They need some of our salts and senna. Let them be attended to immediately.

Many of the professors of the medical colleges are remarkably *dull* and *heavy*—most probably arising from deficiency of the "*circulating medium*." Their lectures are very soporific. This may in part be accounted for, by the fact of their having been repeated so often as to become "*stale, flat, and unprofitable*." If Othello were one of the pupils, he would be likely to vent that very applicable phrase of his, "*most damnable iteration*." They need one of our doses. Perhaps a little tartar emetic might be requisite, and some red pepper. By the way, they had better have a quarterly dose of SCALPEL.

To those who are intending to *be* physicians, and practise their profession, we have some advice to *give*. If you want to be a physician, buy a full set of the SCALPEL, and follow it with a careful study of its pages, in order to clear out all crude and undigested matter. Purge out from your habits, tobacco, liquor, card-playing, and other games, extravagant dress, the ball-room, and all other mere amusements, and sit down to a life of study and investigation. If you want to be a philosopher, apply yourself to study. If you prefer being a fool, chew, smoke, snuff, drink, gamble, go to every place of amusement which you can, and then die as soon as you please, and be damned—which you certainly will.

If you want to know what *we* mean by *damnation*, we will tell you: *loss* of time, talent, opportunity, usefulness, self-respect and honor—with your own condemnation, and all wise men's and your Maker's. *You* may be very content to have all this, if you can get rid of the

ecclesiastical fire and brimstone. We would be glad to jump into any fire, when we have lost our own respect.

If you are going to be a physician, you want to know every thing. If you want to get money, be a quack. Borrow five hundred dollars, in several sums, of your friends, go to a medical college and buy a diploma and cheat the world, and yourself if you please. But do not imagine you can cheat the Devil—nor us!

A VISION OF THE DAMNED: WHAT BECOMES OF THE DOCTORS AND APOTHECARIES WHEN THEY DIE?

It is curious what visions come to us when the mind is disturbed by anxiety, and we wander in the regions of dream-land. A few weeks since, having occasion to spend the night in attendance on a fair patient, we retired to an adjoining room in a beautiful villa near the city: whether it was a very late dinner, or anxiety for our patient, an occasional groan from whose chamber reached our ears, we know not, but sleep played bo-peep with us that night, and left some intervals of semi-consciousness, filled with odd vagaries not very comforting as it regards the future. I dreamed that I had found my way at midnight into a fashionable drug-store in Broadway, in search of a little morphine to quiet my patient's nerves; the apothecary, on learning the simplicity and cheapness of my purchase, received me with no special amiability—indeed, I am obliged to confess, I am no favorite with that class of my fellow-citizens, whom I have heard on fitting occasions make no secret of their benevolence in consigning me to a climate considerably warmer than my physiological necessities require. He made no reply to my apology for disturbing him, but served me in silence, and retired doggedly to his chamber in the back-room. No sooner did the door close behind him, leaving me, as my dream ran, still in the shop, than I was witness to a scene I shall never forget. A terrible commotion commenced in all the bottles, as was visible from the agitation of their contents: the stoppers bobbed up and down, "salt mouths and species" rattled, the covers of gallipots danced, smothered cries came forth from every drawer, and deep groans issued from the cellar. Whilst I stood in horror and amazement, wondering what all this could mean, I was startled by a distinctly articulate cry,

“Let me go! let me go! I will tear out his heart and pulverize his bones, if I can get at him—the infernal fiend, with his long nose and hickory face: let me go—let me go!” Another and another yelled out, and all their vengeance was directed at me, as was now evident enough, because various allusions were made to the SCALPEL and its editor, all coupled with the hardest kind of expletives. I now clearly saw the faces of the speakers, and recognized many of them, as each one popped up from his especial bottle or gallipot, as defunct apothecaries—some of them very eminent ones, and formerly well known hereabouts; most of them brandishing in their bony hands a pestle or a sharp spatula. Why they couldn’t get out of their respective bottles was not apparent, until a dialogue of extraordinary energy occurred between a very eminent apothecary, we used to trot out years ago in our pages, and his jailer, whose writhing and serpentine form I now plainly saw at the bottom of a large bottle of alcohol, with his snaky coils wound round the poor apothecary’s legs: the reply was not very comforting to my future prospects: “Let him alone; it will be his turn by and by, and he’ll be put in a bottle of aqua ammonia.” This comforted me a little, however, for I really thought it would not be so very uncongenial as his majesty’s imp imagined. I was getting weary of the scene of strife and discord, when it lulled for a moment, and I had a chance to hear what was going on in the cellar. The groans had assumed the character of articulate speech, and to my great horror I heard enough to convince me that the speakers were surgeons and doctors, evidently in no very comfortable condition. I thought I could recognize the voices of some old stagers I used to see when a student, going it round the city in their carriages, with their sponges, catlings, and scalpels. I was rather annoyed at this discovery of the disposition of my defunct brethren, for I never believed the real devil would be so foolish as to accommodate them in his dominions, and used to comfort myself with the idea that they were let go scot free hereafter. Notwithstanding this unpleasant discovery, I was amused at the grotesque appearance of a miserable old creature, who sat with his legs crossed, smoking a long German pipe and drinking lager bier in a corner of the shop. He wore a superbly-flowered silk gown, shorts and knee-buckles, with great diamond buckles in his shoes, a smoking cap and long gold tassel. Notwithstanding all this apparent comfort and display, he kept changing his position and rubbing his glutæi muscles, and continually exclaimed: “O mein Gott! mein Gott! das is nicht goot, nicht goot.”

On looking more closely, I perceived that he sat on a lump of borax ! some of which he had evidently been pulverizing, for several fragments lay about, and he had a mortar and pestle on a block near him. The thought instantly struck me ; it was old Hahnemann, and this was his punishment for selling borax as a newly discovered cure-all to his dupes in Germany. A heap of guineas lay near him, which I could not account for ; whilst I was speculating on their use, the veritable old devil, with horns, hoofs and all, came up from the cellar through a trap-door, and approaching the old man, saluted him with apparent civility ; he replied with a grunt, and cast a look of horror at a cup which the devil took out of his pocket and poured into it some liquid brimstone ; then, taking a heaping spoonful of the borax from the mortar, he stirred them together with his finger, and presented it to the old quack, with a look of mock sympathy : with a horrible grimace he gulped it down ; the devil then took up a guinea and put it in his pocket—this was the price the old man used to charge for his nostrum when on earth, and judging from the look of anguish he cast on it, as it disappeared in the devil's vest-pocket, it was the climax of his punishment. The devil apologized for the lateness of the hour, assuring him that the morning dose should not be forgotten ; he had been engaged till quite late, in the cellar, making arrangements to accommodate a celebrated quack, who had just arrived from earth, and who, on examination, proved to be guilty of administering great quantities of medicine, and receiving a per centage from the apothecary. He had placed him in a carboy of dilute sulphuric acid, and allowed occasional breathing time, when he was to be regaled with a sniff of assafœtida as a refresher, till he got used to it. This class, the devil remarked, used to give him great trouble till the publication of the SCALPEL, since which they have considerably diminished, only an occasional old stager now arriving. It was now getting late, and as the devil had not perceived me, in consequence of my keeping shady behind the door during his interview with old Hahnemann, I took advantage of his departure into the back-room to confer with the apothecary, to slip out into the street.

I felt the delightful breeze, laden with the perfume of the honeysuckles which draped my windows, and awoke ; stealing on tip-toe to the bedside of my lovely patient, I found her asleep, thanks to that beneficent gift of heaven, morphine. The exhausting pains were stilled, and a smile, sweet as if dropped by an angel's wing, told that she dreamed of her first-born.

LETTER FROM A LADY ON REARING INFANTS.

DR. DIXON :

DEAR SIR : Since our own maturity, we have felt a profound interest in infancy—the management or mismanagement of which is to result in disease and misery, or health and happiness. We never could look upon an innocent babe as a “mewling, puling thing,” but as an embryo immortal, with its dawning intellect and angel eyes. Of all the lovely things in nature, what so touches the heart as an infant’s smile? Did not Christ say, of *such* are the kingdom of heaven? And should we not guard them as the apple of our eye? If, according to statistics, four fifths of infancy die, how much of this is attributable to the want of physiological knowledge in the nurse or mother? How sadly I have watched the course of some kind friends, in their care of these treasures; what spoonsful of paregoric or magnesia have found their way into the little mouth; what quantities of water food it has been “raised” upon; or strong gruels and panadoes; even meat is given it to suck before the teeth are cut, or the system can possibly require it. Again, the mother’s sweet milk, its natural food, has become obnoxious, from an indulgence in some “refreshing” acid drink, and the babe suffers a night of intense agony, especially if damp weather forbids a free circulation of its blood. A short time since I looked upon the waxen corpse of an infant two months old. “What did your child die of?” I asked the mother. “Marasmus,” she replied; “and, oh! I fear that my own ignorance was the cause; for, not having sufficient milk, I fed it with that which was brought to my door by the milkman, without inquiring until *now*, whence it came.”

Look, then, what a power of life and death is intrusted to mothers! and how few understand, when their innocent ones are seized with disease of the *brain*, that it often originates in the *bowels*, or over-exhaustion of the nerve power, from crying and want of sleep! If they did comprehend this, how quickly the babe would be nursed to slumber; how quickly the excited little being would be lulled and soothed, rather than be left to “cry it out.” *The temperament is born with the child!* Therefore, the mother should study from its birth her child’s temperament, in order to modify it, if nervous, by gentleness; or excite it to energy, if phlegmatic.

What a beautiful mission for woman, to rear into harmonious phy-

sical and intellectual strength one of God's little ones! Did He design that they should suffer? Never! 'Tis one of the evils of our sad, perverted social state. Then let us try to remedy it by the education of our women, whose subtle delicacy of perception, if combined with a knowledge of the laws of our existence, would make them such great teachers. S.

DIABOLICAL ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE LIFE OF THE EDITOR.

A FEW weeks ago the editor was inexpressibly shocked at the receipt of an instrument of a character so extraordinary, that he can not forbear describing it to his readers, and leaving them to judge of his consternation at the discovery of its real nature. The mode of its presentation fortunately excited his suspicion, and made him extremely careful in unpacking it; otherwise the result might have been most disastrous. Shortly after breakfast, a square box was left at our door with a card, on which the name and the number of our residence only were written. The parcel was brought into the dining-room, and then, as the exterior gave no evidence of its real nature, we began carefully to unpack it. After removing the envelopes, it presented the appearance of an electrical instrument: a suspicious-looking, apparently hollow oblong piece of wood was closely attached to a board of some eighteen inches square; from this oblong chamber, near either end, arose two vertical posts, each about a foot in height, also apparently hollow, and each supporting a curious crescentic piece of wood, armed with two points on the upper or convex portion; two other smaller crescentic pieces projected from each of these uprights, *vis-à-vis*, and each of these were also armed with two steel points, admitting of actual contact, should the uprights to which all was attached be approximated by sliding them along a groove, into which they were loosely dovetailed, and which groove went the entire length of the suspicious-looking oblong chamber which supported them. In an instant, and by a most fortunate exercise of sagacity, we discovered the nature of the diabolical contrivance. The steel points at first arrested our attention; these were no doubt the conductors of electric currents produced by zinc and acid, contained within these uprights, and designed, on completing the circuit, by their approxi-

mation, to fire a reservoir of powder in a hollow chamber of the oblong piece, and pour a charge of buck-shot into our miserable body. Placing the mischievous affair before us, we contemplated it in silent thankfulness for the timely discovery: after due consideration we concluded to take it out on the end of a pier, and by the aid of a couple of long cords, and two wheels and pivots, so arranged as to make the points approximate on pulling the cords at a safe distance, to fire off the awful apparatus into the opposite string-pieces of timber which border the docks, and thus prove the infernal character of the contrivance designed to close our mortal career, and leave the public minus an editor.

We resolved to call upon two or three friends to witness the triumph of our sagacity ere we announced the attempt to the public; unfortunately, however, just as we were about to send our friends the invitation, we heard a rogueish young lady—the daughter of a medical friend, who had just returned from Paris, and had for a few weeks entertained us with some interesting sketches of the gay capital—inquiring for her new travelling French hat-stand! Fortunately for our nervous system, at this moment we received a summons to attend a patient in the office.

P. S.—We dined out that day.

THE SWILL MILK COMMITTEE.

THAT distinguished philanthropist and civilian, Alderman Mike Tuomey, with the aid of Mr. Clinton, the eminent counsellor, who aided in the defense of the amiable and unfortunate Mrs. Cunningham, and Dr. John Shanks, a learned member of the Academy of Medicine, and Mr. Reed, Purveyor of swill cow beef to Washington Market, have been for several weeks engaged in investigating the evidence touching the salubrity of swill milk and its eminently happy effect on infant health. They were deputed by the Board of Health to relieve them of the arduous duties of so distasteful and undignified an investigation. Dr. John W. Francis, Augustus K. Gardner, Dr. Doremus, and several other insignificant and ignorant citizens, were questioned on the subject by the learned and benevolent Alderman, and their evidence treated with that contempt it deserved. We were ourselves

commanded to appear before the Committee ; but having obtained a sight and smell of the gentlemen, and the audience of Irish milkmaids and Dead Rabbits, a day or two beforehand, we felt no disposition to regale our nostrils with a repetition of the luxury ; we therefore declined the honor of an introduction and conversation with the honorable Mike and his Committee, preferring a sail down the bay as far more congenial to our nasal æsthetics. We have not seen the report, but the Committee will no doubt treat the medical testimony with proper contempt, and protect the interests of their constituents with the weight of their scientific and humanitarian character.

We advise the eminent proprietor of the Sixteenth street swill milk stable, to throw open the doors of his princely mansion on the Fifth Avenue to his persecuted brethren of the other stables, and give a grand and triumphant celebration of their victory. The proprietor at the head of the table, Alderman Mike Tuomey on the left, and Mr. Reed on the right, with Dr. John Shanks as toast-master ; the viands, swill cow beef, purveyed by Mr. Reed, and milk punch ; the milk by the host, inspected by Dr. Shanks, so as to insure the true flavor, and liquor from Mike's celebrated establishment, of the peculiar brand patronized by the Dead Rabbits. We propose to christen the mansion as King Herod's Palace.

If these fellows had a Napoleon to tack their ears to the door-posts of their stables, we would not be cursed with their loathsome and infernal business.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST is a large and beautiful quarto monthly journal, edited and published by Orange Judd, at No. 189 Water street, at \$1 a year, in advance : it is issued also in the German language. Whether for the beauty of its numerous illustrations, its admirably useful matter, or high moral tone, it is decidedly the best agricultural journal in this country. We consider Orange Judd as a good citizen and a true philanthropist.

T H E S C A L P E L .

ART. CXXXI.—*The Martyrdom of the Innocents; Corruption, Ignorance, and Villainy of our Civic Law-Givers; What kind of Sanitary Government does New-York require?*

“Forasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, ye did it unto me.”

WHEN Christ uttered this touching sentiment of his regard for infancy, he conveyed the emphatic assurance of the estimate he would undoubtedly make were he here to-day, of the piety of some of his “very respectable” followers—the New-York landlords. We have so long been accustomed to make the most liberal estimate of the intellectual infancy of a large portion of the human family, that we hope our pious friends will be content with the usual measure of their denunciation, if we insist upon the implied condemnation the Saviour indeed only anticipated by what he subsequently said in such terrible language of those “Pharisees and money-changers” who grow rich upon the poverty and ignorance of that large class of mentally-adult infants with which the world is filled. We insist upon classifying every man and woman as in a state of intellectual infancy, and incapable of protecting those who look to them for counsel, unless they are acquainted with the natural laws which govern their existence in health and disease. Without this knowledge, a man may be a “successful merchant,” a “sound lawyer,” a “great theologian,” a “wonderful mechanical genius,” even an “excellent family physician,” or pill-peddler, but we call him mentally a poor, feeble creature, unable to protect himself or his family from disease arising from natural causes, or from the machinations of the quack. It is every whit as creditable to a man’s intellect to be a believer in Mormonism, Johanna Southcote, or Roman Catholic miracles, as not to understand the laws of his body, and yet this knowledge is rarer than any other amongst the human family; they are continually liable to a multitude of diseases which cut short the existence of the fearful proportion of one half of their

number in infancy, whilst the terrible consequences of the ignorance of their progenitors, entail upon the survivors diseases which embitter their lives and so lower the attenuated spark of vitality, that we have cause to thank God for the benevolence he shows in cutting off so many of the feeble offspring before they attain the age necessary for continuing the race. For want of this very knowledge, one half of American woman have been bred downwards in feebleness, till we have ventured to assert that if every second woman was obliged to wean her child the second month of its existence, and bring it up on the milk of a healthy cow, the chances of its life and health would be increased tenfold, and the statistics of mortality in the adult be notably improved.

For want of this very knowledge, the horrible consequences of the volatilized oil of tobacco, circulating through the smoke and inhaled into the lungs of the smoker, through the mucous membrane, has for three hundred years not even been suspected to prostrate the spinal nerves and virile powers, till half the male race in our country have become pigmies and stupid tobacco-poisoned sots.

For want of this knowledge, our women have lost sight of the examples of mental and physical gracefulness as set forth in the sublime characters of the women of the Bible and Shakspeare, and the ideals of Greek sculpture, and adopted the wretched and sickly manners of the American boarding-school, and the vulgar and tawdry mongrel French milliners of Broadway.

For want of this knowledge, that filthy and degrading thing, medical and Irish pot-house politics, has made it necessary for our citizens to burn down a frightful pest-house at the very gates of this great city.

For want of this knowledge, one of our best and most admirable citizens has constructed a vast hall for public assemblages in a temple devoted to science, *beneath* the surface of the earth, forming a carbonic acid bath for the audience.

For want of this knowledge, sleeping-rooms are built in our cities next to metallic flat roofs, and that in a climate where the thermometer goes up to ninety! unventilated holes are constructed for the rich farmer's children under great shingle-roofed farm-houses; and triangular nooks and corners in the vulgar Gothic cottages of ignorant cits, under roofs originally designed only for churches, are appropriated as sleeping-rooms for the children who go into the country to get health, till their poor little bodies are wasted away and their blood so improv-

erished, that the blood-vessels can no longer contain it, but permit it to percolate through their relaxed tissues and make dropsical brains and bellies; the poor little creatures either screaming with agony or stupefied with laudanum by an Irish peasant nurse, whilst the mother is trying to fascinate some travelling gentleman's valet, who calls himself a count, at a vulgar watering-place.

Churches are foul with pent-up breath, and rank with cosmetics and human exhalations, till no really enlightened man is willing to sit in them.

Irish aldermen, rum-sellers by open profession, proprietors of swill milk cow-stables, and purveyors of poisoned scrofulous scurvied cow beef for our citizens' stomachs, assume the duties of a Board of Health, and summon our wisest and most virtuous citizens and brow-beat and insult them for testifying the truth of their loathsome business, in an apartment in the City Hall so offensive with the exhalations of the filthy and unwashed bodies of an audience of Dead Rabbits, as to invert the natural action of the stomach and physic the intestines like some irritating drug.

Great multitudes of young women are obliged to work the live-long day in apartments constructed with such base and inhuman avarice, that the windows can not be raised, and four panes only out of forty or fifty can be tilted up so as barely to let in air enough to preserve life; whilst the accommodations for the excretions of the body are on the floor and in the very apartment where they sit and labor the live-long day and eat their food! This journal is printed and bound in a vast establishment, under such a roof and in such apartments.

Vaults are built beneath the pavement of our streets, and steam-engines and privies are built in them, where young men and women are immured for half that life, that the Creator commanded to be fed by air and sunshine.

Sewers are flung together by vile and dishonest contractors, so as to act as mere local cess-pools, and throw out their poisonous effluvia into our cellars and kitchens. Ignorant and ambitious citizens are allowed to build up five stories of brick and mortar over nine tenths, and often the whole of their lots, until the sun and air is so shut out of their own and their neighbors' houses, that with the aid of the curtains and shutters, their wives and children's air-famished faces look as though they had been starved for months.

Our young men and women are compelled to spend their youth in

studying in a wretched fragmentary manner, mere scraps of languages, knowledge, and history ; the jargon of scientific hand-books ; the doings of defunct heroes ; the lies of historians, the praises of robbers and murderers ; and the myths of gods and goddesses, ending with the exquisite accomplishments of billiards and the polka.

Why enumerate and reiterate all this ? says some sickly and intellectually adult infant. In order to defend our position ; by agitating and proving the bold assertions we continually make in these pages, we intend to show our readers the depths of ignorance and oppression in which we are sunk by ignoring those great laws of our bodies which we assert to be the Word of God ; we design to show them what a vast amount of precious time, and what an ocean of life force is wasted by our young people in studying how to make themselves feeble in body and mind, bad citizens and bad parents, and how vain it is to expect any amendment in the condition of our city government till some of us undertake a reform upon the principle that Christ enunciated when he uttered the beautiful sentiment we have chosen to place at the head of this article ; and to illustrate in our own way, for the express purpose of showing the difference between living and fossil Christianity, and the breadth of ground we design this journal to occupy.

The sanitary condition of the human family belongs to our profession. There is no lack of knowledge nor even benevolence, but there is great lack of force of character and an absurd deference to medical conventionalism. The medical men of this city should control its hygiene ; they should stand forth in defense of the public health and a deep and thorough reform in our government. A vile and infamous medical and political coalition has just been exposed to the light of day at Staten Island, and now let us all aid as one man in wrenching our fair and noble city from the hands of those atrocious wretches who fatten upon the public wealth.

Reform must be thorough ; the taxes must come down, or the poor will become poorer ; tenant-houses and German and Irish grog-shops will increase. Rum *does* stop hunger ; it is a great physiological truth ; and if through the corruption of the laws that should protect him, he can not go home to a good and decently prepared meal, the poor laborer will drink poisoned rum prepared for him by those who have no compassion for his ignorance.

He belongs to that class of intellectual infants we have chosen to include in the category designated by the merciful and benevolent

Jesus, and it is our duty, as his superior in intellect, to protect him. Let us do it, if possible, by urging the passage of sanitary laws, compelling the seller to submit his infernal compounds to inspection, and let those laws be drafted and the inspection performed by her aged and young medical men, who possess the necessary knowledge ; let us banish the proprietors of rum holes, swill-milk stables, diseased beef butchers, and medical politicians from our City Councils. New-York must be reformed by her physicians and mechanics, for neither her merchants, her lawyers, nor her politicians will ever do it.

ART. CXXXII.—*Fourth Letter from John Matthews : Paris on Sunday ; Sights from my window ; The Streets of Paris ; The Dog Market ; The Louvre ; The Carnival ; Versailles ; The Bourse ; The Markets ; The Gardens ; Statute of Voltaire ; Coblenz on the Rhine ; Future Movements.*

DEAR DOCTOR : Do you imagine that Sunday in Paris is a day of rest, of quietness, and repose ? If you do, you are mistaken. Paris, on Sunday, rejoices, perhaps, more in life and gayety than on any other day of the week. Crowds of workmen in their white blouses, which, although they may be old, are neatly mended and scrupulously clean, form a larger portion of the busy throng which courses through the streets, which throngs the boulevards, and fill the museums of the Louvre in the day-time and the theatres at night. Some of their brethren do not even make it a holiday, for the building of houses proceeds, and even many public works, such as the repairs and alteration of bridges, go on without attracting any special attention.

Go to the Jardin des Plants and look at the laughing crowd around the monkey-cage, more interesting to them than all the osteological and fossil specimens in the wonderful collection of Cuvier or Buffon ; stand by the wagons of the mountebank who, dressed in a glittering helmet and spangled dress, sells crayons, or cures the toothache gratis to sell his crimson mixture for ten cents a bottle to the crowd. His servant on the summit of his wagon dressed like one of the warrior supes at a country theatre, grinds out dolorous music to fill up a hiatus in the speech of his master whenever it occurs. Watch in the evening the theatres, (covered with tragic painting, to tell of the in-

terior horrors on which the audience may regale,) which are improvised at the open spaces near the Canal St. Martin or the Pont St. Michel. See how the crowds flow in to fill up pit, box, and gallery at prices from five to ten sous, or walk to the more pretending establishments where vice is tricked up in its most attractive forms, and seduction and adultery are performed to applauding spectators. When you have seen these things, you will think that Paris is not a godly city.

SIGHTS FROM MY WINDOW IN PARIS.

It is the 23d of March, and I am sitting at my window which opens on the Quai. The warm air brings with it a smell of spring and blossoms, and reminds me that it will soon be time to leave Paris and commence my journey eastward. So I will try and note down a few of the sights I have seen, and my impressions. I say a few, for some of them, I am quite sure, would be of little interest to you, although of great value to me, and others I dare not write, but wait to tell when I return. Perhaps you would like to know what is to be seen from my window, so I will take a look and tell you. Immediately opposite, on the other side of the river, rises the stately and elegant Gothic tower of St. Jacques. It is the only relic of the celebrated church of that name, but it has a history in itself, for it was here that Pascal weighed the atmosphere. His statue in marble, by Cavalier, is erected within. To the right of the tower is the column of the fountain in the Place du Chatelet, surmounted by a gilded statue of Victory. The open space immediately below my window is adorned with two fountains, and a withered-looking woman, withered as only an old French woman can look, and several men in clean white linen blouses, are filling their pails with water. On the benches there, and beneath the branches of the yet leafless trees, some loungers are seated, and crowds of children, delighted to feel the warmth of the sun and the air of spring, are gamboling near some men who are busy erecting the booths for the flower market, which is held here several times a week. To my left, is the Pont au Change, which receives its name from the number of money-changers who in the ancient days of Paris occupied the vicinity. These places are now usurped by an array of stands for the sale of books, lemonade, roast chestnuts, fried potatoes, cakes and fruit, and a crowd of persons, about one third of them dressed in blouses, and the others students, women, and business men, pass in a continual stream back and forth over the

bridge. On my right, is the Pont de Notre Dame, also crowded with passengers, and by its side numbers of men are busy in demolishing the old pump of Notre Dame whose wheels, turned by the rapid current, have for ages furnished water for the city. Its day has, however, passed, and modern aqueducts and machinery have superseded the antiquated machine. It has long been an unsightly object, and an incumbrance in the river. It is one of the oldest monuments in Paris, and crowds have for several days hung around it to take a parting look at their old friend.

Beyond the Pont de Notre Dame, stands the elegant pile of the Hotel de Ville, one of the most splendid edifices in Paris. It is in the Renaissance style of architecture, and profusely decorated with sculpture. I visited the interior a few days since to see the apartments where the fêtes of the city are given. The rooms are covered with the rich carpets of the Gobelins, and splendidly decorated with gilding and paintings. The grand salon surpasses for elegance any I have before seen either in England or elsewhere, and must present a gorgeous *ensemble* when its crystal chandeliers shed the light of 10,000 wax candles on the gay assembly.

On the opposite side of the river runs the Rue de Rivoli, with its crowd of pedestrians and carriages continually moving on, an unceasing panorama of life in this great city. I often sit by my window not only to watch the varying scene, but to feast my eyes on the myriad-colored flowers and to inhale their almost celestial sweetness where they cover the Quai. Almost at my side, on the left, is the Palais du Justice, where the principal courts are held. The hand of the clock, in its square corner tower, is pointing to four, and as I finish this paragraph, the deliberate strokes of its bell, now quite familiar, toll the hour. I rejoice to think that in two weeks I shall be in Germany.

THE STREETS OF PARIS.

The Boulevards and the Rue de Rivoli, are the great fashionable and trading avenues of Paris. The more important of the former skirt the city on the north, and they may be called the Bowery of Paris, for although this avenue may differ much from the Bowery of New-York in many points, yet it corresponds and bears nearly the same relation to that street that the Bowery does to Broadway. There are more people on the Boulevards who appear to have no business ; it is more a promenade of pleasure than the Bowery. It is

about the same width as Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, and on a pleasant day exhibits a sample of all the different people who make up Paris. The man of fashion, the grisette, and the ouvrier in his blouse, jostle against the India shawl of the Lorette, and mingle with a hundred other people of every class, country, and costume. When I arrived in Paris, rows of booths hastily constructed, and filled with every variety of useful and fancy articles, lined both sides of the sidewalks for miles. They are tolerated only for a few days during the holidays. Hundreds of loungers may be seen seated at tables on the sidewalks sipping café or an ice, and enjoying the ever-moving panorama of humanity. The width of the Rue de Rivoli is about a third greater than Broadway, and in the principal part is constructed with arcades. Although these covered ways are very convenient for shopping in wet weather, yet the heavy columns necessary to support the building above, cut off the view of the passengers and diminish the gayety of the scene. The buildings too, being all of the same style and built of the same material, cause it to lack the variety which makes Broadway the most brilliant street in the world. Most of the other streets of Paris have very narrow sidewalks and no smooth stones laid at the crossings, so that although the streets are in good repair and swept every day, it is very difficult to avoid soiling your boots, as you are obliged to step so frequently off the sidewalk to pass a pedestrian. The names of the streets are placed at every corner in conspicuous white letters, enameled on a dark blue ground. Nearly all the houses are numbered in the same way with great uniformity, so that it is much easier to find any given street and house than in London, where there is no uniform system. All the houses in Paris are built of the same material, a cream-colored limestone. I observe that the houses which are enriched with mouldings or ornamental sculpture, are built of rude blocks, which are afterwards worked into architectural details. Most of the dwellings are entered by a huge double door, which resembles that of the private stables in New-York. On the inside, is the office of the concierge, a very useful person, who attends the door, receives letters and messages, and has general charge over the house. It would be well if this system was followed in New-York, where so many families often occupy the same house. Garbage is thrown into the streets early in the morning, and after being well raked over by the chiffoniers, is removed by the street-sweepers, who generally number among their crowd several women who handle the broom with the strength and dexterity of men.

I watched one of the chiffoniers one morning in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, as he dissected a pile of garbage which had been thrown from a house opposite ; he removed one plate, four pieces of bread, one dish-cloth, two mutton-chop bones, one chicken leg, and one old boot. From the care with which he wiped the pieces of bread on his sleeve, I fear he intended to eat them.

The shops of Paris, for the sale of fancy articles and every variety of alimentary produce, exceed in variety of contents any similar establishments in the world. A family can buy at one of these establishments, a complete dinner, ready for the table, including every thing, from a pickle to a roast turkey. In the pastry shops, which are separate establishments from those retailing confectionery or bread, the number of cakes is almost infinite. I was astonished to see the operation of cooking poultry carried on in shops open to the street, where the public who were curious could have a fair chance to see the mystery. The novel manner of cooking the birds, was indeed well worthy of a moment's inspection ; the cooks, who were dressed in snow-white caps and aprons, presided over a large pan of boiling fat in which they *fried* the poultry, in the manner that doughnuts are cooked at home. The baking of cakes, the frying of potatoes, and the manufacture of confectionery, may here be seen accomplished in the streets by numbers of itinerant cooks. Some of the female cooks are conspicuous for their huge caps of muslin, several feet in height, which are furnished with white wings stiffened with wires. Nearly all the boot-blacks here are men ; I have not yet seen a boy at this occupation. Contrary to the custom in London and New-York, neither this class nor the hack-drivers solicit customers. Several women who black boots have their stations on the bridges. On the first week of my arrival I saw a woman stop and have her boots blacked at one of their establishments, and it seemed to attract no notice. During my search for rooms, I saw several of the large hall-doors of dwellings draped with black ; in the hall was a bier covered with a pall by which stood lighted candles and a basin of holy water ; all the passers-by in the street raised their hats as they passed, and many entered to sprinkle holy water on the bier and utter a short prayer for the soul of the departed.

THE DOG MARKET.

In one of my earliest rambles around Paris, I visited the Dog Market. Dogs and cats in Paris are merchantable commodities, and among the people, are inmates of nearly every family. The disgust-

ing familiarity which exists between many French women and their dogs, is a subject of frequent remark among foreigners. However, if there are no children in the family, which is very often the case in Paris where a Frenchman seldom marries until he is exhausted by debauchery, we may account for the predilection they have for animals, for every faculty of the individual demands an object. I was curious to witness the sale of these animals, which takes place every Sunday on the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, in the Horse Market. There were about two hundred of these quadrupeds within the stalls for the horses, and among them was almost every variety, from the King Charles spaniel to the gigantic mastiff, and including many specimens of the yellow-haired-dog with a pointed muzzle, almost peculiar to France ; a few specimens, however, may be seen in the neighborhood of White street in New-York. About one half of the owners of these dogs were women, and it was curious to see the taste displayed by them in the decoration of their merchandise. Most of the puppies had ribbons tied on their necks and tails and were cunningly displayed in baskets to tempt purchasers. The extravagance of the praise bestowed by the venders of these animals on their merchandise, eclipsed even the *horse talk* in the neighborhood of the Bull's Head ; but highly as intelligence, action, and style were vaunted, all these qualities seemed to be secondary to that of jealousy ; yes, jealousy, one of the sins of humanity, is here considered a virtue in a dog. One man assured me without a smile, that he was no dog-merchant, but that he was obliged to part with his extraordinary animal because, having imprudently shown attentions to another dog in presence of the cur before me, he, the said cur, had attempted to commit suicide by hanging himself, such was his rage and despair. Numbers of these animals are disposed of weekly, at prices ranging from five to one hundred francs. The smaller varieties and cats, among which the Angora is a household favorite in Paris, are usually disposed of at the bird-stores on the Quai.

THE LOUVRE.

The Louvre both old and new, may be said to form with the Tuileries, one vast building. The Tuileries, around which history has thrown an absorbing interest, is again the residence of royalty. You are familiar with the agonies which crowned heads have suffered within its halls rich with gilded splendor. Its very name brings with it the visions of beauty and of bloodshed, luxury and riot, gayety and

death, with which the several revolutions have troubled its guarded serenity. The recent additions which the present Emperor has made to the Louvre, are remarkable, not only for their extent, but for the good taste exhibited in the architecture and the short time taken to complete the vast works. The new portion will be occupied with the library and public offices.

The most interesting portion, however, of the whole of the vast building, is that containing its museums, and known as the old Louvre. The building forms a square of about four hundred feet, and incloses a court. The Egyptian collection is on the whole inferior to that in the British Museum, although it contains a few specimens which are much finer than any in the latter. It is rather deficient in the larger sculptures. There are no Assyrian antiquities of importance, and the American antiquities are small in number and of little value. The museum of antique sculpture is, however, finer than any I had conceived, and it includes some of the loveliest figures of antiquity. I have spent days among its treasures with the greatest profit and delight. It includes the statues of Germanicus, The Fighting Gladiator, and the exquisite Venus de Milo; three statues so beautiful and so powerful, that the best works of modern times fade before them as weakness itself, and may well cause the sculptor of to-day to regard them with feelings of delight and wonder, mingled with despair. So simple, so natural, so easy, and yet exhibiting a knowledge so profound, is the execution of these noble examples of Greek art, that we regard them at first with a quiet satisfaction which by degrees becomes mingled with every other emotion of the mind. The department of mediæval sculpture exhibits some choice specimens of Goujon, Francheville, Guillain, and other sculptors of the Renaissance; works of merit, but tinged with the mannerism and affectation which denoted the artificial state of society at the period. Among the modern sculpture, some fine busts by Houdon, some statues by Pradier, and Rude's exquisite Neapolitan Fisher-boy, excited my admiration.

In the galleries of paintings there are some choice examples of the modern French school: Gericault's terrible picture of the Wreck of the Medusa, and the classic paintings of Guerin, Louis, David, and Baron Gros. Among the choice foreign paintings, is the Conception of Murillo, which is continually surrounded by crowds of admirers, men, women, and children. It is perhaps the greatest treasure in the galleries. Besides the paintings and sculpture, the Louvre is rich in curiosities, examples of pottery, and mediæval art manufactures, the

mere mention of which would fill a volume. The rooms themselves, rich in sculpture, painting, and gilding, rich furniture, lounges, and marbles, would have astonished me, were there not so many things within them still more valuable.

THE CARNIVAL.

During the days of the Carnival all Paris appeared gayer than usual. In the streets troupes of figures, dressed in costumes on which, for variety of design and color, Folly herself appeared to have exhausted her resources, sauntered on the bridges, tripped along the streets, or glided in carriages over the Boulevards, amid the smiles and jests of the passers, good-naturedly returning the compliment of some witty repartee. With a few friends I went to the *Place du Carrousel*, to witness the *entree* of the Bœuf Gras and the triumphal procession by which he is accompanied into the court-yard before the palace. It has for ages past been the custom in Paris to lead the prize ox through the streets at this season. On this occasion the animal was placed on a richly decorated car; his horns were gilded, and he was caparisoned with scarlet, and crowned with flowers. Bands of music, and horsemen in armor, representing knights of the olden time, and accompanied with banners borne by horsemen in rich costume, preceded the animal. A car containing a number of women, richly dressed, and crowned with towers, represented the chief cities of France. The ox, a really noble animal, rolled his large white and black eyes, as the shouts of the people announced the arrival of the gorgeous pageant at the Tuileries. The small central piazza was hung with crimson velvet; and soon the window opened, and the Emperor and Empress appeared, attended by a lady in waiting, bearing the young prince imperial in her arms: he was dressed in pale blue, trimmed with white down. The vast multitude, who were crowded against the railings, sent up a loud shout; the imperial personages bowed their heads, and gracefully acknowledged it. The lady in waiting left with the prince. The people shouted still louder, and the guards withdrew, and the people rushed into the inclosure, crying "Vive l'Empereur!" The Empress retired, but returned in a moment with the little prince in her arms. She kissed him on the balcony before the people, and then the Emperor took him and kissed him. He then held him out to the people. The vast crowd, at this manifestation, fairly shrieked. The baby prince kissed his tiny hand

to the people, and the excitement grew intense ; for a few moments a perfect shower of hats were thrown up, in the eagerness of the people to attest their joy. The Emperor and Empress bowed gracefully several times, and withdrew.

VERSAILLES.

A few days since I spent a day at this palace, so famous in French history, not only as a monument of the extravagance and folly of one of her vainest and most voluptuous monarchs, but for the important part the expense of its erection bore in causing the Revolution. It is almost impossible to give a description of this palace. To attempt it would occupy too much space, and it would not be very interesting. Its extent and gorgeousness must be seen to be appreciated. The architecture of the pile—the renaissance of the age—give the idea of profusion rather than harmony, of voluptuousness rather than purity of taste. In its interior embellishments, costly marbles, rich woods, painting and gold have been employed with a reckless profusion that never fails to excite wonder in the visitor, however much he may be prepared for the display. Louis XIV. is said to have employed at one time 10,000 men on the grounds and building, and to have expended more than 200,000,000 of francs for this residence. Since its conversion to a museum of French art, and a monument of French glory by Louis Philippe, it has been constantly receiving additional paintings, which now number many thousands, and include among them many choice specimens from the easels of Horace Vernet, Ary Schæffer, and other great masters of the living school ; some of the battle-pieces of the former are terribly real. It is said that the paintings, placed side by side, would extend nine miles ; and among them are many chef d'œuvres ; so of course I can give you little opinion after one visit. The grounds of the palace are immense, and are decorated with statues, bowers, lakes, and fountains. The severity of the winter here has made great havoc with the marble sculptures, notwithstanding the constant care bestowed upon them. In the summer, when the fountains play, the grounds must be delightful. The Trianons are small palaces built by Louis XIV. and Louis XV. for their mistresses, Madame de Maintenon and Madame de Berri. They were once occupied by Josephine, and are sumptuous residences, filled with all that can make the body comfortable. How little they have, however, done for the happiness of their inmates !

THE BOURSE.

I was passing up the Rue Rivienne with a young friend, when, seeing the crowds which pressed through the narrow gates, he proposed to enter and get a sight of the moneyed men of Paris, to which I agreed ; so we each paid the franc demanded at the gate, and passed in with the crowd. As we entered the fine hall, the yells of five hundred voices saluted our ears, and for a moment we were stunned and confused with the incessant din which was kept up. At first we thought it must be some extraordinary occasion, but found that it was only an ordinary business day. Within a railing moved about twenty members, attended by a number of police, who, in a disordered manner carried messages to and from the persons who were crowded on the outside of the railing. The extravagant gestures and grimaces in which these persons indulged, for vivacity and intensity threw even the contortions of the inhabitants of the wire cage in the Jardin des Plants, in the shade. These excited beings, bulls, bears, [stock-gamblers] and brokers—some pale with anxiety, others flushed with excitement, were continually yelling as loud as possible, and exhibited in their faces all the worst passions which agitate the human soul. I have yet seen no place where the anatomy of expression could be studied to such advantage. It is little wonder that women should be excluded from such a scene ; a participation in its excitement could scarcely fail to deprive any woman who possessed any feminine qualities, or retained any of the sensitiveness of the sex, of reason, and to create a frenzy by which I am sure many of the individuals we saw at the great gambling-house would not object to profit. We both shouted as loudly as we could, but the confusion was so great that our voices were lost amid the prices, fractions, and units of the boisterous and excited crowd.

The Bourse is one of the most elegant buildings in Paris. It is of classic architecture, and built of cream-colored limestone. It owes much of its fine effect to its situation, which permits a view to be taken of the whole building, unlike the public edifices of London, and the Exchange in New-York, which are so hemmed in by houses that any attempt to judge of their harmony is impossible. The interior is rich and harmonious ; and a gallery which runs around the hall at about half its height, affords, on public occasions, a view of the proceedings.

THE MARKETS.

The markets of Paris form one of its most interesting features, and one must visit them to discover the variety of products for which this great city of luxury is so famous, and also to see the market-women and men, who form a large and distinct class in Paris. The new Central Halls, an immense structure of iron, situated near the old *Marche des Innocents*, when entirely completed, will be the largest and most elegant market in the world. Neither of the great markets of Liverpool or Newcastle can compare with it for size and convenience. It will inclose about sixteen acres of ground. Already a large portion is occupied. Fish and some other products, are occasionally sold at auction to crowds of excited people, who for variety of costume rival the frequenters of the mask balls, and among whom may frequently be seen a sister of charity, with her large white hood, and black dress with a cross and beads at her side. I was amused in the butter-market, to see the women-purchasers dig large pieces from the various rolls, with their fingers, for trial. The butter in rolls, is generally inclosed in a cabbage-leaf. The market for the sale of poultry and game is situated on the south side of the river, on the *Quai*. On the morning when I visited it, I saw several thousands of young, living squabs, (pigeons.) They were in large, open baskets, and as it was feeding-time, I was curious to see the manner in which a parent's place was supplied to them. This office was filled by a fat man, who had a quantity of seeds and water in a tub before him. Filling his mouth with the mixture, he seized a pigeon, and placing its bill in his mouth, he injected the food down its throat. This operation was very rapidly performed, and while I stood by, more than a hundred birds were thus fed, much to their apparent satisfaction.

The flower-market, which is held twice a week on the *Quai* opposite the tower of *St. Jacques*, is very extensive, and even at this time its productions surpass *Covent Garden* in its most favored season. The brilliance and perfume of the flowers, the beauty and delicacy of their forms, makes me forget that it is winter as I walk among them.

The old-clothes market, near the *Rue de Temple*, where the Jews have taken up their quarters, is one of the most remarkable in Paris. Every variety of clothing, from the richest to the meanest, new and old, with a wilderness of rags, of every color, make the place more remarkable for its curiosities than perhaps any place in Paris. Numbers of women with Jewish features seized upon me, as I took a walk

through its narrow avenues. Their importunities exceeded those of a Chatham street Jew on a countryman. I was at last obliged to take to my heels and run away, to escape being torn asunder by two hideous-looking women, whose features appear again whenever I chance to look at a collection of old clothes.

Paris possesses in the garden of the Tuileries, and the garden of the Luxembourg, two places which form the substitute for the large parks in London. Both are extensive, and rich in statues and fountains, but both are inferior in those charms which make the London parks so delightful. The soft and pretty landscape on the Serpentine, and the water in St. James, are more gratifying than the stiff and formal avenues of trees in the Luxembourg. Nature has been courted in one, and art in the other. The Bois de Boulogne, which is, however, too great a distance from the city to be available for those who most need the healing influence of its cool groves, its sunny lakes, and sparkling cascades, is indeed a delightful place of recreation. It owes much of its attractions to the present Emperor, who has infused a life into all the public works such as they have never before possessed.

It is a favorite drive of the Emperor and Empress, and indeed of pleasure-loving Paris. Every fine day the noble avenue of the Champs Elysees is crowded with gay carriages, filled with richly dressed ladies and gentlemen, who imitate the Emperor in their pleasures. When its young woods shall have acquired the size of the trees in the English parks, it will be unsurpassed as a public resort.

I have been looking, in company with a French friend, at the statue of Voltaire by Houdon, in the Theatre Française, the model of which I had alluded to in the Church of St. Genevieve; and as I know your passion for the study of the human face, I never more desired your presence than whilst looking at it. One glance at this great statue seems to reveal the soul of the great French wit and satirist, in a clearer manner than the perusal of all his works. With what firmness every muscle of that ghastly face is developed: every faculty appeared to have there its tendon, every passion its wire. What a penetration in the full eye; what biting sarcasm, full even to malice, in the thin, fine lip, which seems to quiver with scorn, just ready to burst from a brain heated by its morbid activity. It is a veritable chef d'œuvre.

Ever yours,

J. M.

This is all we can afford to give our readers from our copious notes on the gay French capital. By the delightful extract which

follows, they will see that our friend is now in Germany ; as soon as he leaves the family of his relatives, he will continue his observations on the German people, which we shall give hereafter. It gratifies us much to receive the numerous assurances of our exchanges, that we did not incorrectly judge our young friend's ability to write acceptably whatever interested him. Certainly nothing could be more graceful and truly natural than these sketches.

COBLENZ ON THE RHINE, April 31st, 1858.

DEAR DOCTOR : I was delighted this morning on going to the post-office here, to find a long letter from you. I shall spend a few months in Germany, and then advise you of my further movements. I have passed a most delightful fortnight here with the amiable family, Müller.* The old gentleman has not left his bed for seven years, and his whole business, which is thriving, has devolved on his daughter, who, although unmarried, is a pattern as regards female patience and affection. She is beloved by the whole city, and every one speaks of her with affection. With this amiable woman I have made many agreeable walks amid the charming scenery with which this place is surrounded, and have been well entertained by other friends here ; some of the excursions I have made have been delicious. The birds seem to warble here with a sweeter music than I have heard elsewhere ; every thing is looking green and lovely. *The people, too, I love.* I am sure you would feel glad amid a people who have so many generous qualities and so hearty an hospitality. I wish you were here to spend a few days with me. I fancy with what delight I could lead you amid some of the fairy scenery of the Rhine and the Mosel, amid the warbling of nightingales, the gushing of streams, and the perfume of the flowers of spring ; how from some ruined fragment, perched on the summit of a rock, we might see the sun set over the winding river, bordered with villages, and watch the gorgeous cloud panorama above the distant mountains. In such moments, the world might seem to grow small and gradually to withdraw into the distance ; like some planet it might wear a disc and take its place among its fellows.

How shall I thank you for your kindness in writing me so constantly those delightful letters ? I get a new view every time of the interior of our home circle. * * * JOHN MATTHEWS.

* The father of our fellow-citizen, Charles Müller, the sculptor of the "Minstrel's Curse," and brother-in-law to our Correspondent.

ART. CXXXIII.—*The Yellow Fever in its Medico-Political Aspect ; Burning of the Quarantine Buildings ; Was it justifiable ?*

THE subject of our Quarantine regulations was taken up by the Editor in the fifth number of this Journal as long ago as 1849, under the title of "Abuses at the Quarantine," "Contagious and Infectious Diseases." Ship-fever and cholera had then been so long familiar to our people as chiefly the diseases of the wretched emigrant, that in the long absence of yellow fever from our city, the occasional death of a miserable doctor very slightly disturbed their equanimity, and as long as commerce was not interrupted, nobody cared what amount of suffering or danger was incurred by the sick or contiguous residents of Staten Island ; the merchants enjoyed their "splendid country-seats" in safety, and passed by the great pest-house regardless of the groans of its inmates, or the prospective dangers of the pestilence as the number of ships and the amount of infection yearly increased. There was nothing wonderful in this ; for nothing blinds a man's perceptions to natural laws and natural truth like wealth ; no class of people can equal the merchants for obtuseness in their reasoning powers and perceptions where their pockets are concerned. Dr. John W. Sterling, Assistant Physician to the Marine Hospital, a man whom every body that knows will pronounce a most estimable and unaffected example of humanity and science, published at that time "A History of the Asiatic Cholera at Quarantine, in December, 1848, and January, 1849." In this pamphlet he felt called on to detail the awful horrors of the "North Public Store," then used for an hospital, and no ceiling of which was over nine feet, and in which great numbers of the sick were immured in their own exhalations till death released them from their misery. For this, Dr. Sterling was visited with the wrath of his medical superior, who, of course, viewed the place solely as a money-getting machine, where he could share the wages of the lighters, stevedores, and washerwomen, and regale his political friends with dinners and champagne.

The article alluded to in the first year's issue of our Journal, was again quoted in 1856, when the yellow fever was so wickedly brought to Gowanus by a detachment of infected ships, and so stoutly denied to exist by the corrupt health-officers of Brooklyn and this city, until it swept off a large number of the citizens of Long Island, and two of her most estimable physicians, Drs. Crane and Dubois. We again

quote it as equally applicable to the present year, and a suitable chronicle of the condition of things before the people so righteously took the matter out of the hands of commercial ignorance and cupidity and medical corruption, by destroying the buildings :

“The necessity for an efficient and strict Quarantine against the yellow fever has been demonstrated. It has been blown to our shores from the infected ships, and brought by hogsheads of sugar, by hides and bales of rags, and in the holds of vessels.

“The fact that the yellow fever was so fatal, in 1856, at Gowanus, and that on the very borders of the ocean, where ventilation is as free as the wind can make it, we conceive to prove in a very remarkable manner the *reproductive* character of the disease. The cholera *killed eleven persons in one house*, near this very spot, in the year 1849 ! There was an immense heap of putrid fish for manure near the house where these people died ; the land for a century has been manured with fish and street manure, containing much animal matter ; this produces the other element that the original imported leaven requires to work on. The infection was blown from the ships at Quarantine, and found precisely what it required for its propagation.”

Blind indeed, or willfully perverse, must be the man, who attaches no importance to the fact of the arrival of cholera, ship and yellow fever, in every instance, in ships, either in Canada, at New-Orleans, or at our quarantines or docks. It is originally only a hidden leaven ; gradually it shows its palpable symptoms ; another takes it, and then another, always visitors of the same locality ; finally contiguous residents are infected, and then we must either suppose the atmosphere affected by the propagation of the leaven issuing from the vessel ; or else we ought to expect facts of equal force to prove its origination from some point perfectly isolated, and where no influence can by any possibility exist from the infected vessel.

Quarantine is either a matter of vital importance, or it is worse than useless ; a clog to commerce, and an addition to the misery and care of the poor emigrant. With the views we have advocated, we need not attempt further proof of its importance in our own opinion. We have attempted to prove the existence of a necessary element in the atmosphere for the diffusion of infection. That this element exists in the greatest abundance in badly-ventilated places, where the exhalations and excretions of the sick accumulate and are confined, there is no doubt. It is there the leaven concentrates its powers, ready to spread when the condition of the atmosphere suits that purpose.

The isolation of the sick, and the thorough ventilation of their apartments, are admitted to be absolutely vital to the suppression of contagion on the threshold. It is for that purpose that the Quarantine hospitals are established ; not as pens in which to confine the dying man till he is ready to be buried. Both our duty to the afflicted emigrant, the preservation of our own lives, and the interests of commerce, demand the strictest account by the medical officers of the Quarantine. The present locality of the buildings on Staten Island, is, in our opinion, an outrageous invasion of the rights of private citizens. We suggest an immediate removal of this great State establishment, involving as it does the nearest interests of human life, the performance of Christian duty, and the prosperity of our whole State and country through the pulse of her great commercial metropolis.

From the present and prospective state of priest and king-ridden Europe, our country will for ages be the home of her wretched children. They leave her shores with the moral and physical degradation of superstition and tyranny of centuries, debasing their souls and bodies. What wonder is it that its inevitable consequence overtakes them on their wretched voyage hither ? Ship-fever and cholera have given us warning enough in their dreadful results, to arouse all the energies of government. Our profession may continue to fall at their posts, and our citizens to die by thousands, with no prospect of relief, until this great national matter of Quarantine enlists the best available science of our profession. Let its officers no longer receive their appointments as a political reward, but for their enlarged views of their science as it bears upon the preservation of human life, and their duty as citizens of our great Republic. Let the Quarantine establishment be removed to the lower bay, where the buildings may be indefinitely extended, so as to command thorough ventilation, and proper isolation of the sick. Before the present century is past we shall require them to extend for miles, but not in the present cumbrous and expensive manner. Science has done all that we want ; let her be thoroughly interrogated in a matter of such vast importance to the nation. Let us receive these down-trodden emigrants as Christ commanded and philosophy enjoins.

We called on several of our prominent merchants, and talked earnestly on the subject ; we wrote articles for the papers and urged the removal of the pest-house ; we ought to have some weight, for we never asked for, and we would scorn to receive, a cent of the public money ; we never even attended a political meeting, for we never

held office and never believed in the rectification of abuses by political men. The admonitions were unheeded; the great commercial and medical harlot—politics, flouted the warning and went on her guilty way. No one inquired of the orphans of our brethren and citizens who fed them; no one asked the widow why she sighed; the kind eyes that beamed on her were closed in death, and the hands that smoothed the little heads and the ears that were made glad with their joyous prattle, were carried to the grave, and others supplied the calls of the sick.

Efforts were now made to purchase a site for the hospitals lower down the bay; and although some of the citizens of New-Jersey were conscientiously opposed to its location on their shores, there is no doubt that perfect safety to them might have been insured by the purchase of enough land to insure the proper isolation of the establishment, and compelling the ships to keep at a sufficient distance in the good roadstead at Seguire's Point.

Again, the foul touch of commercial avarice put a stop to the consummation of the purchase, and influence enough was excited in New-Jersey to crush the attempt, and cause the destruction of the buildings. Again, the pestilence came; and the citizens of Staten Island, exasperated at the evident determination by a selfish mercantile community, and vile set of needy and unprincipled medical politicians, applied the torch to their nuisance, and destroyed it by a measure high-handed indeed, but no more so than the occasion demanded. We maintain, that the act was perfectly justifiable by the emergency, and it only requires that simple rule to make the grievance of a father, a mother, or a daughter's death by yellow fever contracted there—one's own, to prove the justice of it, to every impartial man.

The site was sold, it is true, for a yellow fever hospital and roadstead, but that was done fifty years ago; besides, the State only purchased thirty acres, and then ships were few comparatively in number, and the adjacent hundreds of acres but sparsely settled, so that few incurred the danger. Moreover, it is only within the past ten years that our commerce with yellow-fever ports has brought a sufficient number of vessels at once to Quarantine, to concentrate enough contagion to admit its transmission to the shore.

The natural law for its removal was evolved by time and the increase of commerce and population; the rights of the numerous citizens, who own the hundreds of acres and houses inhabited by their wives and children, and the poor fishermen and farmers who glean their

subsistence from the bay and the soil, must be respected. Our merchants have had their privilege long enough, and they ought to have submitted to its removal and coöperated heart and hand to effect it. The absurd ravings of Governor King and Mayor Tiemann will only add to the indignation and contempt for them of all just men. Self-preservation and the protection of one's family is the first law of nature. The Quarantine was made for the protection of the people, not to foster mercantile selfishness and political villainy.

Every thing we have said in the above article is predicated upon the state of commercial and medical ignorance and insolence, and political villainy, as it now exists. The Quarantine establishment is nothing more than a political bait for the Governor and his clique. The people of Staten Island are entitled to the removal of the hospital, and the people of the State to the entire abolition of the disgraceful nest of medical robbers on these grounds alone. Be it remembered, however, that if the people had been properly instructed in the unchangeable laws which the experience of a hundred years has proved to govern the communicability of yellow fever, as fully set forth in our seventh number, there would have been no necessity for destroying the hospitals; all that would have been necessary would have been to demand that the infected ships should be detained and their cargoes be landed at some proper place in the lower bay; the sick might then have been brought up and nursed at the hospitals, or directly up to their relatives and homes in the city; there is not one instance on record of yellow fever having been communicated from one person to another; it is brought to our city by ships and cargoes alone. As for detaining well persons, it is an oppressive and intolerable proceeding, of no possible use to the safety of any one. As the matter stands, the loss of all the buildings is the consequence of popular ignorance and political and medical villainy.

What can be more disgraceful than a medical man extortionizing dollars from his travelling fellow-citizens for washing their shirts and sharing the earnings of poor lightermen, under the patronage and protection of the Governor of the State? We sincerely hope that the people of Staten Island will be firm in their determination to purify their beautiful county from this odious political pest-house, and show the world that they know how to protect their rights as citizens and fathers.

ART. CXXXIV.—*An M.D., or a Modern Doctor of Medicine ; Pursuit of Practice under Difficulties.*

IN the days in which our forefathers lived, a doctor of medicine was as rare as an orange tree in a hot-house. He wore a three-cornered hat, a powdered head or wig, with a pig-tail, a court-cut coat and vest, a white neck-cloth, a frilled front to his shirt, black small clothes, with silver or gold buckles at the knees, black silk stockings, and shoes with large silver buckles, a pair of venerable gloves on his hands, and a gold-headed cane in one of them. His fee was a guinea, and invariably paid on receiving his advice.

Of course so august a personage was not to be had by every body, nor for every thing. He prescribed in real medical Latin, and could read some Greek. He counted the pulse by a gold repeater, looked at the tongue through gold spectacles, and asked the usual questions about other matters with unusual gravity. Every word was medical, every look was learned.

The wealthy, of course, always employed him, for they had the guineas to pay, and their health was of consequence enough to spend guineas upon it. The middle class, and the poor, could not afford guineas for their health, and, consequently, were obliged to suffer sickness. Many, of course, died for want of a guinea, without which they could not have the doctor. Since then, that class of doctors is dead, and we come to the present class—the modern M.Ds., who are as common as blackberries. A young man, having worked on a farm, or loafed in the city, or having been a carpenter, or a clerk in a grocery store, or a letter-carrier, or a clerk in the Post-Office or Custom-House, or a bar-tender, or a member of Assembly—all at once conceives the thought of being an M.D.

Arrangements are made with some “practising” M.D. to “study” in his office. Accordingly, instead of chewing and smoking at the corner grocery store, or lager beer saloon, he chews and smokes at the office of “the Doctor,” lounges over some medical books, looks at Dunglison, Wood, Payne, Dewees, and “*so on*,” and matriculates at some one of the numerous medical establishments, popularly called “medical colleges.”

Here he sometimes is present when the “Professors” of the various branches of medical science drawl or drivel their stale and tiresome diatribes, commonly styled “lectures.” He, industriously em-

ployed in chewing tobacco, carving pictures or names on his bench, throwing paper pellets at his fellow-"students," reading the newspaper penny-a-liner's report of his last night's "spree," or sleeping in his corner with uncombed hair, unbrushed clothes, unwashed hands and face, and boots that don't seem to have been taken off since they were put on—he, *in this way, attends* three courses of "lectures."

During the last course, he attends the "quiz" of the Professor, and is "crammed" by a private lecturer styled a "grinder," and, on payment of a fee, is "passed," and receives his "diploma." He is a *regular M.D.*, and authorized by law to "practise."

He hires an "office" at a boarding-house, puts up his sign—"DOCTOR"—in full, has a thousand handsome cards for distribution, and sets himself down "to practise." He manages to get down stairs to breakfast, then smokes and chews till ten o'clock, and sets off to make "calls."

The first call he makes is at his favorite liquor-place, where he gets a glass of his particular "drink" to nerve him up for the arduous duties of the day. The next call is at his barber's, where he gets his hair *arranged* after the most approved style of his "favorite Professor." He then "drops in" among his acquaintance to "announce himself" and leave his cards.

At last he receives a "call." The lady who rents him his office is suddenly taken ill, and he is summoned to her room. She is lying on her couch, with her hands clasped together, her eyes rolling wildly, her lower limbs violently thrown about, and she sighs, sobs, and screams most terrifically.

On a careful *diagnosis* of her case, after making the most minute and searching inquiries of those in attendance, he "pronounces" his "opinion," that it is a very severe case of *Hysteria*, and prescribes accordingly. We here put down carefully a copy of the "prescription:"

R. Tinct. asafœt. ℥j. To be put into a pint of gruel, and given as an enema.

R. Tinct. Assafœtid. ℥ ss.

— Valer. ℥i. m. Take one teaspoonful in two tablespoonfuls of gin and water every hour.

R. Hyd. Submur. gr. ʒ.

Pulv. Jalap. gr. x. To be taken immediately.

J. A., M.D.

While these therapeutic preparations were being carefully compounded at the nearest respectable drug-store, and our M.D. was anxiously waiting their arrival, the lady, without asking his advice, ejected from her stomach its heterogeneous contents, consisting of ale and apples, bread and blackberries, crabs and candies, cabbage and corned beef, currants and champagne, cakes and coffee, dough-nuts and dumplings, hollands and huckleberries, and lager and lemonade.

Lifting up her head, and looking at the puddle she had made, she exclaimed: "It's that cursed lager! I knew it was not good. *Good* lager never serves me so. I can drink a gallon of the *good* any time." Turning to the girl who was standing by, she said: "Get me a gill of brandy; mind it's the best, now; and a quart of the fresh-drawn lager. Be quick now, I'm *so* dry."

Our M.D., who all this time had been watching with great anxiety the progress of the case, very gravely asked her how she felt, remarking that her medicine would be here shortly, when she would soon be relieved. "I'm well enough," said she, "only give me my drink." So saying, she lay down on her sofa, and told the doctor she did not need him.

Our M.D. was rather confounded by the turn which matters took, but consoled himself with the thought that his consultation and attendance would be worth five dollars, and that would be so much toward the rent. He therefore retired to meditate on the remarkable case which he had just seen, and resolved that he would collect and publish a few "remarkable cases," to bring himself into notice.

After the lapse of a week, another "call" occurred. A young girl in the neighborhood was taken ill, she had "high fever," was very red and delirious. As scarlet fever was prevalent, and the symptoms were very distinct, our M.D. "pronounced the complaint "scarlet fever."

He ordered ice-water to her head, mustard plasters to her feet, carefully and scientifically "swabbed" her throat with nitrate of silver to "subdue inflammation" and "prevent ulceration," and prescribed the following:

℞. Ant. Tart. gr. j.
Pot. Supertart. ʒ ij.
Syr. Limon. ʒ j.
Mist. Camph. ʒ ss. M.

One tablespoonful every hour.

℞. Hyd. Submur. gr. ʒ.

Pulv. Jalap. gr. x. M. To be taken in

sirup immediately.

J. A., M.D.

Every thing was progressing very delightfully when, on the fourth day, an eruption appeared, and an old colored woman coming in, unbidden and unasked, exclaimed: "If Miss Liza habn't got small-pox, sure as pumpkins."

The friends, becoming alarmed, called in a "consulting physician," who, of course, paying no attention to the discovery of the colored woman, "decided" that the case was one of "*malignant varioloid*."

At once he altered the whole of the treatment, ordering bark and brandy, in small quantities, and strictly forbade all vegetable acids, as of lemons or fruits, and prescribed ten drops of "*Acidum Nitricum Dilutum*," in decoction of barley, every four hours. The body was to be carefully sponged with "*tepid* water" morning and evening, but "not a drop" was to be put on the head.

Our M.D. received his dismissal without his fees, and discomfited in his medical operations, and discomposed in mind, retired to meditate on the uncertainties of an honorable professional career.

For a few days our M.D. felt "pretty bad," but the soothing effects of a few "best Havannas," and a few bottles of Scotch ale, some choice lager, a visit to "Chrystie's" and "Burton's," "brought him up."

Some weeks elapsed ere another "call" occurred. He had been busily occupied in reading the Medical Journals, Reports of "The Academy," cursing the SCALPEL and its editor, making speeches against "quackery"—especially that meanest of all forms of it, Homeopathy—and was thinking seriously of composing a work on the dignity of the "True Physician," when a servant-girl, in the house of an *Alderman*, was suddenly taken ill, and our M.D. was sent for.

The girl was speechless. However, as she had violent spasmodic pains, occurring at intervals, accompanied with vomiting of "bilious matter," the case was set down as one of *bilious colic*.

She was "ordered" to have her bowels fomented with hot water and laudanum, to drink some hot brandy and water, and to "*lie down in a recumbent position*," on a hard mattress, and "lightly covered." The following prescription was carefully and elaborately written:

℞. Ol. Terebinth. ʒ ij.
Mist. Acac. ʒ j.
Tinct. Opii. ʒ ij. M.

Put into a pint of *well-boiled* gruel, and give as an injection *immediately*.

This fundamental prescription was flanked by the inevitable one,

℞. Hyd. Submur. gr. ʒ.

Pulv. Jalap gr. ×. M.

To be taken in syrup directly.

℞. Ess. Ment. P. ʒ iss.

Tinct. Rhei. ʒ j.

— Camph. C. ʒ ss.

Syrup. Zinzib. ʒ ij. ft. M.

One desert-spoonful every hour.

J. A., M.D.

He requested to be sent for, in case any important change happened, and very earnestly insisted that every thing he had ordered should be punctually attended to. Stating that he would call again in four hours, he retired.

Getting into his hired carriage, he found one of his old fellow-students, and they agreed to drive up-town, by way of making "calls," for an hour or so, thinking it best not to be too much at home, for the sake of appearances.

Before he returned to his office, the young woman became so much worse, and her symptoms so alarming, that the family sent for their own physician, who, on arriving, told them the case would soon be over, as the young woman was in labor.

They were awfully astonished at the new opinion, and while doubting (hopefully for the young woman) of its truth, for she came to them highly recommended, were suddenly convinced of its certainty by a fine healthy little boy being added to the number of the inmates of the house. "Every thing being right" and properly attended to, the "family physician" retired.

Our M.D. called on his way to his office, and was received with less courtesy than on his former visit; and on being shown in, was shown the baby, and then—shown out. Had the baby been his own, he could not have been more confounded on being confronted with it. What a train of reflections this educed on the artfulness and deception of women! He *almost* came to the *settled conclusion* never again to attend servant-girls, whatever might be the matter with them.

However, as he perceived that he would not be wanted again there, he sent in his bill of two dollars, and was refused payment, with a threat of action for malpractice.

He consulted a friend of his, who "practises law," and was informed that if they sued him, he might set up the defense, that when *he* saw

the girl she had colic, and that, of course, brought on labor. So both of the doctors were right. Satisfied of the safety of his position in law, he waited the result of fortune.

Such a series of disasters, coming so quickly upon him, would have entirely discouraged him but for the comfortable assurance of some of his fellow-students, who were "set down to practice," that their experience was not much better than his.

A few of them went together to the theatre to see Burton in the character of Dominie Samson, and they were fortified by the moral example of a man of learning almost equal to "a modern M.D.," struggling with adversity to the end of life. They retired from the theatre to a lager beer saloon, and became mellow, when they went to one M.D.'s office to smoke and talk over the difficulties of the pursuit of practice. They were interrupted by a "call" to a child in fits. So they went together—for experience. Now, fits are fits, and they are enough to give any one fits who has to attend them. They are so terrific in appearance, so uncertain in result, so very troublesome in attendance, and so thankless and ill-pay the pains and skill of the doctor. However, the fits were undertaken.

Leeches were applied to the head, to relieve the "*congested state of the sensorium*;" an enema was "administered" to "*unload the bowels*" as soon as possible; an emetic was given "*to remove epigastric and præcordial oppression*;" and a warm bath was ordered, "*to rouse the torpid circulation and the pneumonic and cerebral functions.*"

The "family physician," being out, was the cause of the "call;" and on coming home, he went to the case and found our "modern M.D." and his learned associates. Being a man of good sense and good feeling, he thanked them for every thing which they had done, except the application of the leeches, and kindly informed them that the child was subject to worms, and if any of them could devise a remedy for that, which would be successful, he should be obliged, as he had exhausted his means without the desired effect.

The list of vermifuges was quoted, and the inevitable *calomel* and *gamboge* highly recommended. Alas! they had all been tried, and the worms, or what was the same thing, the fits, were there now and then. Our M.D. was, of course, "well posted" on fits, and gave it as *his* opinion that something which the child had eaten was "*the proximate or exciting cause.*"

On inquiry, he found the child had eaten *corn* and *beets*; and he assured the physician and friends that he had known many cases of

fits produced by children eating such improper food. The family physician merely asked him if he had ever succeeded in extracting the corn and beets from the stomach or intestines, by leeches applied to the head?

Our M.D. fired up at once, and replied that the leeches were, of course, to prevent congestion. The family physician again asked him where the congestion would be in case it were produced by the corn and beets—in the belly or the head? Our M.D. replied that the “*irritation* might be in the *intestinal canal*, and yet the *congestion* be in the *cerebrum*.” The physician replied by asking him, if he were to strike his toe against a stone, whether he would put his toe or his head in warm water?

Our modern M.D., finding his medical logic fail him, said he was of opinion that the authorized treatment was right, and that medical discussions were unsuitable before the friends of the patient. However, the friends perceived that the discussion was more unsuitable to him than to them, and as he retired, they observed, *that he did not seem to know much, any how.*

On breathing fresh air again, he remarked, that he had pretty well used up the old foggy, he thought; to which philosophic exclamation his companions replied, that they would bet a bottle of brandy the old fellow did not belong to “the Academy,” and in future they would advise him not to meet such old humbugs, adding, that all that they knew was what they were taught before the light of modern science shone on “the theory and practice of medicine”!

Finding that the pursuit of patients, under such difficulties, was more arduous than he supposed it was, he thought he would try the virtue of politics and obtain some medical appointment. There was one difficulty in the way; the alderman whose servant-girl he attended so unfortunately for himself. However, he knew enough of Latin to comprehend sufficiently the quotation, “*Nil desperandum*,” which he translated freely: “*It’s no use being down in the mouth,*” or, “*Keep a good stiff upper lip.*”

Fortified by such an amount of classical wisdom, and elevated by so many generous aspirations, he mustered his political friends and announced himself a candidate for the honors of “a Dispensary Doctor,” and followed it up by an active canvass and some stump speaking at certain restaurants and lager-saloons.

The science of the profession was temporarily abandoned for the more urgent duties of button-holding, ear-whispering, eaves-dropping,

wire-pulling, pipe-laying, committee-waiting, caucus-tending, obtaining introductory and commendatory letters, and the arts of bowing, smirking, smiling, and palavering to greasy and vulgar committeemen.

The canvass was a hotly-contested one; our M.D. being of the Democratic party, and not a member in good standing of an orthodox church, whilst his opponent was a Republican and a member of the Presbyterian Church, that exercised much influence in the Ward. However, the Democracy won the day, and our hero was at last triumphantly appointed "one of the physicians to the Dispensary," and had the honor of seeing his name on the book.

Here a new field of operations and adventures opened to him, of which we have much to say. At present we feel, like our heroic M.D., that we have achieved a great work, and we propose, like him, to "rest for a spell," (this remarkably elegant phrase we have copied very carefully from one of the classic paragraphs of our medical hero.)

We, therefore, invite our readers to partake with us of that "*quies requies, otium que tranquillitas*" which we and they alike so much need to recruit us for the future rehearsal of our "modern M.D."

ART. CXXXV.—*Drains and Cess-Pools; their improper construction, and Consequences in New-York and Paris; Condition of the Thames; the Londoners caught in their own Filth; Value of the Contents of Cess-Pools.*

CIVILIZATION and cleauliness go hand in hand. With nations as with individuals, as they become refined and enlightened, the old and disgusting habits and customs are discarded, and in their place are substituted those of a more noble, more cleanly nature. The first order and law of nature is cleanliness. It is dictated by the Bible, it is dictated by our own conscience. Moses forbid that the open camp should be defiled, and ordered the filth removed to a distance and covered with soil.

Nature dictates it by her own instincts. The animal can not remain healthy while dirty. This, those who devote their attention to the raising of horses, dogs, etc., know full well. The filth from the stable or kennel must be removed continually, or the animal falls a victim to disease.

In our large cities cleanliness is of vital importance. Here are a large mass of people congregated together. Their mode of life renders their constitutions open to contagion. Now if they are exposed to atmospheric impurity from decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, which is a concomitant of the ravages of typhus and other fevers, what can be the result but great mortality? While great earnestness is devoted to Quarantine, but little attention is paid to the more important subject of sewerage and internal cleanliness. These internal causes are of more vital importance to the community, as regards health, than all Quarantine regulations. From uncleanness the mass is placed in such a condition as to render the infection from Quarantine pest-houses doubly dangerous. Why will not our Board of Health attend to this subject? Why will they not rather devote their time for the real good of the people more, and to the lining of their pockets with gold less? Why can not the people place in this office not mere politicians, but men of good sense—honest men, who have the well-being of the community at heart? Until this is done, pestilence will run through our cities, and the funeral knell will toll over many a man destined for some good and noble cause; but thus cut down through sheer want of cleanliness. Surely retribution will fall upon some one.

The responsibility of public health is a great one. It is of more importance than gold or silver. Let, then, the community awaken from this lethargy—let them appoint conscientious men, who will give their time and talents to the great cause. Why will you stand idle and see thousands of your fellow-creatures falling by your side, victims to avarice and lust for gold? Show by your actions that you are *men*, and not merely tools to some political leader.

Again, you owe this duty to your children, whose constitutions are being destroyed by this filth. Shall your sins be visited upon your posterity? Have you no human feelings in your breast? If you have, then pay attention to this. Let each and every person see that those sanitary regulations necessary for public health are strictly enforced.

The subject of drainage and sewerage is of vital importance to a great metropolis; no people can live among cess-pool emanations and be healthy; strong constitutions can withstand it for a time, but others are destroyed; still this subject of drainage is treated with apparent unconcern. Cess-pools are a great source of contagion. The air becomes impregnated with unwholesome vapors. The wells in the

vicinity become contaminated, the health of the people destroyed, and an epidemic is the result. This is the case when the surface of the street is perfectly clean. In Paris, local cess-pools are chiefly used. A person there, while in the vicinity of one of these, feels a kind of languor, explainable only by the bad air,

The superiority of the removal of filth by dilution with water, for which our Croton gives us such facility, has been fully demonstrated. Again, liquid manure for agricultural purposes possesses great advantages over that in a solid form. It is more easily spread upon and absorbed by the soil, and answers better the purposes for which it is designed. A foul smell is indicative of agricultural waste. This diluted soil should be carefully collected and conveyed to the agricultural districts, there to be converted into food for the mass and gold for the agriculturist. In London, the contents of some 350 miles of sewer are poured into the Thames, contaminate the waters, and cast pestilence and death among the population of that great metropolis. We should think the good sense of our English brothers would remedy this defect. Why could not railways be constructed to the agricultural districts? These railways, devoted to this and other agricultural objects, would amply repay the cost, and thus by intercepting and transporting the filth which pollutes this stream, cause it to become a source of agricultural gain and national wealth.

The following extract from the London *Lancet*, will show what a terrible position a great city may be made to occupy by rejecting the lights of science. It is not long since our citizens were informed of the midnight flight of the members from their legislative halls, by the danger of instant suffocation from the exhalations of the little stream on the banks of which the Londoners have for ages been sleeping in such false security. The *Lancet* remarks :

“Tens of thousands of tongues are busy still with questions touching the details of the various systems proposed for the drainage of London and the purification of the Thames. The river itself, meanwhile, as though content with giving the emphatic warning which we lately felt, has partially subsided into an inoffensive neutrality. Greenwich landlords avail themselves of this pleasant lull to feast the press with whitebait, and proclaim, through its myriad voices, that at Greenwich, at least, no bad odor prevails ; that whitebait flourishes uninjured ; and that health and pleasure dwell in their fishing-halls. This was to be expected, and is both credible and well-attested. The larger question of provision for the future is not the less urgent. The *Times*

judiciously encourages an active discussion upon the various methods proposed ; but wide differences prevail between those most fitted to discuss the matter. The engineers, proud of the skill with which all the difficulties of a vast intercepting scheme have been met and apparently conquered, are fascinated for the most part by the professional merits of this plan, and predisposed to award it the palm. They start with a proposition which does not command our unqualified assent. They assume that, granting the Thames to be the *cloaca maxima* of London, there is in this a great reproach to this mighty city. History shows clearly enough that the founders of all great cities have sought the neighborhood of some broad cleansing stream. ‘In the long process of development through which cities pass,’ says one of the most philosophic writers of this age, ‘commerce and other functions of civilization come to usurp upon the earlier functions of such rivers, and sometimes (through increasing efforts of luxurious refinement) may come entirely to absorb them. But in the infancy of every great city, the chief function for which she looks to her river is that of purification. “Be thou my huge *cloaca*,” says infant Babylon to the Euphrates, says infant Nineveh to the Tigris, says infant Rome to the Tiber. So far is that reproach from any special application to London.’ That we should have done as we have, accords simply and wholly with that which is natural and proper. Amongst the inconveniences of our monstrous growth is this inability further to utilize our river. Science then must help.”

Like the helpless child who has so long ignored and despised the counsels of a tender mother, waiting with open arms and tearful eye to aid her, she cries out in her extremity : “Help me, Science, or I die.” Let us take warning ; for if ever city was blessed by heaven and cursed by her rulers, that is the condition of New-York.

The privileges we enjoy in this city for getting clear of our decaying matter, exceed those of any other place on the globe. Completely surrounded by the salt and preservative sea, washing, we may almost say, our door-steps, and a great running fresh-water river forced into our houses by its own weight, through iron arteries, constructed at vast expense, large portions of the city are, nevertheless, reeking with the filth from a multitude of unwashed wretches ; and their miserable and filthy bodies, bathed in their own pestiferous exhalations, by night and day may be seen prowling about the streets with their alms-baskets, and defiling our porches and entrances by assorting their disgusting provender.

This is owing to the villainy of a corrupt city government, whose chief patronage comes from that wretched nation, that seems to have been reserved as an example of the influence of priestly hypocrisy, in robbing man of all his noble aspirations. Accustomed to beg, to lie, and steal, from the cradle, and continually forgiven by their priests, filth is their acquired birth-right. When advanced to the grade of contractors for paving our streets, building our sewers, and prowling about the City Hall as policemen and Councilmen, they enlarge their field of action, and are well trained for robbery and plunder. Our sewers, chiefly built by Irish contractors, are mere cess-pools for the reception of decaying filth held in solution by surface-water, and our poor-houses and prisons are filled with their women and children, whilst the bold and strong Irish ruffian practises robbery and murder by night and day with impunity. That London should be alarmed at the condition of her little fresh water Thames, and call in the best scientific aid from her chemists and engineers, is the natural consequence of the late developments of her neglect of the natural laws of health. They are fairly caught in their own filth. If there is one great truth in physiological chemistry more startling than another, it is that the most deadly diseases are the result of decaying organic matter; that is, vegetable and animal secretions. But when we come to add the startling fact that the natural secretions of a human being, if carefully preserved and judiciously applied to the soil, will, with no more labor than is actually necessary to preserve him in health, produce food enough to sustain him, the question of the preservation of the contents of cess-pools assumes a national and humanitarian importance.

Think of the fact, that every pauper now roaming the streets, passes through his body every year food enough to support that body, with the labor appointed by God to preserve his health, and that our poorest citizens are obliged to find that food for him in the shape of daily increasing taxes, on rent, food, clothes, and all the necessaries of life.

Alas! for New-York, nothing but Lynch Law will save it. All history shows that when the robber has found admission to the public treasury, he never leaves it but at the edge of the sword, or by the rope.

ART. CXXXVI.—*Prairie Practice ; fleeing from Yellow Jack ; the Humanities of the Profession ; what is due to ourselves ; how to cure Dyspepsia.*

DEAR DOCTOR: The last number of the SCALPEL has just been perused to-day, while sitting in the little library-room of our Prairie Cottage, the brisk gale, flower-scented, sporting with the linen blinds that keep out the blazing sun, and fanning one into a dreamy drowsiness.

Our eldest living child, a girl of seven, has fallen asleep on the lounge. Our boy, a joyous child, near two years old, the personification of health, happiness, and, his loving parents think, of beauty, frisks about in boyish gambols; while the mother, our beloved wife and companion, holds on her lap the sleeping baby-girl, the new link in the household circle.

The vast undulating space of green prairie, covered with countless flowers of every hue and great variety, stretching to the horizon before it meets the timber, dotted with the new houses of our new settlement, and the grazing cattle, and purified by-bracing winds that daily sweep its surface, lies in all its glory around us.

From the sultry South, in sooth, the *sunny* South, where we ministered to the bodily ills of poor humanity, and worried the brain and tired the body in obeying night and day the calls for "the doctor;" where we breathed the horrid fever-poison of Yellow Jack in the close, ill-ventilated chamber of the Creole, or the spacious chamber of the wealthy American planter; where we succumbed to its poison influence, suffered from its bane, and, getting well, (thanks to cold water,) watched its deadly effects upon the person of a beloved mother, who, travelling a thousand miles to spend the fall and winter with her first-born son, was stricken dead in one week from her arrival by the deadly scourge: from such a locality have we moved to the broad prairies of Illinois. Not to practise medicine surely? say you. No; but to practise as noble a calling, agriculture. Notwithstanding we gave it out to be distinctly understood that we came not here to practise killing, but to take up the shovel and the hoe, professional calls thicken, and the plough, which we ourselves hold in hand, has often to stop until we visit the sick one. It is a very difficult matter to positively refuse an application to visit the sick; yet the difficulty of procuring farm-hands, and our own resolution rendering it necessary the

“doctor” must work in *propria persona*, this refusal must be made, except in extreme cases.

We do not admire all the “SCALPEL man” writes, but we coincide wonderfully in taste and opinion in some things. Born within a stone’s throw of the beds of the best bivalves in the world, we naturally like them; *good* champagne, no matter where made, we consider suitable drink for “lathy” doctors, and, although we do confess to a taste for a slice of Westphalia, yet we can not go the whole hog. Our religious opinions in regard to some *cardinal* points are similar, and the article on the “Christian Sabbath,” by “M. H.,” in the last SCALPEL, finds an echo in our mind.

We are of opinion that doctors should not forget there are such things as fees, and yet not be oblivious to the golden rules of the New Testament that teach charity and brotherly love. How often are physicians good Samaritans; but sometimes they find themselves forced to appear cruel. Instance late cases in my native city of Baltimore, where the police found great difficulty in two several instances in procuring medical assistance for persons found hurt in the streets. The excuse was, they had done enough charity jobs for the Corporation.

After practising in Louisiana, where doctors *are paid* for their brain and bodily labor, it is no sinecure to physic the suckers of Illinois, especially when you are continually running against “*botanic physicians*” and patent medicine wagons. We will now rest upon our dignity, and throwing ourselves upon our reserved rights, attend none but extraordinary cases. While on a visit of consultation a day or two past, it was casually mentioned that we ourselves, individually, were engaged in breaking prairie, when the “*woman*” of the house immediately observed: “I never heard of doctors breaking prairie.” She thought a fortune would be sooner made by “doctoring.”

But this article was intended to let you know what cures sick-headache and dyspepsia; if it is not told soon, it will be crowded out. For twenty years the writer has suffered, on an average, once a week with severe sick-headache, sometimes for a few hours, sometimes for two or three days. The advice of eminent medical men has been had, and remedies suggested and tried. “Nothing did no good.” During this time, up to the past year, smoking was indulged in, and the use of wine and alcoholic liquors in moderation. Smoking was relinquished a year ago; an occasional glass of wine, or Bass’s ale, is still indulged in: we drank three dozen of the latter while recovering from yellow fever.

In March last we "immigrated" to this place, near the Illinois Central Railroad, in Christian county, (none the better for the name,) and have been working hard in snow, rain, and sun; driving oxen, horses, and mules; building, carpentering, ploughing, and attending to the multifarious duties involved upon the opening of a prairie farm. During that period the headaches have not appeared, and the digestive organs seem prepared to discuss any thing offered them. The appetite appears to be expansive, and we are sometimes seriously alarmed at its calls.

Corn-bread made with *fresh* eggs, forms our principal farinaceous food, which tends to prevent and cure the constipated condition of bowels that has long existed; stewed dried-apples form another element, while fresh milk, butter, and eggs, are addenda.

We rise every day at four A.M., and do not go to roost until near ten. Hard work occupies the interval.

It seems as if dyspepsia had been routed. We hope so, for after so long a martyrdom, a resting-spell would be acceptable. We shall be induced to sing with Mitchell:

"Hurrah for the prairie! no blight on its breeze,
No mist from the mountains, no shadow from trees;
It steals incense-loaded that gale from the West,
As bees from the prairie-rose fly to their nest."

We intend to eat as little hog-meat as possible, not because the SCALPEL preaches against its use, but because we have always inherited the idea from our deceased father, that hog-meat was not healthy, and because our own observations for twelve years as a physician tell us so.

We will patronize "de moutons," fowl though not *foul* meat, and beef, prairie chickens, venison, and wild fowl, interspersed.

If any of your dyspeptic patients or friends desire to live happily, send them to follow a country life and exercise.

Should you find spare time during your existence to visit the great prairies of the Sucker State, stop at Prairie Cottage, and we will show you how the corn grows and how it is cooked, and feed you with every thing but hog and lager beer.

Prairie Cottage, June, 1857.

H. H.

ART. CXXXVII.—*New-York the City of Refuge for Criminals.*

“Woe to the bloody city! it is all full of lies and robbery; the prey departeth not.”

IN the olden time, when Patriarchal authority prevailed, one of the regulations prescribed for the maintenance of equity amongst a people whose simplicity of manner did not require the sophistry of LAW, was the establishment of Cities of Refuge, to which any person who had taken a human life without premeditation, and the intention of murder, might flee; and once within its precincts, he was safe from the retribution of the avengers.

Since that era, the world has progressed in science, and made advancements in refinement. Many times has the great caldron of Civilization thrown out a portion of its refuse and scum, by commotions entitled reformatations and revolutions, until we find ourselves, in this great Alsatia, New-York, on the surface of the simmering mass, in the nineteenth century, which we complacently call “the enlightened age.” The denizens of the great metropolis of the New World may assure themselves that at least one institution of ancient birth still finds favor, although with a considerable amendment of the original idea. That the City of Refuge has a literal significance to us, the midnight robber and assassin, and the noonday rowdy, forcibly demonstrate. If you will draw nigh to yonder stand, where a band of music discourses patriotic strains, and listen, when its charms have soothed “the savage breasts” that environ the speaker, to his address, you may learn that he propounds a freedom from the restraint of unnecessary laws, while he declaims with the force and enthusiasm that expresses a personal experience, of the safety of those who make this their city of refuge, as he asks for a return to office upon the principle that “the best government is that which governs least.” He wishes to be one of the many thousands who occupy public office, graciously filling his pockets for his invaluable services rendered, while he attends to the fact that there is not too much governing going on.

Old Mr. Knickerbocker no longer sits upon his *stoop*, smoking his pipe, and learning the news of the day from the gossips who pass by; it is late in the afternoon when he has finished reading his newspaper, the long list of fights, murders, and deeds of violence that have taken place during the last twenty-four hours in his native city, and then

he fears to venture beyond his front door, as, upon the last occasion of his assuming the venerated seat, a throng of half-naked urchins bespattered him with mud and assailed him with vile epithets. The old gentleman shook his cane over the head of one of the youngsters, which act was observed by the parent, a liquor-merchant, living on the corner, who, after the manner of his native country, satisfied his offended honor by leaving the old gentleman for dead. On recovering from his injuries, Mr. Knickerbocker applied to a magistrate for the apprehension of his assailant, and was surprised by finding a counter complaint made to the Irish justice for taking the law in his own hands, by "bating the child of an infunshil citizin wid a stick," and fined "in consideration of his years." As the old gentleman paid his fine, he regretted that the authorities had exchanged the patron-saint Nicholas for the saint two steps behind him in the alphabet, the patron of rows and whisky.

Veneration for justice, and the administrators of the laws, is no longer observed by any class of people, neither by those whose familiarity with its ministers shields them from punishment, nor those citizens whose means are taxed to support a form that does not possess even the merit of uncertain chance; while those who have faith look to a retributive Providence, the man of action arms himself with weapons of defense.

The conduct of a Judge refusing to award the penalty to a deserving criminal, and apologizing that his station should require him to act as master of ceremonies displeasing to the prisoner, and at another time going to an excess for a trifling matter, might imply an eccentricity of character, if other cases did not warrant a different conclusion. A person notorious by several breaches of the peace on consecutive days, walks out of Court while the authorities are discussing what form, applied to his case, may suit his convenience best. Another charged with a high offense, lodges in a fine hotel, until his examination, with an officer for a follower, while a less prominent member of the community (political) would occupy a narrow cell in the Tombs.

Respectable citizens, who have had the misfortune to be prosecutors for assault, or other crime, often bear away from the court-room an impression that the justice has mistaken the witness for the criminal. A fact that occurred a few years ago will readily serve as a key to the leniency of judges to criminals, whose broadcloth or frieze is made of political wool. A man who was desirous of having the nomination of his party for justice of one of the courts, was waited upon by two

from the nominating committee; one of them, who since died a natural death, resulting from a midnight debauch, asked the aspirant to judicial honors if it was his wish to be nominated, and was answered in the affirmative; to which the committee-man replied: "Now, you know we fellows sometimes get in a tight place: what would you do if we should be brought before you?" The would-be judge, perhaps thinking this a mode of testing his Spartan virtues, answered, that "He should perform the duty devolving upon him." "You be ——," was the quick response; "you shan't get the nomination." And he did not. It is sad to think that the representatives of justice should bargain for office with criminals. But is there not daily evidence of complicity with them in our inferior courts? Are offenses against life and individual safety so few as to justify the suspension of sentence in nearly half the cases where convictions are obtained?

The wooden effigy of Justice that was consumed by fire recently, will probably be replaced, and I beg to present an appropriate design, that will be not only truthful but attractive: a burly figure of a man shall represent Justice, holding in his hand a platform (party) scale, seated upon which shall be a criminal, while the equipoise will be a glass ballot-box, one of those which were made for Mayor Wood.

Walk along some of the lengthy avenues that skirt the city. Observe the continuity of shops where the damning liquid is dispensed to the active material of the population. About three fourths of the twelve thousand devil's commission-offices, that disgrace the metropolis, are owned and managed by sons of the isle where every man used to be a king, or cousin to one. These places are the real Common Councils that govern the city; the magnetic motors, of which their representatives in session, who nominally rule, are the registers. At the funeral of one of these dignitaries, lately deceased, a bill of expenses was charged to the city, of which one item for drinks on the occasion was a sum sufficient to buy a whole hogshead of liquor.

A million of dollars per annum has been the average—discovered by an examination—of robberies committed upon the municipal treasury by public servants during the last ten years, in addition to the open division of plunder in the shape of contracts, salaries, etc.

The city, with all its numerous complicated windings, may properly be compared to some dreadful maze, whose points of safety are known only to the disorderly and unlawful. The plodding citizen who dreams of a life out in the green fields, by running streams, as a rest at the end of his weary journey, will do well to accelerate his simple ambi-

tion. The horrifying accounts of daily and nightly crime reported, and arranged with such masterly skill, and entirely beyond the ken of the army of policemen and their select men, the detectives, offer little inducement to remain in our native city; the increase of taxes, and the difficulty of procuring wholesome food, and decent domestics, all urge us away.

When the great three million cathedral shall reach the altitude of its projector's aspirations, betwixt whose summit and the sun no earthly fabric will intervene to cast a shadow upon it, afar off at sea it may serve as the signal land-mark to the refugee who has escaped from the penalties of his native country for crime, that he is approaching a City of Refuge where crime is a mark of rank, and where he may look forward to dispense and not to receive punishment.

M.

ART. CXXXVIII.—*A Remarkable Case of Injury of the Brain; can a Man recover with the Loss of a Portion of the Brain?*

BELVIDERE, N. J.

DEAR DOCTOR: Your obliging favor, with its vaccine inclosure, is received, for which considerate kindness please accept my thanks. I can not forbear to give you a very brief note of an interesting case. Early in December last, a remarkably interesting boy, nine years old, was kicked in the stable by both feet of a horse. The wounds were both on the head, each about four inches and a half in length. The posterior wound was situated nearly in line with the parietal suture, and though the soft parts were much torn, a soft slouched hat interposing between both the kicks, the bone was not fractured. This wound in good time healed up soundly and well. The second and principal wound, commencing about one inch and a half above the left super orbitary ridge, and near its centre, just under the hair, extended upwards and backward, crescent-shaped down, and curving up to within about one inch of the exterior extremity of the first-described wound. This front cut had perforated the bone, making a hole which would have admitted the introduction of two fingers. Two hours after the accident, I was called, finding the boy cold, wholly insensible, and exsanguineous, yet breathing regularly. Placing the body in a

favorable position, many gallons of tepid water were poured over the head, until the hair, thus relieved of the clotted accumulations, was combed out. The patient was then placed in bed, semi-recumbent, and the wounds dressed with a loose compress kept wet with tepid water. On the third day re action was fully established, and consciousness was nearly fully restored. Then dressing the wounds, and lifting the protruding flap from the exterior wound, at least two large table-spoonsful of pure medullary matter [brain] were carefully removed. The dressings commenced with were for six weeks continued without material alteration, and through all that time, during night and day, the parts were wetted about every twenty minutes with water of the even temperature of the comfortable apartment in which the patient was lying. He was kept on bread and water, with the occasional indulgence of a piece of plain cake, and once or twice with the half of a soft boiled egg. His natural good sense and perfect continuity of thought and expression, had never been lacking after full re action was restored, and in due time was accompanied with his wonted exuberant vivacity. *Unfortunately*, at the expiration of the sixth week, when he had so far recovered as to be able to sit up all day, and to walk about his room, variously amusing himself, a little sister of four years of age, a devoted little pet of the sick brother, brought him, concealed under her apron, several green and a quantity of dried apples. Unobserved by his guardians, the boy ate very freely of both these, and in two hours thereafter began to vomit, with much straining, and soon after went into convulsions. He had been in convulsions about one hour and a half, when I saw him, then looking like a dying child. The eyes were very turgid, turned up and fixed, the jaws were set, the whole complexion livid, and the mouth and right hand were in convulsive and unabated twitching. I at once divided the temporal artery. The blood flowed freely, and shortly vomiting commenced, and was easy and copious, the blood spouting freely at every *emesis*. The twitching soon subsided, and then placing my patient in bed in his accustomed posture, and with the usual dressings, as from the first applied, he went to sleep at about 5 o'clock P.M., and with little disturbance through the night, slept till morning. Waking in the morning languidly, but with a good degree of consciousness, he went on to improve slowly, resuming, but soon tiring of his accustomed amusements, and sitting up in a chair only while his bed was made, he thus continued until the day preceding his death, when he complained of nausea, and was relieved after throwing up a little spontaneously.

The same nausea subsided, as before, with vomiting, and more straining took place on the next day, when convulsions again ensued, and in an hour after, I found my poor boy dying, the death occurring about twenty minutes after I entered the house.

It may be mentioned, that after the occurrence of the first convulsions, the appetite, which had before been clamorous, was then satisfied with small portions of light food. The wound during all this time had been maturing freely with healthy pus, which was unobstructed in its discharge from the sore, now reduced to small dimensions at the lower extremity of the front wound. The case is highly interesting from the fact that, except at the time when the injury was received, and during the presence of the convulsions, there was no lack whatever of mental integrity, or of correct expression and sprightly vivacity, excepting that the latter was subdued by the languor succeeding the first convulsions.

The case, in every point of view, has interested me much. Levi Mackey, Jr., the subject, was namesake of his father, a worthy farmer, and had been born in my arms. The solicitude of the parents was intense, and, at their earnest desire, throwing aside other engagements, I had sat up with him till midnight on every night but three, during the whole period, from the time of the accident to the death.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM P. CLARK.

The dear friend who sent us this case is now no more. We give it as an illustration of judicious practice and the power of nature in answer to science, foiled by one of those accidents by which we are all liable to be mortified. When people are properly instructed, they are less liable to occur. There can be no doubt, that considerable portions of the brain may be lost and the patient recover; probably this child would have been an instance, but for the unfortunate vomiting, filling the tender adhesions of the newly-united convolutions of the brain with blood, and breaking them up with its pressure. We have ourselves removed a portion of the skull, at least four inches square, by the trephine, and several tea-spoonsful of brain from the child of a clergyman at Staten Island, and the youth is now grown to manhood, and in perfect health. It is a nut for our phrenological friends to crack.

ART. CXXXIX.—*Autobiography of a Medical Heretic ; his Lineage and Pedigree ; early Heretical Propensities ; he becomes a Man ; Handsome and Interesting ; sought for by Women and “real Ladies ;” has a fine Reputation ; suffers from an awful bad Face ; a perfect Fright ; tries all “Remedies” to no purpose ; gets well by Nature ; takes the Typhus Fever ; does not take Medicine ; soon well ; discourses high Morality to the Ladies ; they test his Honor ; the Gardener and Bone-setter ; his Philosophy ; the Scapegrace Curate, and the Political and Politic Curate ; his first Pastor ; his Theological Difficulties ; Hebrew and Arabic Profundities, and Revelations ; his Doctor’s Doses ; Value of Physic ; his Mother and the Doctors ; his Mother and Betty ; Benefits of Mercury ; Domestic Treatment.*

THE privilege and penalty of a heretic, is to say and do things which are considered wrong, and be blamed, ruined, roasted, or damned, according to the tribunal which judges him. It is no part of his privilege or penalty *to be made right*. The editor, who is a very orthodox person, put into my narrative, in one of the past numbers, a paragraph condemning, and apologizing for the ladies, who, to test my honor and virtue, undertook to tempt me. I disclaim and disown the paragraph. If the editor is afraid of my heretical confessions, let him *expurgate them in toto. I refuse to be amended*. I prefer to be roasted, or even ecclesiastically or theocratically damned. If I am mended any more, I shall commit literary suicide. I will swallow a dose of editorial orthodoxy, and die, unwept, unhonored, unannealed, and, of course, unknown! I inserted in my narrative, an authentic account of my being suspected of, and charged with theft, and thereby losing my reputation for a time, and then recovering it, and reëstablishing my character. Yet the whole of this is suppressed. I feel like Dogberry, when he was not written down an ass. I beg my readers to remember that I was suspected of being a thief, though it was not so written down.

How very absurd to expect a heretic to be right and proper! Why, the Pope might as well have expected and required Luther to write and preach like Cardinal Bellarmini! I claim to be a sort of social and medical Luther; I have the right to go wrong, and I mean to exercise my right. If the refined people of the Fifth Avenue and

Union and Madison Squares can not read me, I don't care for them. They can leave me unread!

Of course, all who take any interest in me, will be very anxious to know my pedigree—what sort of a stock I sprang from. My great ancestor was one of the most cowardly villains and traitors the world ever saw. I am the lineal descendant of that incomparable vagabond, *Jack Cade*, who made such a disturbance in the reign of Henry VI. I can prove my descent by Shakspeare.

I am not able to boast of my pedigree so well as some can, "whose noble blood," as Lord Byron says,

"Had crept through scoundrels *ever since* the flood."

Mine has only crept through scoundrels since the days of Henry VI. As long as I can remember, I have had most villainous and scoundrel heretical notions concerning many of the affairs of life. I found my primer in fault, corrected my dictionary, disputed my grammar, contradicted my catechism, and doubted both my parson and doctor ere I was ten years old!

When I was about the age of *nineteen*, I was "every inch a man," and regarded as "handsome and interesting," of sound moral principles, and excellent habits. My society was sought by every one, and my word was esteemed truth itself. No evening party was complete without me. Many of the women, and some of the "real ladies," engaged *me* to attend them in their confinements, for I was not only considered skillful in such cases, but esteemed a kind, considerate, and refined gentleman. I overheard my *exemplar* one evening, when he was full of wine, praising me to some company, for every excellent quality, until I blushed and was almost hysterical. I was somewhat relieved by his finishing stroke to my character: "In fact, he is equal to me in any thing!"

If this lifted me up, I was soon to be cast down. My clean and handsome face began to inflame, and a most fearful eruption appeared, which disfigured me dreadfully. This consisted in a species of erysipelas, which runs into blotches and pustules, filled with dirty-looking water, or matter—ending in scabs, which peel off, leaving the skin red, and sometimes scarred.

So disfigured was I with my disease, that I was not fit to be seen. Women avoided me as a monster; children ran away from me, and many, I believe, thought I had brought the mischief upon myself, by

some irregular conduct. This was very painful to bear, but my innocence and integrity sustained me.

I tried every thing in the shape of medicine—from purging to salivation. Alas! to no purpose. I well recollect the various things which neighboring physicians prescribed, as *certain remedies*—Plummer's pills, and sarsaparilla, blue pills, lead, arsenic, zinc, bark, salts and senna, and every sort of ointment and lotion. Alas! not a single particle of medicine did me any good. I fasted as vigorously as any monk of the order of La Trappe, in order to produce absorption, but to no purpose; and I ended by eating plentifully of beef and potatoes and Yorkshire pudding, and drinking ale and wine. I got well. This was a new wrinkle.

By this time I had lost faith in physic, and was prepared for skepticism in all professions. I began to feel my heretical predilections already, and they increased and intensified by every subsequent year's experience. I was accustomed to give nitre, acetate of ammonia, tartrate of potash, tartrate of antimony, bark, gentian, and so forth, in *fevers*, and I jumped to the conclusion that lemonade, when patients are hot and thirsty, plenty of cold water, inside and out, and good wine, ale, or porter, when they are weak and low, (and such things as they wish for, when they can get them,) with cleanliness and pure air, were about as good as any medicine, and a great deal better than most—if not than all.

One day, when I was visiting one of our poor patients, with typhus fever, and was weary, hungry, and faint, I inhaled his breath. By the time I crawled back, I was ill enough to go to bed. Happily for me, my exemplar was away, and my brother was attending his patients for him. I put in practice my heretical notions of medicine, and was well of my fever in a week. Had I been treated as we treated others, I should have been ill three weeks or a month.

One evening at a party, at the house of a lady who conducted an educational establishment for young ladies, I was inculcating that all other attention to and relation with ladies, except that of polite respect, or courtship and marriage, was alike waste of time and feeling; and I, for one, abjured all fussing and fooling about ladies as contemptible in me, and contemptuous to them. The lady of the house said to me, dryly: "Do you live up to your creed?" I replied, calmly and confidently: "I do, of course. I have two sisters, and whoever would trifle with them is a fool or a scoundrel. If I were to

trifle with any lady or girl, however humble, I should be both a fool and a rascal." "We shall see," said she, "by and by."

Our summer fair came on, and the evening preceding, it being delightfully balmy, I walked meditatively up and down, in front of the court-yard of our house. I might have been there for half an hour, when, as it was growing dark, I was accosted by two ladies who were elegantly dressed and closely veiled, with terms of endearment which were strange to me. I tried to avoid them, but they pursued me, and repeated them. I replied not, but walked into the house and sat down to a volume of Shakspeare. I was astonished that such persons as I took them to be, had found their way to our quiet town.

Imagine my surprise at finding, afterwards, that my charmers were no other than the lady of the school I have mentioned, and her assistant. They had turned out, doubly veiled and elegantly dressed, to *try* me. Had I fallen into their trap, they would have made themselves known and left me discomfited.

This conduct may serve to show how parents are often deceived in the intellects, and sometimes the characters, of those with whom they intrust their children. I did not believe these ladies were disposed to evil, but they were certainly very ill adapted for forming the manners of young women.

I had been away for a month to see my brother; and on returning home in the evening, about two miles from the town, in a ditch, by the side of a turnpike gate, I saw something lying, which, on going up to, I found to be an old woman, with a basket of tapes and needles, drunk and drowsy. I learned near by where to find her husband, and, giving her in charge of the gate-keeper, I went on to send her husband for her. The next morning the act became known, and one of the shop-keepers remarked: "That's S——, for no other young man would take the trouble to look after a *poor drunken old* woman." I was not sorry to be thus known.

As I lived in a coal and mining district, I had great experience in fractures and dislocations. Of course we had many difficult cases, and were not always successful. There was in the neighborhood an old gardener, who was so awfully misshapen and clumsy that he would have made a capital impersonation of Shakspeare's *Caliban*. He had a great reputation as a bone-setter, and more than once succeeded where we failed.

One day I met him, and, talking with him about his two businesses of gardening and bone-setting, asked him how and why he followed

both pursuits. "Ah!" replied the old man, "you see I was born and grew up a *fearful homely cub*. The women wouldn't look at me, I was so pudding-lipped and shaggy-eyed. I was not as the like of you, or I'd been a doctor and had some learning. I'm as unsightly as an old crab-tree, but I know something after all. Shall I tell you something worth knowing?" "If you please," I replied. "When a bone is oot o' j'int, *the first thing to doo is to know which way it went oot*. You see, the reason why I set a bone when the doctors don't, is, I find *this oot*, and *send it back the way it came*."

I saw this was good philosophy as well as good sense, and treasured it up; but still I wanted to know why he became a gardener. "You see," he said, "there's wisdom to be larnt of the trees and plants, and I'm fond of seeing things grow and produce; and so, as I have no wife nor children to look after, I look after the cabbages and flowers. *May be when I come up the second time, I shall be as comely as some of them*." I cultivated the acquaintance of this dwarf old bachelor, and increased my heretical propensities thereby.

When I first went to my exemplar, the curate of the parish church was a fat, good-humored, merry young man, of respectable family, who liked good living, good wine, a good heart, and good-looking women. Often has he paused, in the middle of one of the prayers, to take a good stare at some handsome woman, as she came into the church; and when service was over, would come up to me and say: "Come home with me, and let us have a good glass of wine; we shall be alone and have a good time."

There came a second curate soon after, of high Tory principles, who obtained the appointment in consequence of a high church and state political sermon which he preached. His *induction* sermon was on the right of the clergy to *receive tithes*, and the duty of the people to *pay them*. His next sermon was on the duty of going to church, contributing to the collections, paying Easter offerings of eggs, fowls, young pigs, rabbits and hares, game and fish, and of reverently receiving the sacrament.

His third sermon was on the duty of consulting the clergy in the making of our wills, and the *divine obligation to remember the church and clergy in them*. One of his parishioners accordingly acted upon his advice, and actually, at his death, left him his *old clothes and sixpence*, as a token of the value of his discourses. These discourses, however, were really very edifying to me, for his quotations from

ecclesiastical history and law, and church authorities, were to me wonderful.

I remember to this day that demure, circumspect, careful, and anxious face; that well-fed, well-clothed body, and those reverend, gouty legs, that waddled so judiciously through the church-yard, along the aisle, and up the pulpit steps. Though not more than forty years of age, there was the deliberation and considerateness of seventy. It looked very solemn and affecting, until I found it was the result of excessive eating, drinking, and sleeping.

I remember that I learned by rote, when a youngster, "The Assembly's Shorter Catechism," and rejected lots of it, though I did not say so to any one. My minister was one of the fat, dull, heavy ones, who had a strong faith in God's election, and believed himself to be one of the elect. He preached a long course of sermons on "*The Romans*," and if Paul's celebrated Epistle to those to whom it was sent, had the same effect on them as his modern commentator's sermon had upon those who heard them, the Romans had the benefit of much sleep from the infliction.

My minister was reputed to be a man of much learning. Some of his Arabic and Hebrew for a long time surpassed my juvenile comprehension. Week after week did I reverently wonder, and devoutly desire to understand one of his marvellous and incomprehensible theological admonitions. Again and again did I hear that awful and unknown, yea, apparently unknowable expression: "*Mee jeer eerers*." I humbly and respectfully asked some whom I thought capable of the task, to illuminate my dim understanding on this matter. Alas! no one was found capable. So the meaning thereof remained hidden from my understanding. I bore the burden in secret for many months, affectionately and hopefully, but of course humbly looking for the time when this sacred gloss of the sacred text would be unfolded to my teachable and inquiring spirit. I did not wait in vain. In due time, when "patience had its perfect work," I was illuminated. The spirit of devout comprehension came upon me, and I was inducted into a perfect understanding of this holy and mystical phrase. "*Mee jeer eerers*," was the Somersetshire dialect, meeting-house translation, of "*My dear hearers!*"

In my childhood I had a somewhat long sickness, and the doctor sent me some very nauseous medicine to take. The exact quantity was measured out and given to me with periodical punctuality. I managed occasionally to take, and not swallow the dose, and by stealth

eject it. When I did so, I was better than when I swallowed it. The more I evaded my medicine the better I became. I thus early nourished a prejudice against medicine. I have observed since that time, in my riper years, that those children who spit most nasty medicine out, generally get well soon, whereas those who take much medicine, and swallow it all, are usually sickly and feeble.

Contrary to the wisdom of the "*Faculty*," I can not perceive there is much *strength* obtained from *ten grains of calomel, and fifteen of jalap*. My heretical propensities for beef, potatoes, and pudding, most likely blind me to the virtues of physic!

My maternal ancestor was very greatly afflicted with periodical headache, for which much had been done, and more taken to no purpose. My eldest brother being a pupil of a physician, and *his* exemplar, having a case of considerable importance, a very celebrated doctor from a considerable distance was called in. My brother took advantage of this medical advent, and a consultation was held in my mother's case.

"*A thorough investigation*" was gone into, and the brain, the spleen, the heart, and the liver were found to be "*affected*." She was to be bled, take an emetic, have two blisters, one on her side and one on the back of her neck, take blue pill and black draught, and infusion of gentian and camomile tea. She was "*put through*" the treatment, and just survived. She never got over her *treatment* to the day of her death. Ale, wine, and brandy, freely administered, enabled her to survive this benevolent and scientific curative process.

Some years ago *I* discovered that my mother had rheumatism of the scalp; and that a mustard plaster applied there would cure her; but as she had a habit of sitting with a window open over her head, which temporarily relieved her, yet always afterward aggravated the malady, she died uncured. And my faith in doctors "*died a natural death*." My mother was not a woman of much cultivation, but she read the newspapers and some of the popular books on "matters and things," and had a mind and way of her own. She "*knew something*," I perceived. When *her* headache came on, she took a glass of good ale, and sat down to her newspaper, or even a good novel, and read till she fell asleep. She said this did her more good than all that the physicians prescribed. She now and then sent me for sixpence worth of *pillo-coshia*—so I thought it was spelt at that time. To me those little *pillows* were marvellous things.

She employed a woman of the name of Betty to wash and do most

of the common "chores;" and she being a poor sort of a creature, was always ailing and complaining. One day she came to my mother to ask for a ticket for the dispensary to get bled, she had such a violent headache. My mother took her to the old-fashioned chimney-piece, or hearth, and putting a few questions to her, bade her sit down and warm herself.

My mother then went to the cellar and cut two or three slices of bread, and brought a cup of her home-made spiced elder-wine, which she warmed and sweetened, while she toasted the bread. When all was ready, she cut the bread in thin long pieces, and put them on a plate, and the cup of wine by their side, and told Betty to eat and drink. "O ma'am!" said she, "I'm afraid it will hurt me." "Take it," said my mother; "if you are hurt you can be bled." Betty took it, and soon said: "O ma'am! my headache is quite gone." "So much for bleeding," thought I.

I had some very instructive cases of the wisdom and value of *medical treatment* before I became a pupil of the medical profession. One of the handsomest gentlemen I ever saw, had the imprudence to contract a disease which is always a terrible penalty on vice. My brother's *exemplar* "*poured in the mercury with a free hand.*" The more he took the worse he became. A consultation was held, but the "*mercury*" was to be continued "*more judiciously.*" It was *rubbed in.*

The gentleman spat, and cut off from his mouth with a pair of scissors, from a pint to a quart of saliva daily, for three months, lost his nose, his palate, his eyes, and ears, and rotted to pieces like a ship abandoned. My brother told me it was "*The Mercurial Disease.*" Neither God nor the devil invented that disease. It is an invention of the doctors!

I used to see people bled to death to save them from dying of consumption, or other disease of the lungs or liver, and starved to death for the beneficent purpose of curing a diseased stomach. Cold water was forbidden to the parched and thirsty fever patient, lest he should have a chill, and hot drinks forced upon them to produce sweating.

When fever was in our neighborhood, we were each of us furnished with a small black silk bag, containing a piece of camphor, as a preservative against the fever. When any one had a cut, or bruise, Friar's Balsam was applied, "to keep out inflammation, and heal it." In the spring we took brimstone and treacle. In the fall we took "salts and senna."

If we really took fever, we had a tartar emetic vomit, and our feet in hot water. If we had a cough, we took "Maiden's-hair, Diacodium, and Syrup of Violets." Then we had so many pleasant things when we were sick, that it was a great treat to be moderately ill. So we suppose it is yet, to some children, more especially those under Homœopathic treatment. But that was not in fashion in our day. How terrible would the whole respectable portion of society have felt if it could have foreseen the present medical apostasies! As Shallow says: "Oh! the days when I was young!"

ART. CXL.—*The Food and Exercise of Infants; What is the Natural Law? Cold and Warm Baths dangerous.*

SOME benevolent ladies of the British metropolis have directed their humane efforts to the great subject of maternal instruction in the science of nursing. It is time something was done on this subject for the American mother. The poor of our cities are in the depths of ignorance on this subject; and surely nothing can be more important to the health of infancy. The fearful mortality amongst our children is a subject of alarming interest. In a late number the London *Lancet* remarks, speaking of a little work by Dr. Routh on this subject:

"But there rises up against us an accusing array of figures, which tells of a frightful infant mortality. This fact we must set off partly as due to the hard exigencies of an over-grown civilization and an over-crowded population, partly also to a still deficient sanitary state system. There remains a large proportion which may be traced clearly enough to the influence of a deplorable ignorance, amongst the masses, of the proper treatment of infancy—an ignorance which lies so deeply as to affect even the perception of infant wants, and which wholly annuls the proper ministrations to those wants. The fate of the child depends greatly now upon the station of its parents, and upon their intelligence; and frequently even more upon these than upon its own vital power, or the perfection of its organism. The difference of fortune we can not control, but we may counterbalance some of the evils now attendant upon poverty. The rich man's child has not only the advantage incidental to its position, but it has also

careful and intelligent tending. It is this for which the poverty-born infant too often languishes. We have noted, therefore, with earnest approval the well-judged efforts of the committee of the Ladies' National Association for the Diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge, to spread broadcast amongst the mothers of the poor, plain and forcible instructions 'how to manage a baby,' how to keep children healthy, how to feed a baby with the bottle, and so forth. Simple and self-evident as are some of these directions, calculated often to produce a smile, we have nothing else than an earnest approval to bestow upon them. They form a code of instructions which every mother can understand, and not one can read without profit. This movement aims at the very root of the evil which we deplore. The candle which is thus held out in the darkness may not throw its light very far; but so far as it extends, its rays will be faithful and beneficent. We would by no means imply that somewhat more of enlightenment is not needed amongst mothers in the higher classes of society. But lately was recorded the verdict of 'death from over-feeding' at an inquest on a well-born child. Very strange doctrines prevail fitfully amongst those upon whom Fortune has smiled benignly. Not many, perhaps, share fully the theory of that Penthesilean mother, who made a point of turning out her new-born infants for a pretty long airing, even on the day of their birth, and of whom it is recorded that once only was she baffled, much to her indignation, when the little thing happened to be born at half-past nine P.M., so that by the time its toilet was finished the watchman was calling: 'Past twelve and a cloudy night.' She was thus reluctantly compelled to countermand the orders for the day's exercise, and considered herself, like the Emperor Titus, to have lost a day. There are many, however, who entertain the strongest bias in favor of a Spartan discipline. Of such we can only say, that the sooner they are disabused of this erroneous opinion, the better for their children. The tracts issued by the Ladies' Association are well calculated to disperse many pernicious errors, and so in their generation they will be useful. On the great question of the food of infants, Dr. Routh has published a remarkably interesting and valuable pamphlet, which we trust will obtain a very general circulation."

We have not found leisure, amongst the arduous details of daily practice, to hunt up Dr. Routh's little book, but we can not forbear a few words of advice to mothers who may not be able to nurse their infants, and to some who are astray on the subject of exercise and

fresh air. The difference between the milk of a human being and a cow or goat, is at an infinite remove from the popular articles, arrow-root, gruel, or boiled crackers; and the quiet which it has required and been insured by its nine months' existence within the womb, at a temperature of 98° to 100°, is wonderfully at variance from being jounced on the knee, rocked in a cradle, or ridden in a little ill-constructed wagon over the side-walk, in the varying temperature of our changeable climate. If the mother be not able to nurse her child, and we have often had occasion to show how rarely the American mother is so, she will, if she be not under the influence of sadly ignorant persons, medical or otherwise, endeavor to procure the milk of one healthy and hay-and-grass-fed cow or goat—the goat's milk being considerably nearer in the elementary constituents to that of the mother. How far this milk should be reduced by water, will depend entirely upon the capacity of the infant's stomach to digest it. One of the constituents—namely, the casein or cheesy element, is occasionally in excess for the particular infant to whom it may be fed. When this is evinced by the rejection of the milk by vomiting regularly occurring for several meals, it may be reduced one third, and fed in smaller quantity, till the true measure be found which the particular infant requires.

All “doctoring” and mixing of milk we utterly repudiate. As well might you attempt to alter the elementary albumen of an egg, and fit it the better to produce the chick before the egg is hatched, or the mother's blood before the child is born. We know just as well what it requires after birth, for all the period preceding the production of its teeth, as we do before its birth; it is milk, and milk alone. Sugar is, with us, exceedingly questionable, especially so when we consider that the poor use very inferior varieties, and often the brown, or unrefined article, with which they unconsciously administer a considerable portion of rum. The safe way is to use milk, and a third Croton water, at blood heat. We should always prefer goat's milk, if possible to be had, because it is much nearer to that of the human being. When we discover a woman whose breasts produce crackers or arrow-root, we will admit the propriety of using them as food for infants.

Of one thing we may assure the young mother: all the milk the child will take and retain, it is proper that it should have. Nature is supreme, and knows her own wants.

Rest is the infant's natural requirement until it begins to creep. As for periodical exercise by riding it about cramped up in a little wagon,

it is absurd. If the child's brain were not jarred and its circulation hindered by the unnatural motion, till it is compelled into a sort of stupor, which is taken for sleep, it would evince its dissatisfaction by its cries. The crystal is only formed according to its natural law, when the water in which the salt is dissolved is in a state of quiet; and the seed requires warmth and quiet before its rootlet strikes into the ground, and its leaves open to the light of day. During vegetative life within the womb, every precaution is taken by nature to secure this end; and when it is born, it is very evident that for a year, at least, its healthful existence is little more than vegetative. The young of all other animals, show by their activity that a more rapid evolution and a shorter life were intended by nature. Hence we observe they eat and peck their food often as soon as born, or hatched.

We would caution every young mother against preternatural excitement of the nervous system of her infant by too early exercise and too much notice of any kind, either by the voice or by teasing or handling. A natural diet, and a year's rest, in a good, well-ventilated chamber, is calculated to insure a healthful acquirement of its teeth, and the use of its limbs, at the proper and appointed time. Nearly all the cases of diarrhœa of the second summer, are consequent on the abuse of diet and over-exercise of the nervous system.

The finest and healthiest child we ever saw, a boy now four years of age, the son of a merchant of this city, was brought up on pure cow's milk till its second year, when the milk was reduced one third. The little fellow went to bed usually at four or five o'clock P.M., and very generally slept till next morning, when he always awoke laughing. He is now sufficiently acute in his perceptions, and one of the most delightful tempered, yet spirited children we ever saw. We consider that one half of our city infants, who are born of healthy parents, die from being over-excited, over-exercised, and from bad milk and variety of indigestible food.

The careless use of the cold bath is another fruitful outlet of infant life. A feeble child, whose digestion is not sufficient to assimilate more than half the food that a healthy one would consume, is, in obedience to the absurd directions of an ignorant nurse, or some insane and ignorant water-cure empiric, forced into a cold bath for several minutes, often twice a day, and is taken out blue and speechless with the loss of heat, and held in the nurse's or mother's lap, with rapid evaporation going on from the skin, in an apartment perhaps overheated, and very leisurely dried and dressed. The dress is usually

pinned so tight about the chest as to allow only a partial raising of the ribs, and not more than half enough air to enter the lungs, which are the source of heat! Or else, it is kept for a quarter of an hour in a bath of more than blood-heat, and becomes so relaxed and debilitated, that its skin is almost paralyzed, and its circulation so lowered, that its appetite and digestion are ruined, and lumps of food unacted on by the stomach appear in its stools.

It is far safer for every delicate infant to be washed and rinsed with a soft cloth and tepid water. The bath requires great care and judgment; a vast deal more than nine out of ten mothers possess. The nurse is for the most part an unprincipled eye-servant, and not to be trusted at all.

We shall read Dr. Routh's little book as soon as our medical booksellers can summon courage enough to publish it.

ART. CXXI.—*Fever and Ague; what is it? can it be prevented?*

DEAR DR.: I think that I have discovered the cause and the preventive of this harassing malady. Give it to your readers if you think it worthy; if not, burn it. By the adoption of my preventive, I am myself convinced, for I have demonstrated it, that there is not a new or forest country in America in which a human population may not live entirely exempt from this troublesome and often fatal form of disease. You may be surprised at my confidence. After having made an observation a dozen times under the same circumstances, do you not treat of it with confidence? I am satisfied that I have made a discovery for which new countries ought to give me an independence for life; and yet I am about to send it to them through the SCALPEL "for nothing." Of all the humbugs ever entertained by our profession, no one has excelled the doctrine of marsh miasmata. It has about as much foundation in truth as that of witches and ghosts. I have discovered that solar evaporation is the cause of ague and fever. And that the preventive is, live in the forest shade, though surrounded by stagnant waters, though filled with decomposing logs and all manner of trash.

The settlers in a forest country first cut off the forest from a few acres of land, build a house, and then cultivate every square yard of

the inclosed and denuded ground. If every forest tree were a deadly upas, they could not seem to fear them more than they do.

In our Southern cities, the narrow shaded streets—those on which the sun never shines—are far the most healthy.

Solar heat without evaporation occasions continued and remitting forms of fever, acute rheumatism, etc. As I can not write much at this time, I will finish with some facts.

When my brother resolved to become a cotton-planter in the most ague and fever district known to the State of Mississippi, the valley of the Big Black River, he wrote to me requesting information how he should settle to secure health. I instructed him to select a dry piece of forest land, elevated a few feet above any marshy land that might be in the vicinity, cut out all the small growth so as to secure a free ventilation, locate his dwelling not less than a quarter of a mile from his cotton and corn plantation, to pay no attention to neighboring marshes or ponds of stagnant water, build the houses for his white and black family in the midst of the forest, excluding entirely the direct rays of the sun. He followed my instructions strictly, and for seven years, to the great astonishment of his neighbors, without having a case of sickness in either his white or black family. Having escaped so long, he concluded that his family and force had become so acclimated as to be safe, and therefore ventured to depart from my instructions, and cut the forest off a hundred acres of land to the west of his house, and planted maize, potatoes, etc. In the following summer and autumn every one of his own family and every one of his black force were down with fever, except one man sixty years old, in consequence of which he did not make half a crop. He now discovered that he acted in contravention of nature's laws, and immediately retreated farther into the forest with his dwelling-houses, and was rewarded for his obedience with health during the remainder of his life, which was seventeen years.

On the north and north-east of his residence were thousands of acres of land that were overflowed by the Big Black River two or three times a year. About forty yards south of his house was a large pond of stagnant water, filled with logs. His residence was on some table-land, which was elevated about fifteen feet above the pond and other low grounds; the forest was clean, dry, and beautiful.

Another case: I called one evening about dark at a farm-house to solicit the proprietor's hospitality for the night. It was cheerfully granted. This was in the same State. On my way to the house, I

discovered that the negro quarter was in the midst of a very rich cotton-field. I was sure that it was sickly. After we were comfortably seated by a cheerful fire, I asked the proprietor, If his quarter was sickly? He answered that it was; but he continued, I do not know that it is more so than those of my neighboring planters. I supposed that such was probably the case, because I knew that the same fault was common to all the planters. He now desired to know why I made the inquiry. I informed him that I had concluded it was visited by fevers, especially the intermitting. He now desired to know if it could be prevented. I informed him that it could. He much desired to be informed how it might be done. As he was an intelligent and hospitable Virginian, it gave me pleasure to give him all the information I could. I told him that if he would move his quarter across the road to a ridge of forest land, where his black people could have a refreshing sleep every night, he would save in medicine in one year enough to cover the expense of moving his quarter. After explaining my views fully to him, he informed me that he would move his quarters to the forest to which I had called his attention. But I had no expectation that he would, because all merely practical men have much distrust of those whom they suppose to be merely, as they express it, book-learned.

Three years subsequently, I again travelled the same road, and discovered that the quarter had been moved to the forest ridge; and being anxious to learn what had been the result, I called on the proprietor, but with no desire to again tax his hospitality, for it was too early in the day. He did not remember me till I inquired what the health of his quarter had been since he moved it; then seized me by the hand, exclaiming: "You are the gentleman who advised me to move it?" He assured me that he had had no use for a doctor at his quarters since its removal; "but that is not the best of it; I have not lost a negro since, and I owe it all to you." I never saw any one so much pleased to see another as he was me. I had to continue with him till the next day. He seemed to be troubled for means to convey to me a full sense of his gratitude—pressed me to make his house my home—said that he wanted company. "True," said he, "sometimes I see our town doctors, but I am ignorant of their business, except their method of charging, and they are as ignorant of my business; so you see we are no company for each other." "I have," he continued, "several guns and a pack of good dogs, and plenty of horses and servants; you can pass your time as pleasantly as you please. You

would always be company for me, for I discover that you know much more than doctoring.”

I have any quantity of facts, more or less similar to the preceding. On the Mississippi river, those wood-choppers who camp in the forest, never have fever; but those who live in a cabin surrounded by a vegetable garden, are sure never to escape the fever for a single season.

I can write no more now. You can tell the new country folks that a preventive of ague and fever has been discovered.

BYRD POWELL.

NOTHING—BY NOBODY.

There is nothing which we think less of than *nothing*. Indeed, there is *nothing* in it to think of; yet a great many people *think of nothing*, and many *have nothing* to think of.

It is hard to write *on nothing*, but it is harder to *have nothing to write on*, and harder still to have “*nothing to write*.” Yet, *nothing* is *impossible* if we leave *nothing undone*, for *nothing cometh* of *nothing*. So much for *nothing*.

Now, *nothing* hath no meaning, no signification, no origin, no end; indeed, it *hath nothing*, and *is nothing*—“*no matter*” where—for it hath no time nor place. *Nothing* can be more certainly true than this, yet “*true 'tis nothing!*”

Great numbers of persons *know nothing*, very many *say nothing*, and many more *do nothing*. Some are *worth nothing*, others *are nothing*. Some are always busy *about nothing*, others *have nothing* to be busy about, but that's *nothing*.

Many work hard successfully *at nothing*. Many accomplish *nothing* when they work. Much of what most persons do *amounts to nothing*. That's *nothing* to us. “*Let nothing trouble you*” is a maxim that's good for *nothing*.

The ruling and upper classes are *nothing* more than other people when you know them, and the rest of mankind are *nothing* worth knowing.

The clergy of the orthodox churches, in their creeds, confessions of faith, and books of discipline, tell us that “all men are *nothing but poor, miserable, hell-deserving sinners*.”

But then, *they* mean *nothing by it*, and the *people* believe *nothing of it*; indeed, if any one did believe it, he would be *nothing* the better for his belief, for he would get *nothing* but Hell for his belief, so it all goes for *nothing*.

Ministers preach, Sunday after Sunday, about *nothing*. Thousands of prayers at prayer-meetings *mean nothing*, and most of the common sort of religion *is nothing* but formality.

The doctors *know nothing* of what ails you, *do nothing* that helps you, and are *good for nothing* but to run up a bill, which, after all, is *worth nothing*.

The medical journals are full of articles, essays, lectures, and communications, which treat of *every thing*, and elaborately instruct you *in nothing*. The writers *know nothing* of that whereof they write, the readers *learn nothing* from what they read, the journals *pay nothing* for what is written, and *get nothing* by what they publish; so they are all "good for nothing."

The lawyers *know nothing* of law, and the law is *worth nothing* when known. It is best for us to *have nothing* to do with law, and to *give nothing* to do to the lawyers, for they *do nothing* but prove that we *get nothing* by *going* to law, and *that's nothing* worth *going for*.

Politicians perpetually prate *about nothing for* nothing but place and pay.

The President *is nothing* but the tool of Southern politicians; but *that's nothing* but what we expected, and he'll *get nothing* for what he does but what begins with a D and ends with an N, and that's *nothing* but d*****n.

Congress accomplishes *nothing* except to spend our time and money, congressionally, for nothing. For three years past it has done nothing but do nothing for Kansas, until Kansas will have nothing to do with Congress.

The Legislature does nothing, for it does not know what to do, and nobody can teach it; so there's nothing to be done but to let it do nothing.

The Aldermen and Common Council are nothing but scamps, and do nothing but knavery. They may get a few hundred thousand dollars a year by picking and stealing, but that is nothing much for them, and nothing new to us. There's nothing they need so much as hemp, but they'll get nothing which they need.

The newspapers have nothing in them. Their correspondents write

long letters about nothing, having nothing to write. Accidents are daily reported in which nothing occurs but the loss of a few lives or limbs, but that is nothing, for there's nothing for people to do, and the killing off of a few, now and then, is nothing.

The coroner holds an inquest, at which nothing is proved but that nothing was done and nothing was left undone, so nothing was wrong; having found nothing, of course nothing comes of it, and it ends in nothing.

The ladies do nothing but dress, talk nothing but scandal, and write nothing but nonsense, and read nothing but foolishness. They wear nothing *long*, except at their heels, and nothing *much* above their waists. Some have "*nothing to wear.*" Many wear nothing. Some wear nothing FOR *any one*. Others wear nothing AT *all*.

Some are nothing but *show*. Some have nothing to *show*. Some *show* nothing. Many are *nothing worth*. Others are *worth nothing*. Some *think of nothing*, *say nothing*, *do nothing*, *have nothing*, and are nothing. But all this is "nothing to us."

The gentlemen do nothing, for they have "nothing to do." Society requires them to *be* nothing, and Fashion compels them to *do* nothing. They *know* nothing, *go without* nothing, *thank you* for nothing, and *pay* for nothing. They are nothing but gentlemen, and gentlemen of necessity are nothing.

There's nothing doing in *politics*. Most of the *politicians* are "*done for,*" and, consequently, have "*nothing to do.*"

There's nothing doing in business, for the business-men, "*having nothing,*" *do* nothing, and, consequently, there's *nothing to do*.

There's nothing doing in the city, for all the people "do nothing" but go to the country, and "every body knows" "there's nothing to do" in the country, so "*there's nothing stirring.*"

To those who esteem themselves by their wealth, we recommend the realization of that expressive passage of Scripture: "We brought nothing into the world, and we can carry nothing out of it."

Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Macbeth the exclamation, that "Life itself is but a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," and we ourselves, having "*nothing to do,*" and "*nothing to write,*" are compelled to write "NOTHING."

MENDACITY.

OF all the shameless instances of mendacity that have yet passed under our notice, the suit of W. T. G. Morton, who, we believe, occupies the position of a dentist in Boston, against Dr. Charles A. Davis, the talented physician and superintendent of the United States Marine Hospital at Chelsea, Mass., for an infringement of his patent for administering ether as an anæsthetic, takes the lead. Every member of the profession, who has taken the pains to look into the matter, well knows that Dr. Wells, of Hartford, was unquestionably the originator of this great boon to humanity. The subject has been thoroughly investigated, and every conscientious man in the profession would cheerfully sign a memorial to Congress to give the reward where it is due—namely, to the widow and orphans of Dr. Wells. But the insolence of this Morton exceeds belief. Be it remembered, that he claimed his patent originally for “the Letheon,” as a *secret* “compound”! We have read a pamphlet published by him, in which after stating the great benefits of the “compound,” he affixes the usual pains and penalties, and preaches loudly against the dishonesty and dishonorable conduct of such as might feel tempted to infringe on his patent, and then gives a modest list of prices, from \$100 to some \$250 and over, which he designs to charge those who may wish to use it, in various sized towns and districts. This man has succeeded in obtaining the aid of two surgeons of this city, who had previously given their affidavits to Dr. Wells, as, in their opinion, the original inventor (!), and by that means has obtained two thousand dollars; and he now modestly demands of Congress \$100,000 for the great discovery of the anæsthetic effect of sulphuric ether! Out upon such mendacity. If Dr. Valentine Mott and Dr. Willard Parker are so weak as to aid and abet such dishonesty, they will share their honors between them, for we are sure the profession here will never consent to so fraudulent an assumption. The truth is, ether, which every one knows to be the original and only substance used, never could be legally patented. It would be just as reasonable to claim a patent for some newly-discovered property of opium, quinine, or any other well-known and long-used medicine. Any one has as much right to breathe ether to the anæsthetic degree, as he has a right to take quinine to the extent of cinchonism, or opium to the extent of stupor. What would you say to claiming a patent for getting fuddled on brandy?

* We understand that the Morton plan was concocted at Dr. Parker's residence. Query: Was this a new phase of the “moral insanity” dodge?

THE MOTT SURGICAL AND PATHOLOGICAL MUSEUM, a pamphlet of seventy-four pages, with a blue and gold cover, has been sent us. We are at a loss to conceive what object there could have been in preserving such a formidable number of female breasts. "Puckered Nipples" and "Nipples Puckered" compose chiefly the first and second compartments. These melancholy mementoes of death, for such is the usual result of the operation in this stage, are given by columns, like a bill of fare. Dr. Mott, we believe, considers his "trophies" very much in the same light an Indian warrior views his scalps, and no doubt values them quite as highly. No. 903 struck us as a curious specimen. "Carcinoma of the lower Lip of an Irishman"! Dr. Mott should have saved the dudeen which probably produced it; it would have been a valuable addition and quite as illustrative as the specimen. "Three dogs' heads," and a "portion of the jaw of a shark," and the "foot and leg of a cock preserved," are, no doubt, very curious illustrations of scientific surgery. Query: were the cock's head and foot those of that one Doctor Mott sacrificed in the ruins of the temple of Esculapius? What a pity Dr. Mott stopped his crowing! Such antipathies, however, we believe, are natural.

PHYSIOLOGY, PATHOLOGY, AND THERAPEUTICS OF MUSCULAR EXERCISES, by W. H. Byford, M.D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children. Chicago: pp. 26. It would have been much more creditable to Dr. Byford if in this clever little essay he had given credit to Dr. B. H. Washington, of Hannibal, Mo., for the instructive use he has evidently made of his essay on the "Curability of Consumption." Nothing is more graceful in a teacher than a handsome acknowledgment of the efforts of his brethren, and nothing more foolish than to suppose that no one can detect the feathers borrowed from a brother. There are abundance of people who, though they may be too stupid and too lazy to write, have, nevertheless, capital memories.

WE owe an apology to Dr. M. L. Knapp for omitting the notice we had prepared of his very interesting and truly remarkable book, "Researches on Primary Pathology and the Origin and Laws of Epidemics." The truth is, our space was so far encroached upon, that we could not give the exceedingly interesting extracts we had prepared. We shall give the extracts in our next.

PATHOLOGY AND TREATMENT OF THE PARALYSIS OF MOTION, by J. P. Batchelder, M.D., of New-York. Pp. 62. A very useful tract, by

a man who has benevolence and science enough to make half a dozen doctors. Dr. Batchelder has retained all his enthusiasm, undimmed by years and the Presidency of "the Academy." There are several remarkable cases of cure by systematic motion and the excitement of the will of the patient. We consider that Dr. Batchelder has brought to light and proved a great truth, and we cordially advise all paralytics to look closely into these cases.

Poor Spolasco is dead, and his old white horse and magnificent silver carbuncled harness, and his gold spectacles, tremendous shirt-frills and ruffles, and remarkable white hat, no more excite the wonder of travellers and the smiles of our citizens. A man so crazy for notice as to rig himself up so fantastically, would hardly be content even in the other world without some notoriety, and as we have often been told that our journal was adapted to circulate in both spheres of the spiritual world, we hope the Baron will not object to the republication—from our monthly quarto—of this enumeration of his titles. Some of our readers say they desire to preserve it :

MOVEMENTS OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

Baron Spolasco, M.D.—Doctor of Medicine—Physician—Surgeon—Apothecary—Surgeon-Accoucheur—Man-Midwife—Consulting Physician—Medical Practitioner—Specialist—Prescribing Physician—Operating Surgeon—Physiologist—Pathologist—Nosologist—Toxicologist—Therapeutist—Pharmaceutist—Nosologist—Oculist—Aurist and Dentist—Allopathist—Homeopathist—Hydropathist—Electropathist—Galvanopathist—Mesmerist—Spiritualist Physician—Electrician—Herbalist—Rootist—Red Pepperist—Fomentationist—Embrocationist—Corn-cutter—Wart-charmer—Perfumer—Fumigator—Enchanter—Special Professor Extraordinary of Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery, in the Royal Baronial Spolasconial College of Medicine, Surgery, Pharmacy, and Midwifery, Hair-Curling, Preserving, and Dyeing, and the kindred sciences of Astrology, Rat-Catching, Bug and Roach Exterminating—Knight-Commander of the Faithful, etc., etc., etc., was moved from his baronial and collegiate halls in Spring street, one day last month, by order of the Ward Court. His unique and valuable collection of canes, crutches, and other progressive apparatus, with a comprehensive collection of old boots and shoes, and stuffed monkeys, and rattlesnakes, and dead babies, were summarily ejected into the street in consequence of the non-payment of certain demands of the nature of—rent.

T H E S C A L P E L .

ART. CXLII.—*Ten Years' Cruise in a Medical Cock-boat ; "Log" of the Scalpel ; Heaving the Lead ; Land Ahead ; Sharks.*

"USE fasting and full eating, but rather full eating ; watching and sleep, but rather sleep ; sitting and exercise, but rather exercise ; so shall nature be cherished, and yet taught masteries."—CELSUS.

TEN years ago, after seventeen years' lonely residence on one of those deserted spots in life's ocean, unknown to the ordinary navigator, but laid down with painful distinctness on the chart of memory as the islands of despair, scattered about in vast numbers in the black sea of Medical Hypothesis, we became so weary of the barrenness, intellectual and physical, of our deserted island, and so oppressed by the impenetrable mists which continually surrounded our cave, that we determined, with such aid as a starved and blunted intellect could furnish, to construct a sort of boat, whereby, by the blessing of God, and such favorable breezes as we might chance to meet blowing landward on the ocean of Common-sense, to escape to the main-land of Reason, and again enjoy the society of our kindred. We knew there must be a country inhabited by rational beings somewhere towards the north, because we recollected distinctly being enveloped in neck-furs and mittens by maternal care, and having the breath nearly knocked out of us, when the larger boys would seize the sides of our sled and leap on our miserable little carcass, as we started on a head-long race down Garden street hill ; that blessed season of nature we never could forget, nor the Wednesday and Saturday afternoon long walks to the north of Canal street, and even as far as Bishop Moore's old mansion in Twenty-third street, where we used to see chicken-hawks and rabbits, and on our way there to pass the scene of so many blessed and painful memories. We remembered all this with more or less distinctness, according to the quality of our food and the soundness of our sleep ; for these great natural restoratives, we have observed to be powerful openers of memory's cells, and the heart's warmer impulses.

Dropping allegory : Ten years ago, on the first of January, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, after seventeen years' general practice of our profession in the high-ways and by-ways of this great city, we issued the first number of this journal. It is needless to enter at length into a history of the numerous causes that made it necessary, if we were to continue the practice of our profession. They may be gathered throughout the pages of our ten volumes, and are doubtless familiar to those who have taken the pains to peruse them ; suffice it here to say, that almost every article without an initial at its conclusion, is either the product of our own pen or was prepared at our request, to illustrate some principle of the laws of life, or to ridicule some absurdity either in professional or civil life. All the didactic articles on the organic elements and forces of the body, the scenes in city practice, the laws of health, the life-sketches of New-York physicians, on domestic architecture, dress, the education of women, etc., etc., such as they are, were written by ourself ; in short, there is a great mass of didactic matter, a little common-sense, and much absurdity, which we have neither the time nor the ability to write over again ; yet we assure the reader, that if he wishes to understand the laws which govern his body, he must read the didactic articles we have already written. They were prepared as a connected series, and we confess a great degree of mortification, whenever our journal is spoken of as a witty or amusing companion only. There is one fact that would seem to give us a legitimate claim to alliance with some very respectable professional company, who are at this present moment making a considerable noise in the world of science and philanthropy.

The fact to which we allude is this : The leading articles of numbers one, two, and three, entitled, " Who shall Guard the Shepherds ? " and " To what extent is Medicine entitled to confidence ?—our own position," were written *just fifteen years before the first number appeared*, or after we had tested the truth of the sentiments we had imbibed by a pretty thorough perusal of Bacon, Locke, John Hunter, and Ben Abernethy, for nine years, including three years' professional attendance on two of our chief public charities, namely, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and House of Refuge, and a very large experience amongst the poor of the city, where we carried out to our heart's content the *no-physic* theory, with what results the books of those charities, and our private notes, can testify.

Our position is strengthened by the writings of such men as Sir John Forbes in his " Fallacies of the Faculty," Sir Benjamin Brodie

in his exquisite volume, "The Influence of Mind on the Body," the numerous essays and addresses of that accomplished scholar, Prof. Samuel H. Dickson, late of Charleston, and now of Philadelphia, and last, though not least, the beautiful essay on "Rational Medicine," by the venerable and learned Dr. Benjamin Bigelow of Boston, just issued from the press. The works of all these gentlemen powerfully sustain us in the sentiments advanced in those articles; but the man who does not at once see the force of the three lines on the cover of our journal will neither understand nor read it with profit to himself or others.

Long before we ever opened a medical book as a student, there were two things we could never reconcile to the justice or benevolence of God, nor to common-sense. The first was, why the natural efforts of the body to rid itself of deranged action, or temporary disease, should so continually be interfered with by putting powerful drugs into the stomach, the action of which must differ in every individual to whom they were given, and which could only act either as irritants or stupefiers. The second was, how the rash, uneducated, and often stupid and boorish men who administered them, could possibly claim the sagacity to see their necessity. Why a feeble, half-developed woman or child, cursed by an American in-door education, or a poor, half-starved tobacco-chewing, cigar and liquor-poisoned man, because he had the misfortune to be sick, should be condemned to the added hardship of being physicked, we could never understand. It seems, however, that some very sagacious and learned men were in a like predicament. Time and honesty have given us some powerful co-operators in reform. Hercules, when he went to liberate Prometheus, is said to have crossed the ocean in an earthen jug. We are quite content with our little cock-boat and our company.

The unmanly manner in which a portion of our professional brethren have endeavored to deceive unsuspecting strangers who inquire the object and character of this journal, with the view perhaps of consulting us professionally, demands at our hands a graver notice. Instead of a manly and emphatic disapproval of our ethics and journal, they have adopted a plan which compels us to a more particular allusion to private matters, than we fear will be agreeable to our readers; we can not avoid the necessity, however, and trust we shall be understood and borne with whilst we briefly make the exposure.

Since the first number was issued, the journal has cost us about \$18,000; it has returned just \$16,000, leaving us \$2000 out of pocket; but the entire set of stereotype plates, and what character we may

have gained with the public, as our reward. It has been privately asserted by many of the profession in this city, that we do not practise, but live from the proceeds of the journal! With this exposition of its financial returns, and our well-known estimate of the prophylactic properties of good food, such necessity would be peculiarly distressing to our feelings; indeed, we think if it were true, our affectionate brethren would soon be relieved from all anxiety about our welfare, in this world at least.

That this honorable trick of our brethren occasionally robs us of patients who visit the city with the view of consulting us, we know; for we have heard it from the lips of the parties deceived, when becoming dissatisfied with the person who used the mean artifice, they have sought our advice.

We publish the SCALPEL, as we stated in our Prospectus, firstly, to enter our solemn protest against the monstrous dosing by ignorant and presumptuous men; secondly, to expose the hucksters of diplomas in our Colleges to young men, whose proper position is some honest mechanical pursuit; thirdly, to instruct the people, expose the infernal abuses of the law and our every-day life, and to procure consulting and operating business. We are perfectly satisfied with the result, and have not the remotest intention of discontinuing it. It has procured for us as extensive a consulting business as we can conveniently attend to, from every part of the Union. Scarcely a day passes in which we are not called on to perform some surgical operation. Nevertheless, we take as much pleasure in preparing the journal as we did when first we commenced it. Our articles are more widely and extensively copied, both here and in Europe, than those of any other similar journal in the country, and our exchange-list is continually increasing. To our editorial friends throughout the Union, we express our hearty thanks; without them, we never could have established the journal; all we desire of them is, to continue to give the public their earnest and unbiased views, favorable or otherwise. We look with pity on the man who fears censure, and he who can not bear it should never attempt to instruct others. A journal that is not occasionally worth a little abuse, must be a very feeble sort of an affair. We are willing to add every paper in the Union to our list, but after our candid statement of the object of our journal, and its pecuniary returns, it will be apparent that we must expect some kind of notice.

To those earnest and sincere professional brethren throughout the Union who read us, and especially to those who have cheered us with

their earnest letters of encouragement, we return our hearty thanks. What shall we say to those numerous friends who have shown their sincerity by intrusting their relatives and cherished patients to our care? We have not yet had the misfortune to lose the esteem of any, and our earnest hope is, that our poor services may continue to merit their confidence.

One word in regard to the business of the journal. The office is at 1, Vesey street, Astor House, and there city subscriptions are received. We *will not* sell the journal at our office, as our time there is devoted exclusively to professional business. Those out of the city, however, who think proper to inclose their subscriptions to us, will be entered on our own list; and those who wish to order full sets of ten volumes, in five large books of five hundred pages each, at wholesale price, can only procure them by addressing us at Box 3121, Post-office.

ART. CXLIII.—*Fifth Letter from John Matthews: Westminster Abbey; Religious Services in; Monuments; Reading-Room of the British Museum; Parks and Gardens of London; Appearance of the Houses in London; Cost of Living compared to New-York; London Cook-shops; St. James' Park—a Coroner's Inquest; Spurgeon in the Surrey Gardens; Punch and Judy.*

DEAR DOCTOR: The description of the tombs in the Abbey would require volumes, and as they have often been noticed by others, I shall only send you a description of those that impressed me the most, or those I compare with others. There is little doubt but among the oldest tombs and sculptures there exist some of the best examples of art in the Abbey. It is true there are many more elaborate, but we should remember that no amount of labor or the most lavish expenditure of treasure can always secure the highest requisites for so impressive a purpose. One of the most elaborate monuments I saw, was one executed by Roubiliac to the memory of Joseph Gascoigne Nightingale and his lady. A skeleton, from whose fleshless bones a winding-sheet is falling, is represented as bursting from beneath the monument, holding in his bony hand a dart which he aims at the lady, who sinks affrighted into her husband's arms. The workmanship is quite conspicuous, but I thought the skeleton, which was really an impossibility,

as his bones were not apparently united so as to sustain his movements, would look much more possible and consistent, if joined by wires and suspended in a dissecting-room. The effect produced by such discordant monstrosities, is always one of disgust and horror, feelings of which the true artist never avails himself to produce respect for the dead, or a sublime sense of the solemnity and mystery of death, which should never be represented as necessarily terrible. Such straining after theatrical effect is always the mark of a decline of taste, and the real weakness of the artist; for in the noblest period of art, the sleeping figure, with its crossed hands and the inverted torch, quietly told the mysterious transition, and always appeared to me a reproach upon the Christianity of the present age, which suffered such representations as we often see, to find a place within the walls of its temples. It would almost appear that the religion of the heathen Greek had instilled into the minds of that cultivated people, truer ideas of death than the Christianity of a frivolous age, which is so often inclined by grinning skulls and ghastly horrors, to encircle that which is certainly our lot, perhaps our greatest blessing.

I turned with pleasure from the contemplation of this monument to that of King Henry the Third, to whom art in England is indebted for the great advance it made in his reign. His tomb is erected over the former grave of the Confessor. Like all the tombs in the Abbey, it suffered at the time of the Reformation, and during the Protectorate, but enough still remains to make it beautiful. The monument is enriched with panels of polished porphyry, surrounded by fine mosaic work of scarlet and gold; at the corners, are bronze columns elaborately enameled and gilded. Upon the top of this structure, lies the effigy of the monarch. It is rather high, and is not much seen by most visitors, who hurry through the chapel. I climbed upon an adjacent monument to see the statue, and I certainly never saw one more simple, or so impressive. The face is in the sweetest repose, and in death so beautiful that it might almost be feminine, but for a certain air of majesty which sat upon the brow and marked it as a kingly face. I could not help thinking, as I looked upon the tomb, that in its polished stones, now so broken and defaced, there was sacrifice, but upon the statue there was more, for there was solemn devotion. The sculptor of this tomb was William Torrell, (English for Torrelli,) an Italian artist, who flourished at that time. It is supposed to be the first bronze statue cast in England. Near the tomb of Henry is that

of Eleanor, wife of Edward the First. It also possesses those qualities which we admire in that of Henry.

The tomb of Henry the Seventh, and of Elizabeth his Queen, in the beautiful chapel erected by that monarch as a place of sepulture for himself and his descendants, is one of the most conspicuous and stately tombs in the Abbey. Upon an elegant base of marble, lie the bronze effigies of the royal pair. The sculpture is more severe than that of the statue of Henry the Third and Queen Eleanor, but it is still most appropriate for the purpose. The tomb is surrounded by a magnificent Gothic screen of bronze, and was executed by Pietro Torrigano, a Florentine, and fellow-student with Michael Angelo, whose nose he broke in a quarrel. Torrigano received £1500 for the work, an immense sum at that time. All the kings of England, from Henry to George the Third, were buried in this chapel, but George erected a tomb for himself and successors at Windsor, where the royal family are now buried. The chapel of Henry the Seventh is remarkable for the great beauty of its details. The roof is exceedingly light, and has an almost aerial effect. The stones of which it is composed are exquisitely carved, although rather loaded with detail. The architect of the chapel is supposed to have been the prior of St. Bartholomew at Smithfield, for in the royal will, he is called the master of the works. Henry ordered himself to be buried, "eschewing all damnable pomp and outrageous superfluities;" but at the same time he gave orders for the most sumptuous tomb and magnificent ceremonies. A few years since, the chapel was restored at a cost of about £50,000. When we look at the tombs of Roubiliac, we feel that while the chisels were shaping into form skull and bones, the workers might have laughed and made merry with their work. But at the tombs of Henry the Third, of Eleanor de Bohn, of Aymer de Valence, or Edward Crookback, we feel that the artist was really serious, and jesting impossible. They are magnificent specimens of the eminence which sculpture in England attained at this period.

The tomb of Mary Queen of Scots is a very costly as well as magnificent monument. It was erected by her son James the First, who caused her remains to be deposited here. The recumbent effigy, which is of white marble, lies under a richly decorated canopy, supported by columns, and is said to be a good likeness of that unfortunate queen. She is represented as in death, with her hands clasped in prayer. The features are even now beautiful, and the hands of

numerous visitors have so often pressed the marble brow that it is polished, and resembles ivory in texture and color.

The monument of Elizabeth, the rival of Mary, resembles that of the Queen of Scots, and her effigy lies under a canopy, dressed in all her robes and regalia of state. The figure is not as beautiful or so simple as that of Mary, although the tomb is one of the most costly in the Abbey.

The shrine of Edward the Confessor, where the remains of that king were removed by Henry the Third, has been much defaced, and there is only enough now remaining to give us an idea of its former splendor. Henry the Third enriched it with jewels and golden statues, and the pomp and ceremonies attending the re-interment of the Confessor, greatly exceeded in magnificence any spectacle which had previously been seen in England. The kings of England were accustomed to pay their devotions at this shrine, and it is here that Henry the Fourth was struck with his fatal illness. He was carried to the Jerusalem Chamber in the adjoining palace, where he died shortly afterwards.

Of the modern monuments, may be mentioned that of Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield, by Flaxman. All the figures of Flaxman are well conceived, but his designs lack unity. Mansfield sits in judgment upon a circular pedestal. On each side are figures emblematic of Wisdom and Justice. The condemned youth—a beautiful figure—is behind the pedestal, and can not be seen unless by walking behind the monument. There are several other good monuments by this sculptor, but I felt more disappointed in his sculptures, as I had often looked with pleasure upon his noble illustrations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, and the divine comedies of Dante.

In the Poets' Corner is the full-length statue and monument erected to the memory of Shakspeare in 1740. The figure in attitude and expression is very effective, and the familiar lines engraved on a scroll, by the figure, produce an effect almost startling in this mouldering temple, which so forcibly illustrates them :

“The cloud-capped towers,
The gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples,
The great globe itself—yea, all which it inherit,
Shall dissolve, and like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind.”

A small monument to the memory of Elizabeth Warren, by West-

macott, is well conceived and feelingly executed. It represents a female figure holding an infant.

Besides the monuments I have mentioned, there are others of great cost and magnificence, erected by the British nation to the memory of Fox, Pitt, Chatham, and Nelson, but as they did not present any thing very novel, I sought the unpretending graves of Chaucer, Spenser, Beaumont, Addison, Dryden, Dr. Johnson, and Newton; for these possessed attractions for me greater, from their associations, than the monuments of statesmen or kings. Chaucer was the first poet buried in Westminster. His tomb, once of elaborate Gothic workmanship, is now much defaced. Spenser, who it is said, died for the lack of bread, desired to be buried near the father of English poetry. Beaumont lies buried here, away from his friend Fletcher. How associated have their names become! how vividly they recall their devoted friendship! The author of the popular ballad of "Black-eyed Susan," and the "Beggars' Opera," also lies here. Addison is buried in the chapel of Henry the Seventh. The tombstones of Johnson, Sheridan, and Garrick touch each other. The graves of some of the greatest men buried here, are not marked by a monument, and of others, a simple stone and inscription tells us that the dust of some great spirit's mortal frame lies beneath. The number of honorary monuments erected in the Abbey to persons buried elsewhere, often causes confusion in the minds of visitors. Thus, that accomplished traveller, Bayard Taylor, says: "I paused long before the ashes of Shakspeare." A great waste of emotion, which ought to have been reserved for the period when he stood by the grave of the immortal bard at Stratford.

Here also, we saw the old oak chair in which the kings of England have been crowned for ages. Under it is the stone originally brought from Ireland, upon which the kings of Scotland were crowned. When used for the coronation ceremonies, this chair is covered with gold tissue. Another chair to match, was made for the coronation of Mary, queen of King William the Third, and stands beside it. I observed cut upon the seat of the old chair, the names of the Joneses and Smiths who have determined to secure in some way a species of immortality.

Notwithstanding the sanctity which haunts this venerable structure, the graves which it contains have often been desecrated. The malignity engendered by the Reformation, respected neither its monuments of art nor the repose of the dead, and the political asperities of the times of Cromwell were too often vented here. Thus, during the

troubles of the Reformation, the jewels and ornaments from the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and the silver head of the effigy of King Henry the Fifth were stolen. The adherents of Cromwell, who for some time used the Abbey as barracks for soldiers, effaced many of the inscriptions, and mutilated the sculpture. At the time of the Restoration, the body of Cromwell was dragged from the tomb, where it had been interred with regal pomp, and taken to Tyburn gallows, where it was hung, burned, and the remains buried beneath. The head was some time exposed on Westminster Hall. When Henry the Seventh pulled down the old chapel of the Virgin to build his new edifice, he removed the corpse of Catherine, queen of Henry the Fifth, and placed it near the tomb of her husband. The body was in a remarkable state of preservation, and by some neglect was exposed, so that any influential visitor could see it. Pepys, that inveterate gossip, of course visited it, and says: "Here, by particular favor, did we see the body of Queen Katharine of Valois, and I had the upper part of her body in my hand, and I did kiss her mouth, reflecting that I did kiss a queen, and that this was my birthday, thirty-six years old, that I did kiss a queen." At the coronation of James the Second, when the scaffolding was removed, a hole was broken in the coffin of Edward the Confessor. Keep, one of the historians of the Abbey, writes: "On putting my hand in the hole, and turning the bones I felt there, I drew from beneath the shoulder-bones a crucifix richly enamelled and ornamented, and a gold chain twenty-four inches long." These were presented to the king, who ordered new boards to the coffin, that no abuse might be offered to the sacred ashes. After the burial of Henry the Third, the grave was opened by Abbot Weulck, who took the heart of Henry and gave it to the Abbess of Font Evraud, to whom Henry had promised it during his life. The tomb of his son, Edward the First, was opened in 1744 by some antiquarians, who obtained permission of the Dean, who was present. The body was found wrapped in linen and waxed clothes, and had on a crown, and by the hand lay a sceptre. The whole was gilded and ornamented with false stones. One of the antiquaries who was present, named Gough, stole the forefinger of the King, but was obliged to restore it, as he was detected in the theft.

SERVICE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The first Sunday I spent in London, I attended the services which are held in the Abbey. The sermon was a poor one indeed, and Dr.

Wordsworth seemed to give very great prominence to the awful iniquity of the marriage of a man to his deceased wife's sister, which was almost the only subject of importance upon which he dwelt. The reverberation of the solemn tones of the organ through the aisles, seemed almost to shake the columns and roof of the venerable pile, and to attune the soul to spiritual things. The singing was good, but the reading of the litany was performed with such a nasal twang as to disturb and almost turn to ridicule the solemnity of the responses. There were a great number of superannuated old men attired in long cloaks trimmed with cord and gold lace, and other rich attire, and beades and pew-openers in profusion. The whole, with the inconsistent dresses, made the worship of God appear more like a ceremonious homage than true devotion. The contrast was striking indeed in that edifice, where other associations were involuntarily recalled.

READING-ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

I visited the other day the new reading-room of the British Museum, and an agreeable visit it was. The building has but lately been completed, and it is doubtless the most magnificent room in the world devoted to study. The room is circular, and spanned by a dome larger in diameter than that of St. Peter's at Rome. The decoration of the interior of the dome, is at once elegant and rich. The panels are of an azure blue, richly bordered with gold, and the margins are of a warm cream color. The cornice, from which the ribs of the dome spring, is very massive, and is almost entirely covered with gold. The dome is surrounded with twenty circular-headed windows, each twenty-seven feet high and twelve wide, divided in the centre by columns, the caps of which are richly gilded. The lantern light which surrounds the dome is forty feet in diameter, and is formed of moulded rims radiating from a medallion centre, enriched by the royal arms. The books are ranged around the room under the cornice, and being richly gilt and bound in various colors, present a splendid appearance. They are accessible to the attendants by two galleries of open iron work entirely covered with gold. The lower range of books, twenty thousand in number, are standard works for the purpose of reference, and may be examined by the reader without a ticket. The desks for readers radiate from the centre of the room, where the catalogue and desks for the attendants are placed, and are of solid oak, covered with black enamelled leather. The ample space of four feet

is allotted to each reader, and in a small recess directly in front of him is an inkstand secure from accident. Above it are brass hooks, which are always kept supplied with quill pens. Before the reader are two small doors composed of oak and iron, covered with leather, and upon opening them a book-holder appears, which can instantly be graduated so as to sustain the book at any required degree or distance of inclination. Between the desk and upon the top of the partition before the reader is a brass screen to admit fresh air, which is drawn from a tower sixty feet in height, outside of the building. In the winter the air is warmed by steam. The floor of the room is covered with Kamptulicon, evenly laid upon a stratum of cement, which effectually deadens all sound and is very pleasant to walk upon. The furniture of the room is of massive oak or mahogany, and many of the chairs are covered with morocco. Several ranges of the desks are appropriated for the exclusive use of ladies. The number of books in the library exceeds five hundred thousand, and the catalogue is contained in some five hundred volumes. Admission as a reader into this library is very easily obtained, and it should not be omitted by any American who visits London. I have myself spent many agreeable hours poring over its treasures.

PARKS AND GARDENS OF LONDON.

The beautiful parks and gardens of London are its crowning glory. There is no better evidence of the healthy state of humanity, and that continued love of green fields and flowers which is the delight of childhood. I have visited the parks and some of the gardens in which the city abounds, and after my confinement within the smoky buildings of London, witnessed with a kind of wild exultation the gambols of happy children under the noble trees, or by the side of the ponds, where aquatic birds with their young, eagerly sought the crumbs dropped from the hand of the young visitors. I saw here the tired and dusty workman reclining on the grass and inhaling as a species of luxury the pure atmosphere. Numbers of pale invalids may also be seen drawn in small carriages by their attendants, and here is ample space to permit the parched and weary foot of the city pedestrian to enjoy the refreshing luxury of the cool and velvety grass.

One evening I visited Hyde Park. Its shaded avenues were filled with glittering carriages, and reclining within were the princes, the aristocracy and beauty, while, seated on the green, crowds of ladies and gentlemen, surrounded by numbers of children, looked upon the

brilliant scene. The trees here, unlike the sickly specimens which occupy *our* Park, are generally of a large size, and have a healthy vitality about them which, to me, like the architecture of the city, promised a long duration. There is a costly bridge over the small lake, and it is, besides, adorned with numerous fountains and islands. A fine band every day discourses sweet music, and the appearance of things here is so sylvan, that one can scarcely realize that he is actually in a great city. We hope it will not be long before New-York will possess some place where the people may be able to behold in their beauty and luxuriance the stately trees and brilliant flowers of their native land.

APPEARANCE OF THE HOUSES IN LONDON.

Nothing surprised me more in London than the black and smoky appearance of the buildings. I had often heard that the buildings were dingy, and I supposed it referred to the ancient churches and old houses, but I find here that every house, even one not built five years, has the appearance of having been in existence for a century. Upon some of the buildings, and upon the abutments of the bridges, I saw soot half an inch in thickness. There is little doubt that the atmosphere as well as the coal of London, has an important share in producing this result. The mornings and evenings here are generally cool, and the moist air condenses upon the stone and brick. Any flying particles of soot are instantly caught by the damp wall, which is continually absorbing the moisture. There is a great quantity of soot always floating in the air, and even at this season, when comparatively little coal is consumed at this end of the city, I find my table covered with black particles if I leave my room-window open a few hours. It is not uncommon to meet persons in the street with small sooty particles attached to their faces, and more than once during the warm days I have been rather astonished at the decoration of my own visage from the same cause.

COST OF LIVING COMPARED TO NEW-YORK.

The cost of living in London has been much exaggerated. I had anticipated great extortion, but to my surprise I find that I can live quite as cheaply in London as at present in New-York, where the cost of provisions is enormous. You can get here a very good plain dinner for fifty cents, and breakfast and tea for twenty-five cents at any

restaurant. A good beef-steak for which in New-York one must pay thirty-seven cents at a first-class restaurant, is to be obtained here in perfection for twenty-five cents. Eggs and butter are about the same price as in New-York, but bread is dearer—four pounds costing about sixteen cents.

LONDON COOK-SHOPS.

The restaurants and cook-shops form a prominent feature in London. The enormous dishes of roast beef and legs of mutton exhibited in the windows all steaming hot, are about the best advertisement the shop-keepers can adopt, for they cause an involuntary feeling of hunger to fall upon the passer-by. Two or three children may generally be seen flattening their noses against the window-panes, with an expression upon their faces which denotes that they are feeding in imagination upon the substantial delicacies within. But, even such cruel exhibitions are often considered insufficient to induce the spectator to indulge, for on one ambitious shop-keeper's sign I noticed the following: "Veal and ham-pies, patronized by his grace the Duke of Rutland." Doubtless the prestige conferred by the patronage of his grace, who probably is noted for his keen appreciation of flavor, produces an extraordinary consumption of this delicacy, for I observed that the shop was well patronized by the people.

ST. JAMES' PARK—A CORONER'S INQUEST.

Early one fine morning, after taking my breakfast at the *Red Lion*, I walked over to St. James' Palace, to hear the band play. The band numbered about thirty performers, were well trained, and the music was very correctly performed; the leader beating time with the flute, *a la Jullien*. As the Duke of York's Column seemed on so fine a day to afford a good view of the city, I ascended its hundred and seventy steps to the summit, which, since people who wished to commit suicide were so thoughtless or indifferent as to precipitate themselves on passers-by, has been entirely inclosed with iron railing, so that it resembles a cage. I was disappointed in my expectation, for I found the murky air of the city shut out the view of the surrounding country. It is true that I obtained a fine view of the Thames and its bridges, and of Westminster and the new Houses of Parliament, and many chimney-pots and a few steeples, but it was a very unsatisfactory prospect; so I descended and walked through the Park to the ornamental pond, where I fed her Majesty's ducks with some crackers.

The royal birds gobbled down the food with great avidity. I suppose it was rather early, and their accustomed young visitors had not yet appeared to feed them. Walking over the green across Hyde Park, I emerged through the large gate surmounted with its poorly modelled equestrian bronze statue of Wellington, and found myself at the entrance of St. George's Hospital. As people passed through its door I followed them, and found that an inquest was to take place on the body of a man who had died under the influence of amylené, which had been administered as an anæsthetic during a surgical operation. As I felt some interest in the case, I sought the room where the coroner was to hold his court. That official was seated at the end of the room, and at a long table were the jury, each furnished with writing materials, which lay before him. The testimony of the nurse, who was first called, proved that the patient, a young man, had submitted to three previous operations, in which *chloroform* was used with entire success, and that he was in good condition previous to the last operation. One of the hospital surgeons testified that Dr. Hawkins, the surgeon of the hospital, had performed the previous operations, but that upon this occasion Dr. Snow obtained permission to administer *amylené* to the patient, who was not aware of the fact. The patient was laid upon his face, and after the tumor was removed and the incision closed, the surgeons present turned the man over, and found "*that he did not breathe, and had no pulse.*" "Then the man was dead," said one of the jurors. "Well, I suppose you might call him so, for he did not revive," was the quaint answer of the surgeon. He was then asked: "To what cause he attributed the fact of death?" "Well," he replied, "I suppose the patient must have taken just one inspiration too much." Dr. Snow then took the stand. He said "that he had employed amylené in two hundred and thirty-eight cases with but two fatal results." He approved of its application in all cases; patients did not suffer afterwards, as was often the case with chloroform; he gave it frequently in trifling cases, even for the operation of tooth-drawing. He attributed the death on this occasion solely to the amylené. When asked if amylené was a poison, he replied that he should call it "*a powerful narcotic medicine.*" He said that no attempt was made to revive the patient with stimulants, as it was too late. In accordance with the coroner's instruction, "that the deceased came to his death by an accidental over-dose of amylené," the jury brought in a verdict to that effect.

I think it time, as you long since suggested, that we had some law

to limit the administration of such dangerous anæsthetic agents to very powerful and urgent cases, for the number of deaths resulting from their employment is greater than is generally imagined. I think no conscientious surgeon will administer such powerful drugs for tooth-drawing or other slight operations. I was somewhat surprised, accustomed as I have been to witness the laxity of coroner's inquests in New-York, to find so much minute evidence given even in some very simple cases, which were investigated after the main inquest was over. When all were completed, the beadle came and cried out: "Oyez, oyez, ye good men of the city of Westminster, who have been summoned here this day in behalf of our sovereign lady, the Queen, touching the deaths of Thomas Thompson and others, you having delivered your verdict according to the evidence, you may now depart in peace and take your ease. God save the Queen."

SPURGEON AT THE SURREY GARDENS.

Last Sunday I attended the services held at the Surrey Gardens, where greater crowds now listen to the preaching of the Gospel than since the days of Whitefield and Wesley. After passing over Waterloo Bridge, we were at no loss as to the direction we were to take, as we found ourselves passing along with a throng of people all dressed in their best, and intent upon hearing the celebrated young preacher, Spurgeon. As we walked along, we could hear the remarks of the multitude who had heard him, or who, in their expectation to do so, wondered concerning him. An half-hour's walk brought us to the Garden, and although it was still early, upon entering the large hall we found that it was difficult to obtain a good seat. Mounting, however, to the upper gallery, we obtained a front seat and a tolerable view of the pulpit. The house, which is a large one, will seat about five to six thousand people. During the week it is used for a place of amusement, and I saw bills posted conspicuously in several places in the interior, and I could read in large black and red capitals the words, JULLIEN, CONCERT, FIREWORKS, PICO, FOUR NIGHTS ONLY. The ceiling was hung with flags, which suggested the future happy union of all nations; but I saw no American flag there. On the front of the rostrum was a painted sign which read: "Entrance to the refreshment rooms and new restaurant outside the hall." Before the services commenced, the barriers outside the doors were removed, and the crowd entered. The vast hall was in a few minutes filled, and hundreds of people, being unable to obtain a seat, crowded the side-aisles,

where they stood during the services. I observed that great numbers of men kept their hats on in the hall until the preacher appeared. As the youthful divine ascended the pulpit, there was a great rustle among the audience, but as he bowed himself for a few minutes in prayer before them all, they were silent. The preacher who succeeds in drawing such vast congregations is a young man, but twenty-three years of age, with a full dark eye, fine brow, oval face, white teeth, and dark hair. His form is full and destitute of angularities. The whole audience joined in singing the psalm, commencing, "Through all the changing scenes of life," and in a portion where there is a response, he said, "Let the answer come like the noise of many waters." Before commencing his discourse, he remarked, that last Sabbath several persons went away, as his sermon was rather long. He would therefore detain his flock but a short time, choosing for his text the words of the Psalmist, "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him." His sermon occupied about an hour, and he interspersed his comments with effective poetical quotations and anecdotes. I never saw an audience more wrapped in attention. The sermon, though eloquent, was not a powerful spiritual exhortation. If uttered by any other preacher I ever heard, I believe it would be impossible to produce the same effect. The appearance and fervor of this preacher, powerful as those qualities are, can not account for it; for as soon as he speaks the eye loses sight of all personal qualities, and you feel that the real secret of success lies in his voice. I have certainly never heard one more clear, so flexible, or as thrilling; as it rolled forth in deep denunciation it startled his audience with terror, and in his descriptions of beauty, its fine vibrations appeared to sparkle and flash, like the prismatic hues of falling spray. The exquisite pathos with which he related an anecdote, was such that men wept and women sobbed aloud. Owing to his commonplace similes and want of spirituality, his sermons lose much of their effect when read. But the magic of his voice breathes fire into the tamest sentence, and clothes an eloquent or pathetic passage with a brilliancy and beauty which in vain you endeavor to forget. You feel the charm, and resign yourself to its influence. The tones still linger in my ear, and I can scarcely persuade myself that it is eight days since I heard them. I can not help wishing that the witchery of such a voice might be combined with that dignity and spirituality which produce such powerful effects upon mankind, when spoken by a Luther, a Calvin, or a Knox, to numbers much inferior to those who

assemble weekly at the Surrey Gardens, and which would rather avoid than seek a mixed though vast multitude of hearers, as the end of ambition.

PUNCH AND JUDY.

I saw the other day in the street an exhibition of that fast disappearing institution, a Punch and Judy show. This consisted of an upright box, covered with canvas, in the lower part of which a man was concealed to manage the puppets, which were exhibited at a square opening in the box. The proprietor of the affair stood on the outside to solicit coppers and to warn his concealed partner of the approach of vehicles. At any alarm the puppets disappeared, and the box suddenly rose from the ground, revealing a pair of boots, which walked off with the exhibition to a place of safety. As with other ancient London institutions, the original character of this show has been much impaired, every sort of modern innovation having crept in to undermine it. It can not long survive. Negroes and Yankees were alternately introduced, while an animated conversation in a tone which resembled the peculiar bark given out by the toy-dogs of children, was kept up between them and Mr. Punch, who at last terminated the exhibition by soundly thrashing all his adversaries, including Mrs. Judy.

The exhibition afforded ecstatic delight to about a hundred children, who crowded around the performance.

JOHN MATTHEWS.

ART. CXLIV.—*On the Natural Law of Marriage ; what temperaments should marry. Physiological incompatibility between the sexes in relation to Progeny ; "Physiological Incest ;" Scrofulous forms of Disease ; Juvenile Mortality ; Editor's Observations.*

DEAR DOCTOR: If my memory serves me correctly, I have already introduced this subject to your notice, but I think that I have never sent it to you in proper form for publication, but now I propose to do it.

Physiological incompatibility between the sexes has hitherto been observed only in consanguinity or family relationship ; but the laws governing it, even in this relation, have not been ascertained. This incompatibility undoubtedly exists in a far more extended degree in

mariages where there is no consanguine relationship. If any ever discovered even this before the fact was announced by myself, I know it not, but for this I care nothing, as this discovery by itself is worth nothing; but in addition to it I claim to have discovered its indices and laws, thus enabling all persons to avoid the evil. The amount of the whole matter is this: certain temperaments or constitutions are incompatible, and the individuals possessing such temperaments ought not to marry; and those who understand the temperaments may very easily learn to distinguish those of the sexes who are incompatible. For the temperaments furnish the indices and the laws that govern incompatibility.

The classification of the temperaments which I adopt is that which has descended to us probably from Galen, with a slight modification, namely, for the melancholic, I substitute the encephalic, which I believe to be the same, not differing from it in constitutional characteristics; but the name is more appropriate or significant.

The sanguine and bilious temperaments, I regard as being original or primary; they are the sources of vitality to the race, and hence I name them the *vital* elements. The lymphatic and encephalic temperaments, I regard as secondary or acquired, and hence name them *adjunctive* elements; after these explanations the whole subject can be reduced to the following laws.

LAW I. When both of the parties to an alliance are constitutionally the same, there will result no progeny.

LAW II. The vital elements are incompatible with each other, and if progeny result, it will probably be idiotic or rachitic;* but more observations are required to make this conclusion certain.

LAW III. When an adjunctive element shall obtain in the constitutions of the allied parties respectively, but to an extent less than half of the said constitutions, there may be a numerous progeny, and they may live to adult age, but will then die of tubercular phthisis, (consumption.) Of this law I have seen many illustrations; I have seen whole families consisting of eleven, twelve, and thirteen children taken off between the ages of twenty-two and twenty-seven years respectively, and in cases, too, where consumption had never before been known in the family.

LAW IV. When an adjunctive element shall obtain in the constitutions of the parties respectively, and to an extent equal to a half of the

* Softening and distortion of the bones of children.

said constitutions respectively, the resulting progeny may be numerous; but all will die before attaining the age of seven years, and they usually die of tubes mesenterica, or tubercular meningitis.*

LAW V. When both of the adjunctive elements shall enter into each of the allied parties, but not in the same proportions, but so differing as to admit of some difference between the constitutions respectively, the resulting progeny may be numerous; but a majority will not live through the period of utero-gestation and the minority will not attain the age of two years respectively. I have witnessed so many examples of this law as to have no doubt of its existence.

LAW VI. When one of the parties is exclusively vital, the other may be as adjunctive as it is possible for one to be, and the alliance will be legal or compatible; the progeny will be promising.

LAW VII. In all alliances between the sexes, with a view to progeny, one of the parties should be exclusively vital, that is, sanguine, bilious, or sanguine-bilious, (the sanguine-bilious I have found to be as vital as the sanguine or the bilious, but it never results directly from a union of the sanguine and the bilious separately, but from other alliances that contain the elements,) and the other party should be as certainly more or less adjunctive.

The preceding laws have been deduced from an immense number of carefully made observations during a period of fourteen years. In estimating the mischief that results from this constitutional incompatibility, my conclusion is, that it is the source of all of our scrofulous forms of disease. I do not hold that it directly produces such forms of disease; but it does produce that peculiar and feeble variety of organization which readily takes on such forms of disease.

But, my dear Doctor, I have not succeeded in detecting much of this incompatibility in our European population here; as you have a much more extensive field for observation than I have, I wish you would look to it, and inform me whether it is common with you. As scrofulous forms of disease obtain, I believe in all the states of Europe, I can not doubt that this incompatibility obtains there also; and I can not separate this form of disease from this form of incompatibility. I am sure I am not mistaken in this matter. Scrofulous forms of disease result exclusively from incestuous alliances between the sexes, and they are of two kinds, consanguine, and extra-consanguine; and the latter is much the greater evil, because it obtains much more fre-

* Tubercles in the glands of the intestines and of the membranes of the brain.

quently, and there is often a more aggravated degree of physiological incompatibility. I feel very sure that more than half of our juvenile mortality results from this cause; the progeny of constitutionally incompatible parents are less able to resist disease as well as those of opposite temperaments, and hence they fall more easily under all the forms of disease which are incidental to infancy and childhood.

I have come to the conclusion that human longevity holds a very strong relation to parental compatibility of constitution. Of all the evils in our land, I regard this as the most fruitful in mischief; you may suspect me, Doctor, of exaggeration, but if you were as well acquainted with this subject as I hold myself to be, you, with your New-York advantages, would not suspect me of coloring this subject too highly—for the fact is, it can not be too highly colored. This evil no doubt has been spreading ever since incestuous alliances began with Adam's children.

What now can be done to reduce the magnitude of this great evil? The subject is purely physiological, and therefore it legitimately belongs to the medical profession. If all of our medical practitioners were qualified to instruct young people in this matter, then all parties contemplating an alliance could be informed in relation to their compatibility. Although the human temperaments have been taught for two thousand years in medical colleges, yet there is not one per cent of the profession who can distinguish the combinations when they see them, and a large majority of them, unfortunately, when they have acquired knowledge enough to secure a moderate subsistence, are satisfied. When physiology shall be taught in our schools, and particularly this specialty of it, then this mammoth evil will be arrested.

I desire to see the time come when no young gentleman will be allowed to graduate before he is capable of judging accurately in relation to sexual compatibility and incompatibility; but before students can be taught, professors themselves must be instructed, and acknowledge this great truth.

The most solemn farce I am ever called to witness, is the solemnization of a union by a minister of God, of two persons whom God had previously decreed should not be united.

Yours faithfully,

W. BYRD POWELL.

Cincinnati.

We assure our friend, Dr. Powell, that we have for some years been familiar with his views on this great subject; in a series of ob-

servations rapidly made, yet with his accustomed happiness of expression, he made us acquainted with them in a letter now in our possession; it was our intention soon to request his more mature views for publication; but he has happily anticipated us by this novel and startling paper. During the period of our knowledge of Dr. Powell's theory, we have not been an idle observer, but have repeatedly had our attention most forcibly arrested by the melancholy excess of infant mortality amongst the children of persons of similar temperaments; but more especially the encephalic temperament. So numerous have been the deaths in two families now under our immediate observation, that the announcement of a birth has in our mind been always anticipatory of a death; one family have lost all, namely, eight children! the other, five; only two remaining—and those of the feeblest possible organization compatible with life. The dreadful mortality amongst children in summer, is in our opinion very often due to this cause. We assure Dr. Powell that the same result exists in a very high degree amongst foreigners in this city; though the shocking pampering and premature excitement of the nervous system from the moment of birth, so common amongst American mothers—often only anticipate the inevitable death of the children by feebleness of constitution derived from incompatibility of temperament between the parents.

When we look at a scrofulous child, one in whom the powers of life, that is to say, breathing and the consequent ability to assimilate enough food to keep down the tendency to the formation of tubercle in its brain, belly, or bones, is below par, we almost invariably find an anterior brain of great dimensions in one of the parents, with a weak animal nature; now, if two such persons unite, that is, two persons of Dr. Powell's encephalic temperament, the result is almost certain death of all the offspring in infancy, either by dropsy of the brain at teething, or tubercles in the glands of the belly, (marasmus,) or by summer diarrhea, (cholera infantum;) indeed, it is impossible to suggest a more probable cause for scrofula in all its forms, than parental incompatibility. Should two persons of a lymphatic temperament unite, there will be a very miserable race of offspring; the life-power, or organic force of the tissues, that power which prevents the percolation of the fluids, as of water through a sieve, will be too low to keep those fluids circulating in their proper channels. There will be congestive diseases, dropsies, or morbid deposits, and the individual will either die of some infantile complaint or be swept off by some fortuitous disease nature has no power to resist.

The scriptural injunction, "A man may not marry his sister," when subjected to the analysis of the true physiologist, is capable of a far more extended and philosophic application than that usually given it by the religious world. Like the rite of circumcision, it covers a great hygienic and vital truth, and we can not but think that if men would learn to read their Bibles by the aid of the lamp of physiology they would greatly improve the species and entertain far more exalted ideas of the benevolence of God, mixed with less of slavish fear and selfishness; we are amazed at the ignorance of Divines on these subjects; the learned and profound Adam Clarke should find more admirers and students amongst them; he was a man of great sagacity, and his Commentaries show very enlarged views of the philosophy of the Bible.

Fortunately for the race, marriages are oftener contracted from instinct, and individuals of opposite temperaments are very apt to experience that natural attraction that results in marriage; were it not for this, the frequent results of parental cupidity in favoring alliances between relatives, as well as those that are physiologically incompatible, would produce results still more appalling. Insane, idiot, and deaf-and-dumb offspring are now so frequently attendant on the marriages of cousins in this country, as to appall the student of statistics; and it reflects great credit on some of our Western States that they are beginning to demand the passages of laws to prevent the further deterioration of the race; our lunatic, deaf and dumb, and idiot asylums furnish but wretched subjects for congratulation.

It would be far more creditable to enlighten the people on the unchangeable laws of nature. The four great evils of incompatibility of the temperaments in the marriage relation, the lowering of the organic force of offspring by the use of tobacco, the horrible results of the American school system of precocious education, and syphilis, are destroying the manhood of this nation.

We consider that every rational being should make the subject of the temperaments a matter of the most earnest and serious investigation, previous to forming a matrimonial engagement, and that every enlightened physician should thoroughly understand the subject. Dr. Powell presents a claim to the gratitude of the race, by the announcement of this great discovery, that will be acknowledged long after his memory only will be cherished as the discoverer of the most important truth ever announced in physiological science.

ART. CXLV.—*Did the Egyptians possess the Art of Hatching Doctors by Steam? What were the uses of the Pyramids? Who was old Cheops? Classical Education in New-York; Hell and Heaven; First Appearance of the Medical Pin-feathers; Pursuit of Science under Difficulties; Nitrous Oxyde—a First Attempt; The Editor enters the Great Medical Menagerie.*

THE art of hatching chickens and goslings by artificial means, (we never like to speak of ducks, because of a note they utter very disagreeable to medical ears,) although known to the Egyptians, was never applied, so far as our reading extends, to the production of young doctors. The presumption in our own mind is continually gaining strength, that old Cheops was the President of a Medical Academy and a Professor of Ancient Surgery, and that he built the greater Pyramid with the view of conducting his vivisections, and tying his arteries, and cutting out his clavicles and jaw-bones, undisturbed by the miserable rice-eating wretches who were spawned in such multitudes along the banks of the Nile, and over the flats of Old Egypt in general. The smaller Pyramid, no doubt at this moment contains his museum of pathological specimens and his "trophies," consisting chiefly of amputated breasts and legs, and "the identical ligature" which we have no doubt he "put about the arteria innominata." We are not quite satisfied how he got the poor devils into the great central halls, which we have no doubt exist under the greater pyramid; but the presumption is, he took them there by means of a great subterranean viaduct opening away off in the desert, and traversed by a railroad and locomotive, driven by electricity. This is now, doubtless, filled up with sand, and we can not but think Bayard Taylor peculiarly unlucky in not discovering it. John Matthews we hope will be more fortunate. We have requested him to pay particular attention to it. If we could possibly find time enough between two numbers of the SCALPEL, we would go over and make the discovery ourself. We are satisfied we could do it at once, because any man that would deliberately commence and conduct the SCALPEL for ten years in this city, in all probability must have descended from just such a hard-headed, broad-bottomed, old pyramid of a fellow as Cheops himself; and we have little doubt that natural affinity would bring us, were we there, to our dear old Progenitor, nicely stowed away, body and soul, in his dissecting-room, for we are quite sure

they would never take the risk of having him in either hemisphere of the other world.

We must insist on a candid estimate of the probabilities of this very rational theory of the purpose for which those respectable relics of antiquity were erected. If we had leisure, we might give a great number of the most plausible reasons for the existence of these halls. The broadness of their bases was no more than sufficient to protect the Professor and his students from popular indignation, should they have been discovered in their infernal orgies. All humane and rational people have a natural horror of such accursed pursuits as human dissection. Some zealous philanthropist, at the head of an enlightened gang of the Short Boys and Dead Rabbits of Old Egypt, would have dug in and made mince-meat of old Professor Cheops. Besides, we learn from a friend that the more central parts of the large flat surface on the top of these structures is quite friable; it is evidently nothing more than earthy material brought up there to fill up the old chimneys. We forgot to say, that it was probably lighted by electricity, and warmed by a direct communication with the hollow centre of the earth, which is now well known to be filled with liquid fire. This would also furnish a very convenient way of getting rid of the surplus material of the dissecting-room, and carry off all disagreeable odors.

We bespeak for the subject the dispassionate consideration of the "Academy of Medicine," who will doubtless bring to bear on it those vast stores of antiquarian learning which have won for them the admiration of the whole scientific world. As it is impossible for us to make personal explorations, and we feel unwilling to grieve our Academic brethren by deserting our post, it occurs to us that it will just about suit the intellectual capacity of some of their number should we relate the experience of our youthful life, and recount some of the steps which brought us within the pale of their honorable and scientific profession. Perhaps it may serve to enlighten some of those philanthropic and enlightened gentlemen called Teachers.

Some of our youthful experience is recounted in the articles on the importance of truth in the education of children; but as these will find little favor with most of our city readers, we will not further refer to them.

We are not advised of any peculiar telluric or meteoric phenomena that preceded our birth; neither did any Oracle or Seer foretell the auspicious event. We probably made our appearance on this stage

of action with the usual premonitories, and the subsequent amount of squalling and maternal soothing. Two things we were always reminded of by every member of the family, and for them our readers will probably give us full credit; that is, we possessed excessive obstinacy and perseverance, and a love for idleness and fun that nothing could overcome. We used to laugh ourself nearly into fits at the death's-head and cross-bones, and a figure of Father Time with his bony arms and legs, and his scythe, on an old flat tomb-stone in the church-yard of old Saint Esprit, where our great-grandfather used to worship, near the present Post-Office. There was no possibility of frightening us with stories about witches, or the devil, or any of his imps. We used to snap our fingers at the servants, and tell them to bring him up; we were quite ready to see him at any time. Just in proportion to our contempt for these absurdities, our love for physical beauty increased. We, that is, a brother and myself, had an awful-looking schoolmaster; who was the victim of some very beastly vices, and this gave him the look of a demon. His temper was very bad, and he used to get into uncontrollable fits of rage. We ought certainly to have believed in the most glowing descriptions of the lower regions, for he made his school a very suitable appendage to them. Yet, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons we forgot all the sufferings, and took our fill of nature. Birds, butterflies, and a good swim above old Fort Gansevoort, consoled us and gave a glorious appetite for supper. But *Viri Romæ* and *Historia Sacra* interposed like a funeral-pall; for these the wretched creature compelled us to commit to memory at home, by way, I suppose, of improving digestion, and favoring the growth of our bones and muscles. I will not dwell upon this black era of my life. What convocation of fiends and ignomiam devised the modern system of "Classical Education" I never could imagine. That there was such an assemblage hereabout, I am confident; and when they had finished their deliberations, that they elected my classical teacher for their chief tormentor, I presume none of his pupils will deny. Whenever I see one of them in the street, I think of the miserable wretches who followed the triumphal car of old Nero, and look round for the lictors and the elevated lash, and the *Viri Romæ* upside-down on the table, the mug of cider on the stove, and the paper of dough-nuts on the desk. Then I recall the sodden features, the great unspeculative sunken eyes, the quaint body enveloped in an old surtout, and the thumb that grasped the ferule covered with its huge misshapen nail, like the scale from a great

serpent's belly. The creature's voice was cavernous, and his skin cold. I have no doubt that he had but one ventricle in his heart, like all the other reptile tribe, so that he could never get up a circulation like other men; that perhaps was the reason why he used the rod so much, and talked and prayed about Hell, for he was very pious; it warmed him.

I struggled through my boyhood in this horrible way, till my fifteenth year, when a very dark transaction, that showed my teacher to be a common thief, opened the eyes of my remaining parent, and set me free from his clutches. I enjoyed a year of heaven on earth. I fished, gardened, built houses and bridges of old building materials in an adjoining lot, fed innumerable fowls and animals of all kinds in a huge out-house that looked like Noah's ark, and kept the whole neighborhood in an uproar of noise, but myself out of bad company; and so I was permitted to go on for a whole year. I got fat and had a jolly time of it; but I was growing to manhood, and this was soon to cease. I had to choose an occupation; so one day, when I had attained my sixteenth year, a great fog came suddenly down upon and enveloped me thoroughly in a mist. I resolved to become a doctor. It had been observed that I was fascinated by the operations of the cook in her dissections of poultry, and would eagerly seize and anatomize the heads and feet, exhibiting in triumph such displays of tendons and muscles as would draw down the applause of the servants; but when I could succeed in capturing a rat or cat, or a death occurred in my menagerie, old Vesalius himself would have stood abashed at my demonstrations. In my chemistry I had got as far as the manufacture of nitrous oxyd gas, which I effected by the aid of a small furnace, a skinned demijohn, and two wash-tubs, stolen respectively from the store-room and the wash-house. In my enthusiasm I did not stop to consider that the amputation of the ears of one of the said tubs, and the trepanning of the other, so as to get the gas more readily and economize the length of a precious piece of old Manhattan lead pipe, would betray me, however scientifically I might repair them; indeed it proved quite unnecessary to wait till the next wash-day, for the discovery of my pranks, for when I come to admisister the product to my school-boy acquaintances in an old out-building, there was no possibility of concealing the doings; the shouting and yelling were worse than Bedlam itself. Well do I remember my exultation when the inverted wash-tub had arisen by the aid of two old window-sash pulleys, a temporary gallows, and a couple of pieces of clothes-line, counter-

balanced by some brick-bats, hair's breadth by hair's breadth, till its very rim floated on the surface of pure "Manhattan," which I had stealthily brought pail by pail from the stone fountain which stood in such threatening proximity to the kitchen-door; but the cook was friendly, and the enormous pot-bellied demijohn whilom the receptacle of good old Jamaica, had stood the test of a charcoal furnace like a very Shadrach. I disconnected the old lead pipe and its clay luting, and in triumph inserted with my blistered fingers a wooden faucet abstracted from an old cider-barrel. Well do we remember the quiet dignity with which we walked round that precious pair of wash-tubs and their contents as they stood in the old stable. No ship-of-the-line as she first kissed the wave, ever loomed more majestically on the vision of her builder than sat those two lovely tubs on the old stable floor. In quiet dignity we walked round and round them to see that all was right. Three o'clock was the time appointed for the exhibition, till which triumphant hour we kept the apparatus under lock and key, giving time for the gas to cool and the water beneficently to absorb any excess of the noxious and irrespirable nitric acid, which is often formed by too rapid liquefaction of the precious crystals of nitrate of ammonia, in whose cells the art of the chemist has compressed that wonderful ether, the exhilarating gas. Alas! poor Wells; we little knew what a heavenly boon for humanity thy zeal was to discover in this same fluid in after-years, and how rich the reward thy memory was to receive from the immortal bequest, even though life itself should be sacrificed and widow and children look in vain for the hand that fed them, or for justice from an ungrateful country.

A small brass faucet was still to be procured, one that we could insert into a hole already bored into the end of the wooden faucet, that reared its head in triumph from the wash-tub; to the other end of this smaller faucet and mouth-piece, a capacious bladder, the gift of the family butcher, (God bless his honest memory! we owe him a constitution in spite of the family doctor,) was to be attached, and when charged with the gas by pressure of a few brick-bats placed upon the upper tub, the faucets were to be closed for a time and the gas breathed by the youthful devotee.

In all scientific deviltries I had the unbounded confidence of my mates. I had been known successively to intoxicate fish with some peculiar device; catch rats in vast numbers with some incomprehensible compound; kill dogs and cats with another, and catch pigeons

by some unknown hocus-pocus when no other boy could show a feather. I stood infernal beatings by a pious school-master, and drew exasperating caricatures of him on the wall under his very nose. I never knew my lessons, yet all but the master believed me a miracle of smartness. And here was I, brought to a dead halt for a little brass faucet. I had seen the precious article in an old tin pan at a neighboring junk-shop, but how was I to possess it? Money I had none; ten bright shillings in my lordly beneficence I had given for a pound of nitrate of ammonia, for I was determined that my triumph should be complete and none should go away unconvinced of my liberality and skill. The retort (demijohn) was enormous, and I had no means of knowing what volume of gas a pound would create. I had the mortification of seeing full one half of the salt unused in the retort, which represented five shillings good. Oh! thought I, if I had this money in hand; I could not venture to borrow, though my credit was good, for that would detract from my invincible self-reliance and sully the glory of the grand exhibition. What was to be done? every thing was ready, the bladder was moistened and blown up to admire its dimensions. My friend the butcher was a trump. Had it been the water-tank of a two-humped dromedary from the great Desert of Sahara, it could not have been much larger. The ox that owned it must have been created for that especial occasion. A beautiful green veil that hung in graceful folds around it, was loaned by a lovely young friend who used to ride horses up the street to the admiration of the neighboring boys. Start not, gentle maiden; she did it, "by the rood," (her father kept a sale-stable,) ay, and she shows the result of it in as fine a figure and handsome a bust and face at fifty as any of you would give a fortune for. She has the latter, too, intact as dad left it, and the good sense to preserve it from all the rascally fellows who have sought her hand. "Betsy Pancakes," oh! my fond heart, was no ordinary woman. I shall never forget the gracious smile with which she loaned me that veil, stipulating, however, that she should have a dose of the gas! In vain did I remonstrate and explain its possible effects; the lovely girl was as firm as a rock, and I promised to administer it. The veil was returned and the gas administered, and Betsy and I swore eternal friendship.

The old family clock had struck one, and yet I lacked a mouth-piece. My poor brain! it was necessary that I should appear with becoming dignity to impress my audience and allay their turbulent spirits. I knew very well that a piece of the old pipe, or a bit of reed with a

cork in it, would answer, but I could never present such an apparatus to the lovely lips of Betsy! What was to be done? I had cultivated some friendly relations with a young man who pursued the business of a turner, and whose aid had been necessary in procuring facilities for hunting cats and trapping rats and pigeons on the premises of his employer. I appealed to him, with a proffer of a dose of the gas. We soon struck a bargain, and by the aid of model hastily whittled from a piece of pine wood, (poor Jim! Yellow Jack long since finished his earthly career in New-Orleans,) by half-past two, ay, even when the audience had begun to assemble, I was master of a beautiful faucet in "lignum vitæ"! Columbus was no happier when he first saw land; yet I was calm—it was necessary to preserve a proper professional exterior. I fed on glory inwardly and silently.

In a trice I whipped the pack-thread around the faucet and bladder, drew my charmer's delicate veil over the apparatus so as to conceal the substitute for an imaginary oiled-silk bag! and walked down into the stable. Tickets had been distributed to all my friends by a herculean companion, a sailor, who deemed me not a whit inferior to a prophet or a magician. And there he stood, a hundred and eighty pounds of bone and muscle, like Caliban, ready to do my bidding. A look of mine would have made him take up an offending boy and throw him out like his quid.

We had no occasion, however, to call on our athletic friend for any aid in keeping the peace. It was computed that the gasometer (tub) held about twelve doses, that is, I had estimated the dispositions and propensities of my playmates, and found that there were about that number who were sufficiently human to permit their inhaling it with safety to the others. One insisted on having a dose, who was little better than a brute in his propensities, and I incurred his everlasting displeasure by excusing myself on the ground of his "powerful circulation and large brain." I told him he was too strong and muscular a man. This sop soothed him for a time; but my sailor friend was observed by some of the boys to roll his quid and wink as I delivered myself of this speech. The disappointed youth was subsequently told the probable reason of the refusal. He threatened to "take a little of my gas out of me," as he elegantly expressed it, and I doubtless would have been obliged to try my muscle with him; but I was a wiry creature and pretty cool and determined; besides, I really think that after the grand exhibition, which went off admirably, my mates began to suspect that I studied the black art, and my insulted friend probably

concluded that if he attempted to flog me at all, he would not be safe unless he killed me outright. I knew his enlightened and amiable parent had often assured him he was born to be hung, and he prudently resolved to disappoint his loving sire by avoiding such a convincing proof of sagacity and affection.

My reflections on this grand experiment, and the result of its administration to the lovely Betsy, I must defer till my next. They were agreeably diversified with profound physiological misgivings, early questionings of the exactness of medical science, and the tender passion.

It was now observed by the boys that I was remarkably taciturn, and remained mostly secluded in my attic study. I gave away many of the inhabitants of my ark in the adjoining open lot. My bear and wolf, however, I still retained. They served to solace me in my hours of relaxation from study. I learned from my sailor friend that my mates were anxiously awaiting some new demonstration of fun or deviltry.

ART. CXLVI.—Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table ;" *Rarity and Value of Truth ; Plan and Scope of the Book ; Self-Revelation —why it always interests us ; Author craft and Author feelings ; the "Autocrat's" Catholicity and Humanity ; Characters introduced ; Power of Analysis ; Poetry ; Aristocracy ; Boston localities ; an Objection.*

MENTION the *Atlantic Magazine*, severally, to a hundred individuals, and ninety-nine of that hundred will immediately begin to talk to you of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-table." Without undervaluing the average ability displayed in its columns, there can be no question that to these brilliant papers alone is owing its peculiar success and individuality. What *Noctes Ambrosianæ* was to *Blackwood*, the "Breakfast-table" is to the Boston miscellany. We propose to attempt something towards analyzing, or rather, *summing up*, these admirable productions.

Let any man, however common-place, tell us honestly *what he thinks*, and it will surely interest his fellow-men. For truth, unadulterated, is of all things in this world the hardest to come at. Not

that mankind has a natural bias towards falsehood, (though Johnson asserted that all children were born liars and thieves,) but so many feelings, passions, prejudices, and interests—speaking from a low standard—conspire to impel us towards it, that only strong natures can hold their own in the face of such overpowering temptation. Thus, though probably every man contains within him something which the world would be the better for knowing, very few are capable of imparting that something. Especially with regard to the truth *about ourselves*, the most valuable of knowledge, are we sophisticated.

If then truth be, as the adage implies, "a jewel" of equal rarity and preciousness, when a poet, philosopher, humorist, and wit, in one and the same person, undertakes to quarry forth from his richest mines of knowledge, thought, observation, and experience, an equally generous and brilliant store of them, we must needs give him welcome. Since the days of the dead and gone old Gascon gentleman, surnamed *de Montaigne*—to whose unrivalled truth-telling all the world is debtor—we have been bidden to no such display as that set before us by the "*Autocrat of the Breakfast-table.*"

This is high praise, but we have written deliberately. Let us give some reasons for our liking.

What *pemican* is to confectionery, these papers are to the common run of magazine literature. They contain that rarest of all writing, the essence of thought. Dr. Holmes—no inconsiderable producer of gold-leaf up to the date of their publication—has, this time, chosen to present us with a solid ingot, which he might have beaten out into no end of lectures, essays, and "clever" magazine articles. It is refined and double-refined metal, wrought and polished to the last degree. Of course he has done well and wisely for himself in bringing it into market. His present position in public estimation is far higher than the one to which he had hitherto attained. We will not say he has culminated, for that implies reaching a meridian from which all progress must be downwards, and probably, contrary to general expectation, the "Professor" will prove himself as good a man as the "*Autocrat,*" though scarcely better. Until the appearance of the first number of the *Atlantic*, the public, though alive to Dr. Holmes' claims as a poet, humorist, and lecturer, had not given him much credit as a deep thinker. It has now got his correct intellectual measure. He may have possessed precisely the same ability before the production of his book—though that is by no means certain—yet the world, after

its just wont, never recognized the master-hand until he could show a piece of work challenging its best attention and sharpest judgment.

His subject then is, like Montaigne's, himself in particular and *things in general*. (Harvard, by the by, might emulate *Weissnichtwo* in establishing a professorship devoted to the latter study, bestowing upon Dr. Holmes a double office: he would undoubtedly fill it as well as did Teufelsdröck that of the German university.) These topics including as they do the entire gamut of human thought, are descanted upon in that most delightful of forms—the purely conversational. Talk, our author accurately defines as one of the fine arts, and has evidently chosen it as the most felicitous medium for conveying what he wishes to say to us; its verisimilitude being perfected by a simple yet charmingly-appropriate setting of circumstances. What he "has had long in his mind," he delivers to the world's every-day microcosm—a boarding-house—at the breakfast-table of which meet some nine or ten persons, in themselves admirable representatives of the average intelligences encountered in daily life. None of them, except the "professional ruffian of the neighboring theatre," (who utters only a hackneyed quotation and then disappears forever,) could perhaps be omitted. Of these equally subtle and kindly delineations of character we shall speak presently. They are not mere "buckets"—to use a simile of Carlyle's—for the "Autocrat" to pump into.

The canvas being thus comprehensive, it is marvellous to find how much the artist has crowded into it. Eagerly and appreciatingly as we perused the pages during serial publication, only a careful survey of the book as a whole gave us a correct idea of its scope and—almost—unity. Look over the nine-paged index of the little volume, (reminding us, by the by, of that of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*,) and admire the variety of the dishes set before you—dishes so cunningly compounded, yet so healthful, that while the nicest appetite of "those who feed on the dainties that are bred in a book" is gratified, their intellectual and moral constitutions are strengthened by indulgence.

"Think of Living," said Goethe. Whatever of life and its tremendous realities, Dr. Holmes, in his quadruple capacity of poet, thinker, anatomist, and lecturer, has garnered up—being "steeped in it as a sponge in water"—he offers to us. Self-knowledge, wit, wisdom, poetry, philosophy, humor, all are here, and—best of all—loving assertion of humanity every where. Let us contemplate him in some of his aspects, and first of all when he volunteers to turn his mind's eye inwards.

Any man who can and dare do this, will always command an audience. Mind answers to mind, and "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." No matter how much of superfluous detail, as in Montaigne; of morbid development of character, as in Rousseau; mankind recognizes the underlying truth and humanity of the picture, and generally gets the correct stand-point of the artist, in the course of a generation or two. Man, and man *only*, is always interesting to man; for we see so much of ourselves in others, not one of us possessing any faculty of which the undeveloped rudiments do not exist in his neighbor. But for this, the subtlest thoughts of poets and philosophers would appear as if written in an unknown language; the Anglo-Saxon race would not be capable, as it were, of absorbing Shakespeare. We are, however, letting our subject run away with us. One of the prime excellences of Dr. Holmes' book is its extraordinary suggestiveness. The margin of our copy is already scribbled over in fifty places, illustrative or confirmatory (to us) of something in the text.

To return. In speaking of self-revelation, we do not, of course, imply that our author has chosen to embalm the dry husks of individual experience in the amber of his brilliant discourse. Those, beyond what it pleases him to produce, are none of our business. Like the scholar in *Gil Blas*, we come into possession of "the soul of the licentiate Pedro Garcias," and may well spare particulars as to his life. Some of them will inevitably appear, though never skeleton facts, of which "the Autocrat" has as proper a contempt as Charles Lamb. (Who does not remember *his* upsetting an intellectual Gradgrind by the declaration that *he* prided *himself* on being a "matter-of-lie" man. How Elia, by the by, would have loved the book we are writing of!) Dr. Holmes deals with thoughts underlying facts. He is not to be put off with second causes, but will assuredly look behind them for the first. This constitutes the peculiarly catholic nature of his self-revelations. They are ours also. When he discloses things "such as people commonly never tell," he speaks for us as well as for himself. How much of corroboration the reader's mind furnishes as he turns over the pages has already been hinted. The retrospective detail of boyish fancies, for instance, (in Section IX.) must have wakened echoes in the minds of thousands. One of the peculiarly fascinating characteristics of the book, by the by, relates to those singular impressions and curious mental phenomena of which we are all conscious, yet which, until now, have never (or but imper-

fectly) been fixed on paper. These are more than chronicled, and it is worthy of remark in one instance, how exquisitely the thinker and anatomist combine in elucidation. Those persons who have truly lived most, will be most resonant to Dr. Holmes. With good reason, in one place, he advises young people to lay his book aside for ten years or so. But for the prettiness of its conclusion—against which we shall enter a respectful cavil presently—the number of his youthful readers would be but limited.

The author, then, though not autobiographically, discourses principally about himself; his secondary topic, *things in general*, being only a carrying out of the first in a less direct form. The entire book is, like all real books, the man, or rather the best of him. Indeed, it would be difficult to discriminate under which head to place certain portions of his ingenious Boswellizing, subjects being inevitably apt to run from one into another.

Individually, (dropping detail facts,) he is singularly candid. Observe what he tells us of his experience as a lecturer, as a poet—of authorcraft and author feelings generally. What Poe's perverse fancy delighted in pretending to reveal—the process of composition—Dr. Holmes does, in truth and honesty, which qualities are equally manifest when he speaks of his own class, to whom these portions of the book will prove especially interesting. From his remarks on the "intellectual green fruit" crowding the American market to those on critics "mellowing with age," (who can not confirm this? we immediately thought of Jeffrey, "the great literary anthropophagus," as Byron called him, writing eulogistic letters to Dickens, towards his decline,) all, surely, possess a value to other than newspaper men or magazinists. Our author, though a lover of books, knows there are higher things than books, that the mind sometimes rises above them, that individuals may contemn or not read them and yet be far from despicable. It is good to be told these things, for literary men, like others, are prone to grow cliqueish in their sympathies. Good, too, in their way, are the humorous criticisms, the funny burlesque of newspaper correspondence and reportorial phraseology, the comments on conventional reputations and book-puffery—good and terse, and done in the kindest spirit. Dr. Holmes' humanity is, as heretofore intimated, the crowning perfection of his book.

It is delightfully manifest when he assumes a wider range of subjects, proffering us "fresh ideas, and plenty of good, warm words to dress them in." Then, he plays on that grand, old, divine instrument,

human nature, with a master's hand, running up and down its wondrous scale in the most brilliantly variable of fantasias ; now touching lightly some sweet, low note to which the heart is instantly vibratile, now producing grave, solemn harmonies, such as "raise mortals to the skies or draw angels down," anon rattling cheerily over the keys, or dashing into sheer burlesque. "From grave to gay" is not enough for him. He can tell terrible truths at times, and though dwelling on the darker traits of humanity is not accordant with the kindly scope of his book, there are, scattered through it, revelations akin to those which Hawthorne has dug from the mine of the heart. He knows that Pan, or Nature, had a cry in him which could drive all who heard it frantic : that, underlying existence, there are facts whose pitiless logic, did we not hold fast to the affections and sympathies, would conduct us to the saddest conclusions. Yet he *must* hope that knowledge, will heal where it wounds, and, at all events, sees that we can do no better than go on learning. And the key to his; as to all knowledge, is held by love ; he understands human nature because he has become *en rapport* with it through the medium of sympathy. Always those who have most to tell, manifest most of tenderness towards us, as instance Shakspeare. Rochefoucauld, and other short-sighted blackeners of humanity, undertake to belittle us only with half-truths—the whole would confound them by proving "there is a soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out." He who effects this, showing that our very vices are only virtues turned inside out, does something towards explaining that great and ever-perplexing mystery, the existence of evil. Many passages in Dr. Holmes' book in illustration of this will recur to the reader's mind : we resist the temptation to quote, for an obvious reason.

Our author's catholicity and good nature are, as has been heretofore remarked, visible every where. What an exquisite recognition is there of common-place, of dull people in his first Section ! Indeed, if we rail against such merely because they *are* dull and common-place, do we not resemble brutal pedagogues who beat children for defects of intellect, unconsciously striking at God's providence ? In pathos, when discoursing of—say "the unwedded" of his landlady's story, or such "homely" topics—he is as touching as Sterne, albeit his sympathy is not wasted on dead asses. There are "thoughts that lie too deep for tears" in his book. Jean Paul himself never yearned with stronger feeling towards humanity, nor has Carlyle a deeper consciousness of the "infinitely great" masking itself behind the "infinitely little."

Like Lamb, who loved his friends not in despite of their faults, but *faults and all*, he occasionally takes the unpromising side of a question and reconciles us to ourselves by a wise and kindly paradox. The good people, he knows, will be sure to have plenty of good things said about *them*—let us see what can be urged on behalf of the sinners.

The characters introduced are drawn in accordance with these principles, and brought to bear on the subjects discussed in an admirable manner. They at once amplify and illustrate them, diverting the flow of thought from any too-uniform channel into innumerable pleasant and picturesque meanderings. They shake up, as it were, the kaleidoscope of the author's mind and impart novelty to the pictures presented. As no man looks upon life from the same point of view, this inferred action of mind upon mind subserves catholicity of purpose. The "Autocrat's" fellow-boarders, either by speech or behavior, contribute their quota of information to the book, and are an indispensable portion of it, being accessories as well as subordinates. Especially we could not afford to dispense with "the young fellow called John." His exquisite decendentalism is the counterpoise of loftier knowledge. Like the wise fools in Shakspeare, he sees that the lower faculties have fair play. In sketching him, and indeed the whole group, Dr. Holmes has observed that in life, unlike novels, every individual, however mean his position, is his own hero, to whom all others, however great, are but of secondary importance. A crossing-sweeper may thus have a king for his supernumerary. Life is, therefore, a novel—drama, rather—with myriads of heroes and of the most tremendous interest. Because Shakspeare has perceived and portrayed this better than any body, he is what he is. His very blockheads and pimps stand upon their own legs, and look at life with their own eyes. And we can not disown kindred with them.

In hitting off character—generally indirectly, by means of a word, phrase, or action—Dr. Holmes reveals no keener power of analysis than when he plucks out some hidden meaning from material nature. Lamb said of Munden, the actor, that "a tub of butter, contemplated by him, amounted to a Platonic idea;" that he "understood a leg of mutton in its quiddity." So our "Autocrat" can discriminate the "mother idea" in trees; can interpret the relative significations of sea and mountain, and that in such a subtle, complete, yet condensed form, that its fitness is immediately recognized, and we feel like a dumb man helped to an utterance latent within us, but which we could achieve by no powers of our own. This power of analysis is his, both

as a thinker and anatomist. The prodigality of similes, explanations, suggestions, and analogies, too, scattered throughout the volume could only have come from one combining both characters with the still diviner one of poet.

Dr. Holmes might almost have rested his claims to that name on the prose of his book, yet it is rich in poetry, as varied, catholic, and humane—with some exceptions, as perfect. Of the elevated thought and beautiful fancy displayed in the "Chambered Nautilus;" the deep religion of the "Anatomist's Hymn," the touching pathos of the "Voiceless," the warm-hearted farewell to Mackay, (was ever poet more exquisitely apostrophized, or Englishman so felicitously complimented?)—of these, as of the quiet satire of the verses on "Contentment," or the humorous "One Hoss Shay" and "Parson's Legacy," we can do no more than make mere mention. One peculiarity, however, we notice. So far from following in the wake of what Leigh Hunt calls the "heart and impart men," and subjecting thought to rhyme, our poet rather prefers risking the melody of his diction by the introduction of words pregnant with meaning, albeit not the smoothest in sound—a fault for which only poetasters will blame him.

There is yet a characteristic of the "Autocrat" worthy of notice. He—we trust Dr. Holmes' popularity as a lecturer will not be injured by the assertion—is something of an aristocrat. He believes in "blood," and avows his preference for "the man who inherits family traditions and the cumulative humanities of four or five generations." To be sure, his aristocracy must be based on pluck; must row, ride, and even be capable of "putting on the gloves"—not *Jouvin's*. Granting manhood, it may surround itself with luxuries and refinements without being the worse for them—nay, being a great deal better, for he bids us observe that money, and what it will buy, insensibly raises the standard of our race, both physically and mentally. This, we think, cosmopolitan New-York can confirm better than Boston, where the first families breed *in and in* over-much—not with the happiest result. A lady-friend of ours, whose profession brings her into contact with our feminine aristocracy, is sure that its members are every way prettier and healthier than their predecessors of fifteen or twenty years ago; and our experience confirms the assertion. In republican America, where we encounter every day over-much practical assertion of that peculiar and popular democracy which arrogates the equality of the scantily-educated, coarse-minded, hard-souled vulgarian with the civilized Christian gentleman, it is wholesome to have

these things stated, especially by one who speaks with authority. Our more objectionable peculiarities of speech, gesture, and habit also come in for shrewd animadversion, and if Dr. Holmes wakens us to a sense of higher breeding, so much the better. In a good sense, the book is preëminently American, and even Bostonian. The tri-mountainers, by the by, ought to be immensely obliged to the "Autocrat" for affixing so many pleasant fancies and associations to their city localities. A metropolis is happy in finding an author capable of stamping the impress of his imagination upon it. We knew an Englishman who, on his arrival in New-York, was curiously familiar with the names of the streets, from the perusal of Irving's *Knickerbocker*. And when next we visit the Bay State capital, we shall certainly take a walk down the long path and a look at the Gingko tree on Boston Common, the scene of our "Autocrat's" declaration to the schoolmistress.

This—we have almost got to the length of our tether—brings us to our only objection to Dr. Holmes' book. Exquisite creature as she is, and much as we appreciate the nicety of delineation of her character, we don't think the "Autocrat" should have married the schoolmistress. He never intended to do it at the outset. There are distinct evidences that she was intended for the divinity-student, (if not for that bony bridegroom, *pallida Mors* himself,) and no throwing-over of that amiably-receptive young man to an apocryphal "sister" can altogether justify the "Autocrat's" assumption of the young lady. Indeed, he reasons himself out of his passion, (page 289,) pretty seriously, just before adopting the rôle of Lord of Burleigh. We think Dr. Holmes was betrayed into this, and into making something of a hybrid of his book—which, naturally, *should not* have ended in a marriage, like a love story—by a desire for a pretty termination, and an instinctive knowledge that such a one would delight the hearts of all his youthful and a good many of his older readers. All of us, like women, "love Love," and those books which address themselves most to the sensibilities have always been most extensively popular.

But where so much is perfect and all delightful, it were ungrateful not to offer the full meed of thankfulness. Dr. Holmes has written a book, a *real* book, worthy to be placed on the same shelf with Erasmus' *Colloquies*, Luther's *Table-Talk*, Burton's *Anatomy*, and Southey's *Doctor*. He is as candid as Montaigne, as kindly as Lamb, as witty as Sydney Smith, as much a lover of fun, though *not* as much of a poet, as Hood. We may say of his little volume as the Chourineur

in Sue's *Mysteries of Paris* does of the "Harlequin" placed before him at the *Tapis-franc*: "*Dieu et dieu!* what a dish! what a glorious dish! it is a regular omnibus: there is something in it to every body's taste. Those who like fat can have it; so can they who like lean; as well as those who prefer sugar, and those who choose pepper!" Such books do more than amuse: they instruct and elevate humanity.

ART. CXLVII.—*Scenes in Western Practice; did the Angels create Apples? a Blessing found; a Mystery, a Purse of Gold, a Letter, and a Baby; the English Girl; the Serpent's Tooth and Matrimony; a Widow, but Marries again; Finds a Silk Dress and two Flat-irons; Tit for Tat; the Wealthy Young Man; getting up an Heir; the Sea is Rough; the Captain in a Storm; Doctor and Lawyer; the Law-suit; One Thousand Lost; a Prison Found; Whose is that Bright-eyed Child?*

WINTER is beautiful. Seated by a fire, blazing brightly—the light flickering on the wall over the bright faces, cheerful words spring up in the heart, and run out over the face in sunny smiles. Who ever saw a sorrowful face before a cheerful fire? How the hard lines of fate relax from the heart, and the sunlight of the soul pours out in every act, gesture, word, and look! How free the apples are passed round on the great round platter—ripe and luscious! How could Eve resist such beautiful fruit, when it looked so fair and un sinful? "Pa!" said a little girl, "did the angels make the apples? How good they are—I love the angels for making the apples;" and she sat before a great bright fire, with her lap piled full of the fruit from the tree of life. "They were good angels, and how I love them! They must be very pretty, I guess;" and the little talker looked into the fire, and her great soft eyes grew bright with a joy so beautiful that it can not be expressed. After a long silence she again asked: "Pa! does God love apples? They are so good for little girls, and he loves them;" and then the big soft blue eyes gazed into the fire again, and she seemed wandering off in the land of shadows, catching glimpses of the celestial brightness through the sense of taste, that seemed greatly heightened by the spiritual influence of the fire; then she nodded, the blaze fal-

tered and grew dim, and Sleep, the silent sister of Joy, dropped the eyelids of the prattling child. Life and fire and sense are all a mystery, but not more so than the name and parentage of the little creature described with a lap full of apples.

Her tiny form was a model of beauty, and her flaxen hair hung in pale ringlets over her white neck, and the sweet placid face was radiant with new beauty. One bright morning in the gay spring, when the flowers were all out, and every thing was happy, just when the sun rose, Mrs. C. stepped to her front-door to see if the shrubbery had improved during such a gay, happy night, and on the door-steps was placed a fine ornamented willow basket, and in it this sweet child, richly dressed, a nursing-bottle by its side. It looked up and smiled—the celestial smile of a sweet infant! The face of Pharaoh's daughter, at finding the little Hebrew Moses in his cradle of rushes, was not more full of joy than was that of Mrs. C. A large bundle of clothes costly and fine, a purse of gold, and a letter, lay in the basket by the side of this beautiful child. Mrs. C. snatched up the basket, and shouted aloud to her husband to come and see what she had found. She had found what she had so long prayed for, a child—a bright, sunny, innocent little babe, to hold in her lap, fold to her bosom, and bless with her love. The child was passed round from hand to hand, and the house rung with notes of admiration, while Mrs. C. eagerly broke the seal of the letter, and read as follows: “Dear Mrs. C.: I am informed on good authority that you are the kindest woman living, and having no children, would be glad of such a present as I send you. It is yours forever. Watch over it, as the good angels watch over young spirits, and train it up to virtue and piety. Your joy will not be deeper than my anguish is keen, but I must tear it from my eyes and heart at once and forever. It will be needless to ask whose it is, or its mother's name; let it bear yours. You will love and cherish it as your own, and let it know no other name or mother. From time to time, an invisible hand will supply the means for its support and education, and prayers will ascend for you to the mother of God.”

“Now, husband,” exclaimed Mrs. C., “can you imagine where this came from? I would give any thing I possess except you, to know whose it is or why it was sent to me. I would never reveal it to any mortal,” said Mrs. C. “All but that,” said the husband, “I believe. You would tell it to a thousand in twenty-four hours.” “Now, Mr. C., that is most cruel to tell me I could not keep a secret. I would never lisp it—never!” The husband smiled at the assertion of his

wife, and remembered in his heart how Eve broke the hopes of a whole race over a ripe apple—just to know how it tasted.

A thousand kisses were showered on the sweet little innocent child, and God was praised for his tender mercy to her, in sending such a blessing to her, when hope was clean gone.

“I see,” said the lady to her husband, “that its mother is a Roman Catholic: she prays to the mother of God—that’s the Virgin Mary; and no Protestant would dare do that.”

“Oh! that is only to blind you, my dear; it means nothing in particular,” said Mr. C.

“That is impossible,” said the good wife; “I shall unravel this mystery after a little.”

In an hour the house was filled with neighboring women, all anxious to solve the singular incident. Mrs. G. thought that old Doctor S. should be sent for; she was sure he could explain it if he was disposed to. Such a transaction would not occur unless he had a hand in it; he was always into just such scrapes. Mrs. M. but three days before had seen a tall, dark-haired woman in the village, richly dressed in silk and satin, and her fingers covered with rings. She acted mysteriously—spoke to no one, nor told her name; and she suspected then that “she was no better than she should be”—probably some rich man’s daughter from the city; she looked just like it, and the child had just such a chin as that lady had.

A fat Quaker lady hinted that she knew who sent the child to her neighbor, at which the ladies all gathered around her to hear the mystery unravelled, and she quietly told them that God had sent it. The town for a week was in great confusion about this little present to Mrs. C., and all discussion left the transaction wholly in the dark. A year of happiness elapsed, and the lovely child grew apace, and filled its new mother’s heart with joy.

One New Year’s night a gay company were seated around the cheerful board, when a lady, advanced in years, began telling me the tale of “Getting up an Heiress” in high life. Our narrator was a lady born among the upper class, and bred to gentle ways till the age of fourteen, when she came to America from England with a maternal uncle, and resided with her aunt in Philadelphia, while her guardian made a long and tedious journey to the West, to secure some land titles. The uncle was killed by the Indians above Detroit, and the family were forced to remain at Philadelphia. Our young lady, whom we will call Caroline B., lived in the family of an uncle for three years,

where she was indulged to her heart's content with dress, music, and idleness; but so strict was the surveillance of the family over her, that her condition became to her one of absolute slavery, and she resolved on freedom and self-reliance, at all hazards.

Cautiously packing a handsome wardrobe and her jewelry, one dark night she slipped from the front-door of the fine old mansion, and disappeared from the residence of her indulgent relations.

Six months elapsed before her uncle had found out her hiding-place; and secrecy on the part of her family had aided in this seclusion, for they had feared she would be found in bad company, and had kept silent as to her absence.

One day she was standing in the sale-room of a fashionable and popular milliner's shop, when her uncle entered suddenly, and with great joy seized her in his arms, and vowed he would carry her home. Her frame was slim and light, but her intense will made her as sinewy as a reindeer, and she struggled with characteristic English willfulness—declared she would have her freedom at all hazards. The old man cursed the spirit that would permit the niece of an English gentleman to work with her own fingers, and relinquished his idea of carrying her off by force. Finally, Miss B. passed to a position of her own, and became mistress of a shop: she dressed and walked with the style and air of a British queen.

For once, toothache proved a blessing to a lady. She sent for a quiet, genteel, half-Quaker doctor, to extract or quiet an aching tooth, and the delicate and sensitive M.D. found his hand all in a tremble, and his heart in a flutter. In a short month he had loved and married the fair young milliner. Her art was employed to embellish his house, and it bloomed like a flower-garden. Two years of intense happiness passed, crowded with bliss, and blessed with a blooming daughter. Neither could see how such happiness could end—how such bliss could falter in its course—or such a clear stream of perfect joy could run turbid with sorrow. Our senses must have contrast to bring out the beauty, just as paintings must have *shadow* to bring out the figures. When one lives always on the high mountain, he becomes dull and stolid; but the dweller in the plain shouts as he sees the mountain rise into the clouds, and the white spray mantle gather on her royal brow.

A year elapsed. The widow folded her smiling babe to her bosom, but no father came to increase her joy, or share her delight. His frame was frail; his lungs were left in weakness for want of exercise,

and the severe life of a close student hastened him into the stream where float the thousands who are doomed to die by consumption.

Her early self-reliance now came to her aid : she never faltered, but struggled bravely in the stream. Her form was now full and rounded ; her eye brighter. In three years she removed to a small town in a Western State, and married a Yankee shoemaker. He proved not so docile as the Quaker doctor, and white-caps ruffled the domestic sea. The clouds were sometimes dispersed, and the sunshine gleamed in, but a storm always hung in the horizon, and burst too frequently on the frail vessel. The willful English wife, and the shrewd, resisting Yankee, were now at a death-grip for the mastery.

Finding no love at home, he sought one who would love—at least, she would wear the semblance of love in a kind tone and cheerful face. His shop continued prosperous, and his credit good ; but trouble was in store for him. The shrewd wife passed quietly round to the shops where he traded, and carefully noted the articles bought. One merchant sold him a silk dress ; a second, a beautiful bonnet ; a third, a pair of fine French gaiter-boots for a female ; a fourth, a pair of flat-irons ; a fifth, a set of white porcelain dishes—indeed, in a single day, the wife found abundant evidence of housekeeping in some direction.

She had seen no silk dress, or new dishes, gaiters, nor flats. She walked off quietly to church in disguise, and watched closely the direction her husband took when he went home. The riddle was solved : she traced him again and again to a neat cottage, where he spent half his time ; returning apparently cheerful and happy, but always late.

In female tactics, it might have been a question whether it were wiser to turn syren, and sing the wanderer back by soft words, smiles, and a warm greeting. She adopted the true English style of storming the castle, and bringing the enemy to terms under the action of the guns. The good wife, one pleasant morning, walked down to the neat white cottage, and finding no one at home but a small girl, walked quietly in, spread out a large handkerchief on the table, and put into it the silk dress, shoes, flats, and sundry other articles.

She had evidence enough to convict her sinful husband, and at dinner the articles all appeared before the astonished vision of the enamored shoemaker. Our hero was always cool in an emergency, and held his fire with admirable tact. He congratulated his wife on her sagacity in discovering the valuables, and told her to try again.

In a few weeks, the domestic artillery became too hot for him, and the Yankee ended the contest by a sudden movement westward, and left the wife with a cottage, and a son to add to her joys and sorrows.

This was the gray-haired old lady that sat at the cheerful supper-table, and gave me the following account of the fictitious heir. With an English woman no good music can come out of the strings of life's harpsichord, unless there is plenty of money involved. This case had precisely that feature in it.

The region around Seneca Lake was purchased for a trifle among the Indians, and many of the settlers became vast landed proprietors. On these estates rose splendid mansions, but the serpent lay in the path and stung the children of wealth and luxury. A sprig of one of these wealthy houses fell in love with the handsome and accomplished daughter of a widow lady, whose external elegance of life was more assumed than real. Marriage ensued, and the gay couple believed themselves very happy. They rode, danced, sang, travelled; had music, flowers—fished in the glassy lake, drank wine, and surfeited with pleasant impressions the capacity of the soul to enjoy. Their white horses were covered with silver-mounted harness, and the negro who drove them was a shiny black.

The coach had in it two young and trusting hearts, and its exterior glittered with silver and varnish. The crowd looked and admired; and the gay assemblies that met at the mansion of this young American lord, were always plied with music, dancing, and wine. This ceaseless round of pleasure and love sated to debility, and the young man's nerves were excited till the powers within ceased to give out their wonted light of thought and feeling. A slow fever set in; the cheek had on it a bright red blush; it was very beautiful: the eyes were clear and bright; phantoms danced before them; he saw the forms of his fine steeds, his broad fields, and his young wife glided over what to him appeared their garden, filled with flowers, and disappeared in the dark shade of some trees, where a grave was dug in a beautiful spot: he muttered and raved—the lips were parched, dry; and the tongue, once eloquent, was thick and crusted with black. "The golden bowl was soon broken, and the cistern at the fountain." He was buried among the green shade-trees, where the form of his wife had always disappeared when the phantoms walked before his vision.

The rich never die willingly, and when they find they must go, their first care is to *devise a will*, and then commend their souls to God. The vital clause of such a will, when made by such a man, is to fix, so far as he can, the destiny of his wife and widow, and, if possible, trammel her freedom and lay her on the Hindoo pile for sacrifice. The law lets her *use* one third of the estate till she dies. The man often

binds her to a certain amount, "if she remain his widow." This young nabob bound his wife by will to the right of dower, or a gift if she remained his widow, and did not become a mother; if she became a mother, then the child was heir-at-law, with a splendid settlement of some thousands on the widow and mother. As one crime always suggests another, this will had put before the young wife the temptation of larger wealth, to become a mother at all hazards. She had been taught in six short months to prize wealth and its splendors; but, by the will of a capricious husband, she had been cut off from its possession, and cast aside with a pittance as any debauched being would have been. So incessant had been the race of the husband after pleasure and wine, that no fruit had blossomed from the bed of lust. The young wife, covered with rich black weeds, to show the world how sad she was, went from her palace halls to the white cottage of her mother, to try the wits of a keen-eyed and determined woman against the outrages of her dying husband. What was before to her love and bliss, had turned to daggers and resentment.

The legal heirs of the vast estate, who were, of course, the relations of the husband, soon began to inquire, Will the young wife prove a mother? The answer was prepared, and went out most confidently that she would.

All the scrutiny of the wise who visited the young mother, answered in the affirmative, and the wealthy house of the dead husband groaned aloud.

Time rolled on, bringing with it the sure hope of the right of a wife and mother in the estate. The infant was born, but died the same day, and was buried beside its supposed father in the family grounds. Rumor, ever busy with my story, asserted that the heir was not real but feigned. The wife prosecuted for the right of inheritance, as a wife and mother; and was answered that she was entitled to the right of a wife under the will: the fact of her having given birth to an heir to the estate was denied. The contest was ushered into court; the attending physician put on the stand, and the mother of the young widow. Doctor D. swore to the birth of an heir, at a certain day and hour; the mother confirmed the testimony of the doctor, and two ladies living next door were brought in to substantiate, which they did, as far as the corroborative appearances of the apparent condition of the lady for six months previous would go. The case seemed established on a basis of granite, that no force could move.

One can never understand a tragedy well till they fully comprehend

the leading characters engaged in it. The skill of a game depends on the players. The two antagonists pitted against each other were the consulting doctor of the young widow, and the counsel of the heirs to the estate.

Doctor D. was a man of fifty: form thin and bony, with a face as pale and hungry as the face of a greyhound; his body from his neck to his feet was a straight line; his head large and well-formed; a cold, reflective pallor impressed the whole, its dead coldness being only relieved by a sharp gray eye, that shot forth a constant ray of cunning. You might gaze on that face a month, and you could read nothing in its fixed and marked expression. On this man's testimony rested the fact of an heir.

The lawyer who opposed him was the reverse of this in exterior: fat, full, and ruddy, with a mass of coal-black hair hanging over his shirt-collar; an eye as black and deep as the eye of an Algonquin, but its penetrating glance flashed the fire of the mind that worked beneath the surface: if a word can describe his action, it would be the word scent, for he would apparently smell out the facts in a labyrinth of lies, as unerringly as a hound traces the path of the game. He peered below the surface for motive, and judged men only from the unseen.

The wife of our legal gentleman was in at a party, and heard a lady relating that Capt. S. had called on her husband, and spent a day, and inquired if a young woman of a particular cast was living in the city; that she had been a waiting-maid on his boat on a Western lake, but failed in health, and came to the city for medical advice, and had, he was informed, been in the care of Doctor D. Nothing was known of the young woman by the company: the mention of the fact arrested the attention of our lawyer, but gave no reliable clue to any train of facts, that promised to elucidate the mystery. On inquiry of a strange lady who had resided near the white cottage, our lawyer's wife was informed that there were lights in the chamber of the dwelling occasionally for months, while the family were known to consist of our widow and her mother only; and she was informed by another woman living near by, that she had seen glimpses of a face through the window, which had been so fixed on her mind, that she had imagined she had seen the same face in the city.

Dates corresponded with the appearance of the *heir* at the white cottage. Beyond this our legal hound could not scent. His plan was instantly formed, on putting the facts together. The captain and the

young woman were summoned into court, as the only means of saving his case. If a plot existed, these were the parties. His first step was to bring the group together and try their metal before making his final venture. He studied their faces with the scrutiny of a high priest of mysteries, and was sure he could read in the faces of the old captain and young woman, a most palpable anxiety. The old doctor's features were as expressive as a rude block of granite, but they told no tale. The young widow was pitied by all: she sat there in doleful black, in weeds for her husband and her babe: the dear ladies pitied her hard lot, and cursed the cruel lawyer who could doubt she was a broken-hearted wife and mother.

The two ladies swore to the mysterious light, and the strange face sometimes seen at the window, and the suspicion that came into their minds that they had recognized that face in the young woman who sat in court. The effect was instantly visible on her face. The old captain was then called, and admitted that he had given into the care of Doctor D. a young woman about to be confined, together with five hundred dollars, with a solemn oath that he would never inquire either for her or the child. Rumor brought to his ear the story of the death of a child at the white cottage, and nature was too strong for him: he was a social and benevolent creature, but had sinned, and was obliged to provide for his victim: he had inquired for the young woman at the house of a friend. When asked to say whether that young woman was in court, he turned pale, hesitated, but finally pointed to the trembling girl. The time of this arrangement with Doctor D. corresponded with the return of the desolate widow to her mother's cottage!

The young woman was then called, and testified that she was attended by Doctor D., and her child was born on the ninth of August, and died on the same day, and was, as she supposed, secretly buried. She faced the facts with a calm heroism.

The widow's mother was then called, and admitted the residence of the young woman in the chamber; but affirmed that her child was born one or two days before the child of her daughter, and was, she supposed, secretly buried by a friend. The widow sat veiled and weeping; all present sought a glance at her beautiful face and glossy curls, black and smooth as a raven's wing, and pitied her.

The cold-faced Doctor D. was now recalled, but there was no meaning or anxiety visible in his face. He swore with cool assurance that the young woman had been delivered of a child on the ninth of August,

which died, and was buried; that on the succeeding day, the tenth, twenty-four hours after the birth of the young woman's child, the heir to the estate was born, and died also in two days after, and was buried beside its father. This was a poser; but the captain's imprudence had so fully exposed his iniquity, that the jury were puzzled. But the argument of the counsel induced the jury to render that the heir was *fictitious*.

The agreement of the captain *never to inquire after the child*, which agreement was rigorously imposed on the young woman also, coupled with the testimony of the two neighboring ladies, who called on the widow after the alleged accouchement, and declared her child to have been born the ninth, worked a fatal effect to the cause of the heir.

The fabric of the doctor's ingenuity was tumbled to the ground, and a subsequent prosecution for perjury only subjected him to a year's imprisonment. He had come so near the truth, only differing a few hours, and in a single fact, from all the others who testified; and such had been the admiration of his craft, mingled with a tinge of doubt, that he was treated, both by court and jury, with lenity and consideration.

The captain, a jolly old widower, acting on the maxim of never deserting a sinking ship when badly raked by the enemy, took the young woman to his own splendid home, and repaired as far as possible the mischief of his not much regretted indiscretion. The widow was set back upon her dower, and the old doctor grew wiser by a year's contemplation of the fickleness of the god of craft.

Our English friend had told this story with the greatest zest, admiring instinctively the shrewdness displayed by the contending parties; it was what she called "good domestic diplomacy," and she almost pitied the doctor for his long confinement, and the loss of a cool thousand, which reward hung on the fact of the heir being admitted legal.

In closing her narration, the old lady said gravely: "Now, Doctor, on a solemn promise of twenty years' secrecy, I agreed to tell you the origin of the bright little girl you saw with her lap full of apples, at Mrs. C.'s. You have kept your promise like a true doctor; I will now repeat the tale because it can not injure her.

"You remember my husband fled with a pleasant young woman: she, poor thing! died with a first child, a daughter. My husband, in a few months, left it on my door-steps, with a purse of gold and a letter, intended to disguise the transaction. His writing, though disguised, revealed the truth to me, and in two days after, I deposited the little

beauty on the steps of Mrs C., with a letter and the gold in the purse. The child belonged to my husband and his unfortunate mistress: it was a most charming child—‘an angel sent into the world through sin.’ I gave it to one who well knew how to appreciate the gift, for we all knew how she had longed to love just such a dear innocent. God knows I bore it no resentment for my poor husband’s sins.” Many years have elapsed since this curious scene: the ladies wept, and pited my good English friend; but all pronounced her a noble and forgiving soul—a true Christian.

She is now dead, and her story may be told. On a visit last fall to your city, I called at a new and noble dwelling with a friend. The child with her lap full of apples, now a charming wife and mother, presided over the mansion. On the rich Turkey carpet sat another little blue-eyed beauty, the picture of her mother when young. She had a fancy basket filled with fine apples, which she rolled over the carpet, and her happy young face seemed to inquire again, as her mother did twenty years before: “Pa! did the angels make the apples?”

B. W. R.

ART. CXLVIII.—*Sun-Light and Shadow; Life and Death; Window-Curtains and the Glory of God.*

“IN Him was *life*, and *THE life* was the light of men.” JOHN 1st, 4th verse. “And *the light* shineth in darkness, and the *darkness* comprehendeth it not.” JOHN 1st, 5th verse.

WHEN that glorious and good man, Sydney Smith, used to go down into his breakfast-room with his great heart full of humanity and love, and he found the blinds let down, he used to call for the servant and bid him “glorify the room.” Beautiful thought, to let in the glory of God! the life-giving sun! without whose rays darkness and death would forever have wrapped the earth in her sable pall, and night, dark night brooded over this now joyous and dancing sphere; the cot of the humblest peasant rejoices in thy smile, whilst the proudest of the earth can claim no more.

Who that has ever entered a modern New-York parlor, with its gaudy curtains and vulgar gilt capitals; who that remembers with childish joy the sun-light as it glanced back to his delighted eye the colors of the flying bird; who that has mournfully looked on his

declining ray as it lighted up a mother's grave with hope of a future life, but has felt the sickening falseness of this miserable condition which we call fashion? Every living creature, except the eyeless fish of the great caves, instinctively seeks the light. Physiologists have proved that it is not only the moral influence of sun-light that preserves us in health, but its positive loss from the blood which develops tubercles in the lungs of cellar-imprisoned rabbits, and in parrots, cats, and other animals. Even the potato stretches forth its sickly and watery shoots towards the earth-burrowed window, to catch a ray of the great life-giver; arrived at its health-giving power, its juices thicken; it assumes its natural color; and even while its source is dying of wasting vegetable scrofula, its leaves spread forth and ask of Nature and Nature's God to save them from decay. "Glorify the room!" Methinks I see thee with that glorious eye and large heart of thine calling to John to let in the glory of God before the morning song of praise to the Great Source of all Light could fitly arise from that lovely altar at Combe-Fleury. What wouldst thou have said couldst thou have breakfasted behind a massive stone or brick pier, with its two narrow, factory-looking windows, hung with their shades, their lace, and their silk—three deep—to shut out the glory?

It is remarked by a late distinguished European surgeon, that during an attendance of forty years upon one of those God-insulting abominations—a convent—situated in a very dark and gloomy precinct of London, no less than three successive corps of the inferior officers died off with tubercular consumption! The Superiors, whose duties called them abroad continually, lived! And again, four book-keepers in a large city banking-house, looking north, and surrounded on all the other sides with brick walls, died during the same interval, of the same disease! We are now witnessing the revival of a young lady, whose constitution has been seriously impaired by the confinement, bad air, and worse diet, of a Southern convent. The same results are occurring at the Manhattanville Convent: seven of the nuns have died since the establishment of that Institution. The horrible results of our city boarding-schools meet us with a funeral pall at every domestic hearth and at every corner of the street. The little orphans, as they convulsively run past my window in their rounds of the block once a day for exercise (!) chill my very soul with their corpse-like, lymphatic countenances. They are scrofulous to a child; the cheeks are flabby and puffed up; eye-lids congested and reddened; lips bloodless and thick; heads driven into their raised chests

and hunched-up shoulders ; bodies long ; bellies puffed up ; and legs short. So are all the children of the parents who live in cellars ; while most of those in the country, often living on the worst and coarsest food, are healthy and lithe-limbed. Many of our city houses are rendered dreadfully unhealthy by the absurd piazzas and wretched little tea-rooms, added to their gaudy and darkened parlors to preserve their classic furniture. Our own residence, though not thus disfigured, is rendered gloomy and unhealthy, by similar prolongations on every side of us. We consider a house thus darkened to be greatly deteriorated in value, and think that an enlightened government should acknowledge this great law of God, by passing ordinances in all cities that no man should be permitted to build on more than sixty feet of his lot, and that his kitchen-windows should be on a line with those of his dining-room. A domestic instinctively shrinks from a dark kitchen, and it is difficult to keep one worth having where a dining-room projects over it.

A little flock of fancy pigeons, with which we have been wont to divert ourselves, have sensibly failed in cheerfulness, and their productiveness decreased more than half since they were deprived of the sun-light. It is well known among naturalists that this bird is liable to scrofula, and several of ours have died from tubercular lungs and scrofulous abscesses, their diet and treatment being very varied, and similar to what it was before they were deprived of the sun, when they were in perfect health and bred abundantly.

If the sun be the source of all life and power ; if without him, the heart can not contract and expand with the proper amount of power intended at birth, according to the organic law impressed on *every living creature*, what must be the effect of its deprivation during so many hours each day on a young woman whilst immured in a city parlor, or darkened chamber ?

We all feel the gloom and oppressiveness of a house on which the sun does not shine ; the farmer builds his barn if possible fronting the south-east, because he knows his cows will give more milk in winter, and his hens lay more eggs. The gardener can raise nothing in his hot-beds without sun-light, and the orchard produces no well-ripened apples without it ; they lack color and are insipid. So will your cheeks, dear girl, become blanched, your form attenuated, your appetite feeble, and perhaps an early death follow your contempt for this great law of God ; better even that, than you should insure tubercular lungs or hip-joints and spines to wretched and deformed offspring.

ART. CXLIX.—*The Importance of an Independent Medical Opinion.*

THE article we published in our April number on the question, "Has a man a right to buy an independent opinion of his disease with his money?" has produced, as we anticipated, a very emphatic expression of opinion by nearly all of our medical brethren; our views were condemned by a large portion of the faculty, and, so far as we know, universally approved by the people. This was to have been expected: the fortifications of the incompetent can not be broken down without producing a howl of despair. We hold the opinion, that a man, if he thinks proper to doubt the correctness of his attendant's views of his own, or that of his wife's or child's disease, and when he has, as politely as he knows how, given the medical or surgical attendant a fair hint of his dissatisfaction, and received no evidence of the physician's willingness to consult—we hold that he has a right to call in privately the man of his choice, and be guided by his opinion whether to discharge or retain the attending physician.

This is considered dishonorable by the party calling, as well as the physician or surgeon who obeys the call. The attendant demands a full statement of his employer's views, and thinks it no more than his due that he shall have the opportunity of declining a consultation with the man proposed, or naming his own counsellor, and this is to be secret! We differ from this, on the ground that, considering the extraordinary facilities extended by the medical colleges for the entrance of men utterly incompetent into our profession, and the vast diversity of mind amongst the best of our ranks, the people have no resource but in using the same weapon we do; that is, secresy and independent judgment. We gave that opinion in the article alluded to, and were soundly abused for it. The result was, that we were obliged to visit a number of cases and pronounce on their character. Now we have no desire to visit a single case outside of our own office or hospital, as the fee never remunerates us for the loss of time and the abuse. Such calls are very distasteful, and we generally refuse to attend them. But we, like all other men, like to make out our own view to be correct. We shall, therefore, state a few cases to show how it works, and the reader will please observe that, considering the abuse we have received for our candor, we would do perfectly right to mention the

names of the attendants, for we are provided with ample proof of each case.

Mrs. —, of Brooklyn; aged 47 years; two children; extremely thin; very sallow; burning pain in the left hip; mucous and bloody discharges from the vagina at irregular intervals; monthly periods ceased for three years; disease pronounced by the attending physician, during an entire year's attendance, prolapsus uteri; very little encouragement given to expect a cure, but emphatically pronounced not dangerous. Visit and examination disclosed the third or ulcerative stage of cancer; opinion—fatal; urged to attend, but declined, as we could do no good.

Case second.—Master —; aged nine years; confined to bed with violent headache over the brows; contracted brow; eyes closed and very sensitive to light; *intellect perfect and acute*; attended by three gentlemen for several weeks; treatment various; purging, blistering, leeching, injections, etc.; no benefit; disease pronounced, softening of the brain. We made one visit and gave an opinion; no softening, because the intellect remained perfect; but meningeal irritation or vascularity; treatment, ice to the head; cure reasonably certain. The result was immediate relief and perfect recovery in a few days. The father of this child was severely reprimanded by one of the three consulting physicians who preceded us, for his "dishonorable conduct."

The third and last case we shall mention, was one of great interest, from the social position of the parties. A lady, the mother of three healthy children, herself sought our advice for what she supposed bronchitis; the unusual stubbornness of the case, with the appearance of the disease in the fauces, induced her to doubt the correctness of her attending physician's opinion. A view of the dark efflorescence around the arch of the palate, and the "rusty bacon" appearance of a small spot just above the uvula, induced us to ask the lady some questions of a very delicate nature, only warrantable by a conviction of the real character of her disease, and alas! a frequent experience of such occurrences. Her answers satisfied us that she had been the victim of a dishonorable husband.

The appropriate treatment resulted in a cure. If our professional brethren are shocked at the appearance of these cases, and continue to express themselves as amiably as heretofore, we shall gratify them in our next with the cases that come under our notice, with the initials of the attending physicians appended.

ARE THERE ANY CHILDREN IN AMERICA ?

DEAR DOCTOR: Your invaluable SCALPEL has made many a noble stroke at the abuses of our sin-defiled city, and in some cases with good success, but there is one it has not yet attacked—I mean, the mode in which the children are governed, (or rather not governed, I believe would be more near the mark.) Having much leisure time, I have lately endeavored to find a child in our goodly city; but strange as it may seem, although there are many youth, there are no children—good, honest, old-fashioned, parent-obeying children. I have entered into the houses of rich and poor, high and low, and all are the same miniature men and women. The law of obedience is reversed, and “Parents, obey your children!” is the way it now reads. I have heard a child consulted as to what should be cooked for dinner, and if an older member of the family suggested any article, the answer from the child was, “No, *I don't like that,*” and it was not cooked. If a servant dare attempt to prevent any of these young despots doing a mischief, he or she must be immediately discharged. If a teacher finds fault with the disorderly conduct or gross neglect of duty he perceives in his pupil, he is told the young lady or gentleman will leave his school; and he may think himself well off if he is not grossly insulted. In the course of my search after a genuine child, I extended my rambles to a pleasant country village, and here, thought I, there must be some that know how to follow the divine command of “Rule well your own household,” but alas! here too I was mistaken. On one occasion I heard a boy of eight years take his mother to task, in the most insulting and abusive manner, for going out to drive with some friends while he was at school, and instead of ordering him to leave the room and informing his father of his disrespectful conduct, she humbly apologized and promised to do so no more. Alas! alas! for America, if these are to be her future rulers. Walk through the streets of our city at the hour our public schools are dismissed, and mark the bold, audacious looks of the girls, and the insolent and defying behavior of the boys, and you will no longer wonder that there are young Gouldys among us. The wonder is, that there are no more. And why is all this? Is it not owing to the manner in which their time is spent at school in a great measure? Preparing for exhibitions and orations, speaking pieces and singing songs, parading the streets with banners and music, dressed in uniform, and inflated with pride and vanity, instead of being

taught their duty to God and their parents, and prepared to get an honest living instead of preying on the public. Are not nine tenths of the children that attend the public schools the children of poor mechanics, destined to provide for themselves by the labor of their own hands, and how are they fitted for this? Where will you find the neat-handed maiden that can sweep a room, make a bed, or bake a loaf of bread, and then, modestly arrayed, preside at her father's table, and converse sensibly with his guests; or where the boy that can enter his father's store, and assist in the discharge of business in case of necessity? If our clergy would preach to their congregations the duties of parents and children instead of exhausting their energies on doctrinal disputes, and blowing the trumpet of defiance at each other on every political squabble, we might hope for better things.

J. D.

We most cordially agree with our correspondent. There is no subject more painful to the observer than the insolence of American children, and no schools more productive of bad citizens than our public ones. Unless the discipline is changed, they will become the most efficient aids for the prison and the gallows. But whilst the acute American is preparing for the grand role of civil and legal swindling, shall nothing be done for the unfortunate young Irishman? That an immense proportion of the worst crimes in this city are committed by young American-born Irishmen it is useless to deny. The prisons are filled, and the gallows groans with the fruit of a licentious street education, operating on hereditary ignorance and the unfortunate temperaments of that unhappy people.

We respectfully and sincerely urge it upon the Catholic clergy to take some formal steps to discover the cause of the awful criminality of their young men. It is a very uncommon thing to see young Irishmen, between sixteen and twenty-two years of age, at their churches, and we are informed by Catholic priests that they rarely go to Confession. Is it not probable that the monstrous absurdities lately promulgated by the Roman Church, have brought it into contempt with their young men, whilst the corruption of our lower courts, and the examples of our own youth, have powerfully tended to foster their natural licentiousness? Let the subject be dispassionately considered by all of us.

